July 10, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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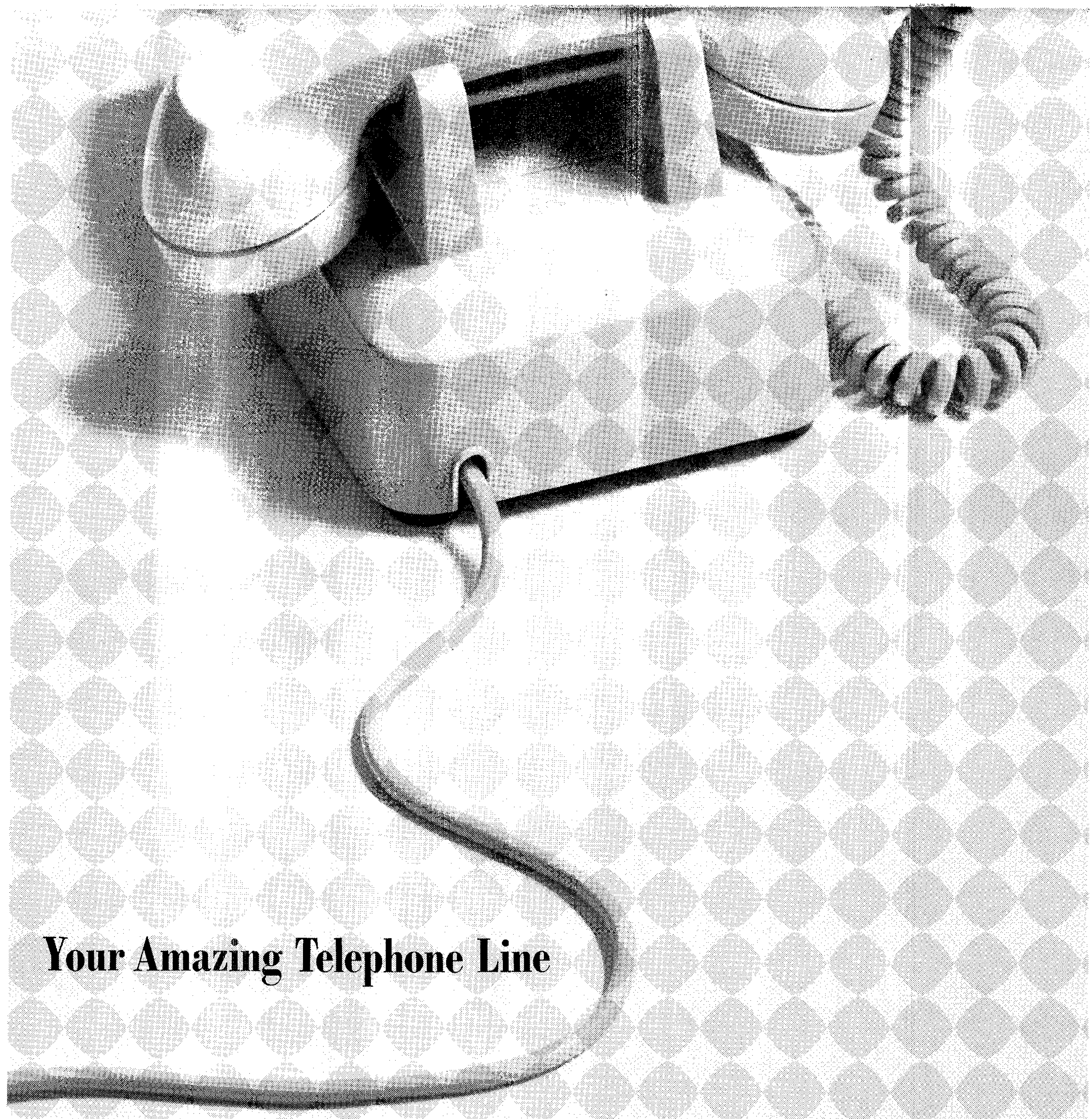

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

PLAYHOUSE
THEATRE

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Glass Menagerie—George Grizzard, Pat Hingle, Piper Laurie, and Maureen Stapleton in Tennessee Williams' play. Directed by George Keathley. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Luv—Under Mike Nichols' lively direction, Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson make merry as three very confused neurotics in a feathery item by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's utterly beguiling comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Walter Matthau, Art Carney, and all the others in the cast are splendid, and Mike Nichols has directed the business with his customary ability. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff that has its amusing moments as it describes the emotional vagaries of a stiff-necked would-be author (Alan Alda) and a carefree prostitute (Diana Sands) he has fallen in with. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and George Gaynes in a farce by Muriel Resnik about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. (Music Box, 45th St. W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Anthony Roberts, Ruth Matteson, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** An account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. With Jack Albertson, Martha Scott, and Martin Sheen. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Baker Street—Moriarty's celebrated rival on the loose in a musical that, alas, is somewhat laggardly. Fritz Weaver is the famous private eye, and Inga Swenson and Martin Gabel portray, respectively, a lady in love with Sherlock and the dread Moriarty himself. There is also a fine interlude in which Victoria's Diamond Jubilee parade is done in trompe-l'oeil by Bil Baird's marionettes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do I Hear a Waltz?—Arthur Laurents's comedy (originally "The Time of the Cuckoo") about an American spinster trying to hold her virtuous own in wicked old Venice. Although set to music by the redoubtable Richard Rodgers, this version of the play, however gently mellifluous, seems a trifle thin. Elizabeth Allen is the spinster, and Sergio Franchi is the Venetian who scrambles her notions of right and wrong. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Flora, the Red Menace—The days of the great depression recalled ineptly in a musical that was directed by the usually reliable George Abbott, who also collaborated on the book with Robert Russell. Liza Minnelli and Bob Dishy are prominent in the hard-working cast. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—A musical rehash of Clifford Odets's play about a highly sensitive boxer. It comes in very nicely and goes out very nicely, but there are many arid areas in between. The boxer on display is Sammy Davis. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Half a Sixpence—A most agreeable adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," in which Tommy Steele figures to splendid advantage. The songs—quite compelling—were written by David Heneker, and the choreography, which cannot be faulted, was arranged by Onna White. The over-all direction is the work of Gene Saks, and very good it is. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Roar of the Greasepaint–The Smell of the Crowd—A completely foolish attempt, with incidental music, to capture some of the spirit of the theatre of the absurd. Anthony Newley and Cyril Ritchard wander aimlessly about in it, but there is one interlude in which a young fellow named Gilbert Price lines out a song called "Feeling Good" that has the bounce that everything else in the show lacks. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Zero Mostel in a saga based on some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Carol Channing romping through an adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theater of Lincoln Center—A revival of **KISMET**, with Alfred Drake, Anne Jeffreys, and Lee Venora, is the first of two musicals by the company. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, July 31.)

Amato Opera Company—"Fledermaus," in English. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, July 8-9, at 8:40: "Iolanthe."... ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 3 and 8:40: "The Gondoliers."... ¶ Sunday, July 11, at 3 and 7:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, July 13-14, at 8:40: "The Mikado."... ¶ Thursday and Friday, July 15-16, at 8:40: "H.M.S. Pinafore."... ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 3 and 8:40: "The Yeomen of the Guard." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Baal—An adaptation by Eric Bentley and Martin Esslin of the Brecht play. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Leonard Bernstein's Theatre Songs—This pleasant diversion, as directed by Will Holt and as performed by Don Francks, Trude Adams (in orange), and especially Micki Grant (in pink), falls somewhere between a concert and a revue. Some of the numbers sound a bit frail without the backing of chorus or dancers, but the songs from "Candide" stand up very well indeed, partly, no doubt, because of Richard Wilbur's fine lyrics. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Exception and the Rule and **The Prodigal Son**—"The Prodigal Son" is Langston Hughes' musical dramatization of the Bible story, in a jubilant and beautiful production. Vinnette Carroll has directed the remarkable all-Negro cast of dancers and gospel singers. "The Exception and the Rule," which precedes it, is a fable of dreary condescension by the late but inevitable Bertolt Brecht. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—This English farce about seduction, directed with considerable ingenuity by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and

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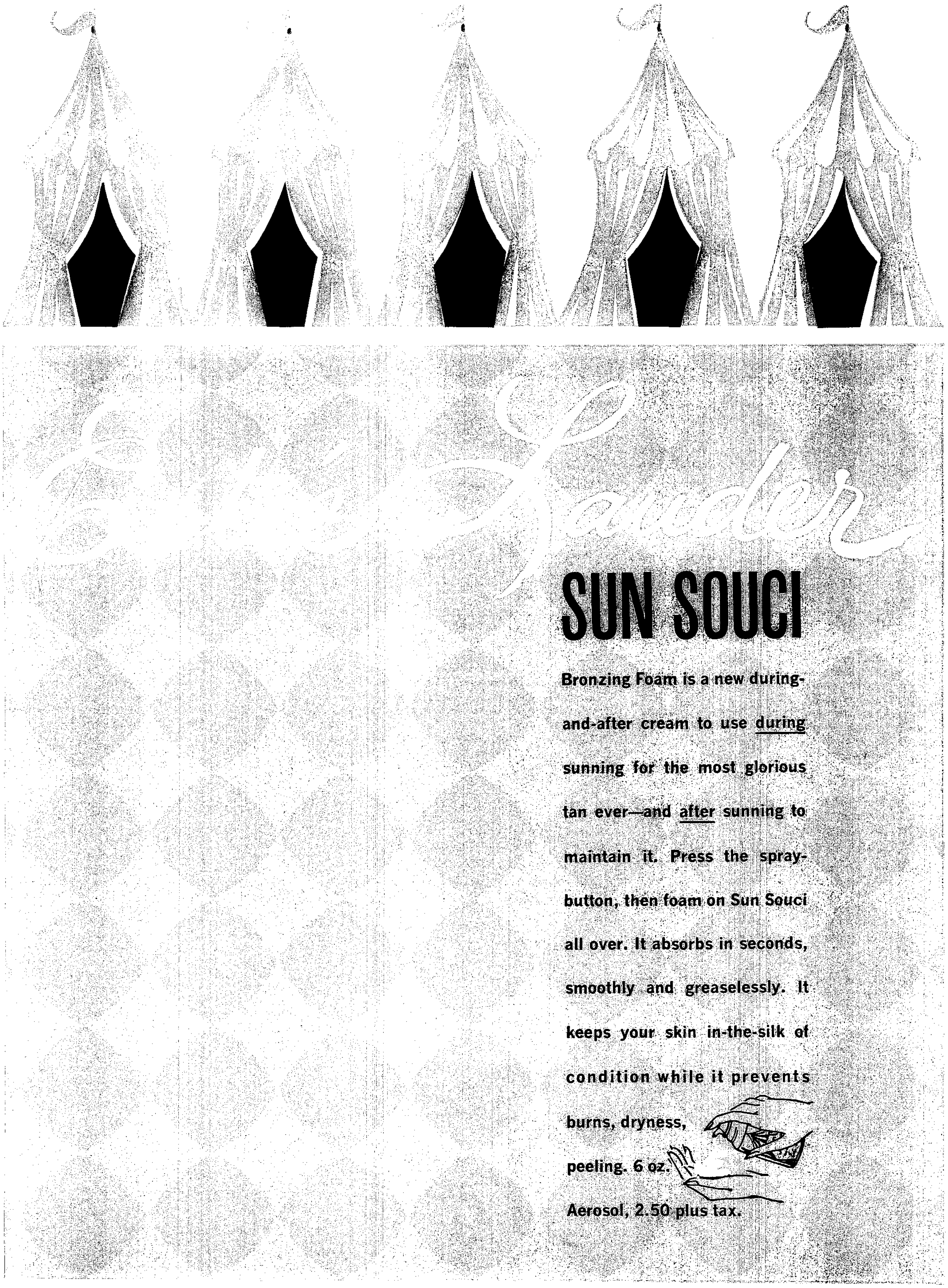

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Live Like Pigs—The characters who amply justify the title are the unwilling tenants of a prissy housing project in the North of England, and most of the action is concerned with the effect of their frowzy ways on their *nouveau* genteel neighbors. The play, for all its stridency and general messiness, is a most sentimental work, but it has its lively moments, and so has the acting, by the Theatre Company of Boston. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Two early (pre-"Caretaker") one-acters by the remarkable English playwright Harold Pinter. Again Mr. Pinter has combined the elements of menace, suspense, and wild high comedy to produce any number of surprises. The cast, which is fine, is headed by Frances Sternhagen. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Zoo Story and **Krapp's Last Tape**—A revival of this Edward Albee-Samuel Beckett double bill. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Coriolanus," with Robert Burr, James Earl Jones, and Jane White. The second in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theater, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, July 31.)

Jones Beach Theatre—"Mardi Gras!," a musical based on the legends of New Orleans, with a book by Sig Herzig and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes David Atkinson, Karen Shepard, Juanita Hall, and Wilbur de Paris's jazz band. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Kim Sisters, Korean song-and-prance princesses, are onstage in the Royal Box at dinner and supper. The orchestra of Lee Evans, now just about the best in town, is around most of the evening. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The changing of the Guard—from the Old of Newport to the New of London—goes steadily on. This work is done to the three-four and four-four counting of Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Life on our inland waterways was never more handsomely memorialized. On one deck of this many-tiered restaurant, Tito Puente's orchestra will play a one-night stand on Thursday, July 8. The Glenn Miller orchestra, headed by Ray McKinley, will be in charge on Friday, July 9, and Les and Larry Elgart's band will begin a two-week engagement on Saturday, July 10. Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. Sundays, from one to ten, a can opener is used to provide prepacked music for those who wish to dance.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's Yale teams is having summer practice on the bandstand of the happy little island called the Café Pierre. Yvette Souviron, who does solo flights at a piano, calls it a day every Monday; the Cutlers never say die.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Kaye Stevens is conducting a walking, talking, singing marathon in the Persian Room. She is a dinner and supper item only on Fridays and Saturdays; ten o'clock is her hour the rest of the week. Milt Shaw's orchestra and Mark Monte's bouncy band keep much longer hours. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty; then, at eight, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the balmiest part of Europe. Gunnar Hansen's violin (every night but Sunday) furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group does another turn, from seven to nine, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests. Closed Fridays and Saturdays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—See the pretty smog from the topless towers of Ilium. Michael Longo's folksy orchestra can be heard but not viewed on the cocktail deck; it can be danced to on the dining deck. The sound department operates from eight to one. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Sitting pretty, or dancing in the same fashion, is the occupation of the *jeunesse dorée* that climbs this pinnacle. Charles Turecamo's band, fresh as a daisy, and Quintero's orchestra, which is quite at home in Latin, do their level best from eight until two. Closed Sundays.

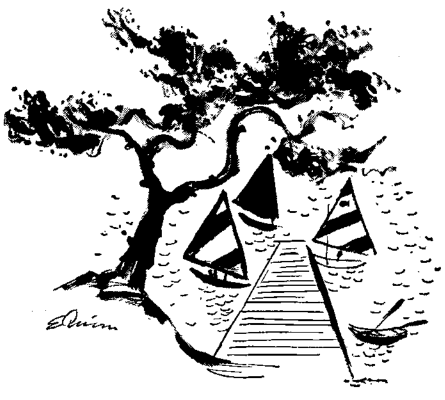
Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Amid what passes in our town for forest primeval, there are dining and dancing from seven-thirty until after midnight every night but Monday.

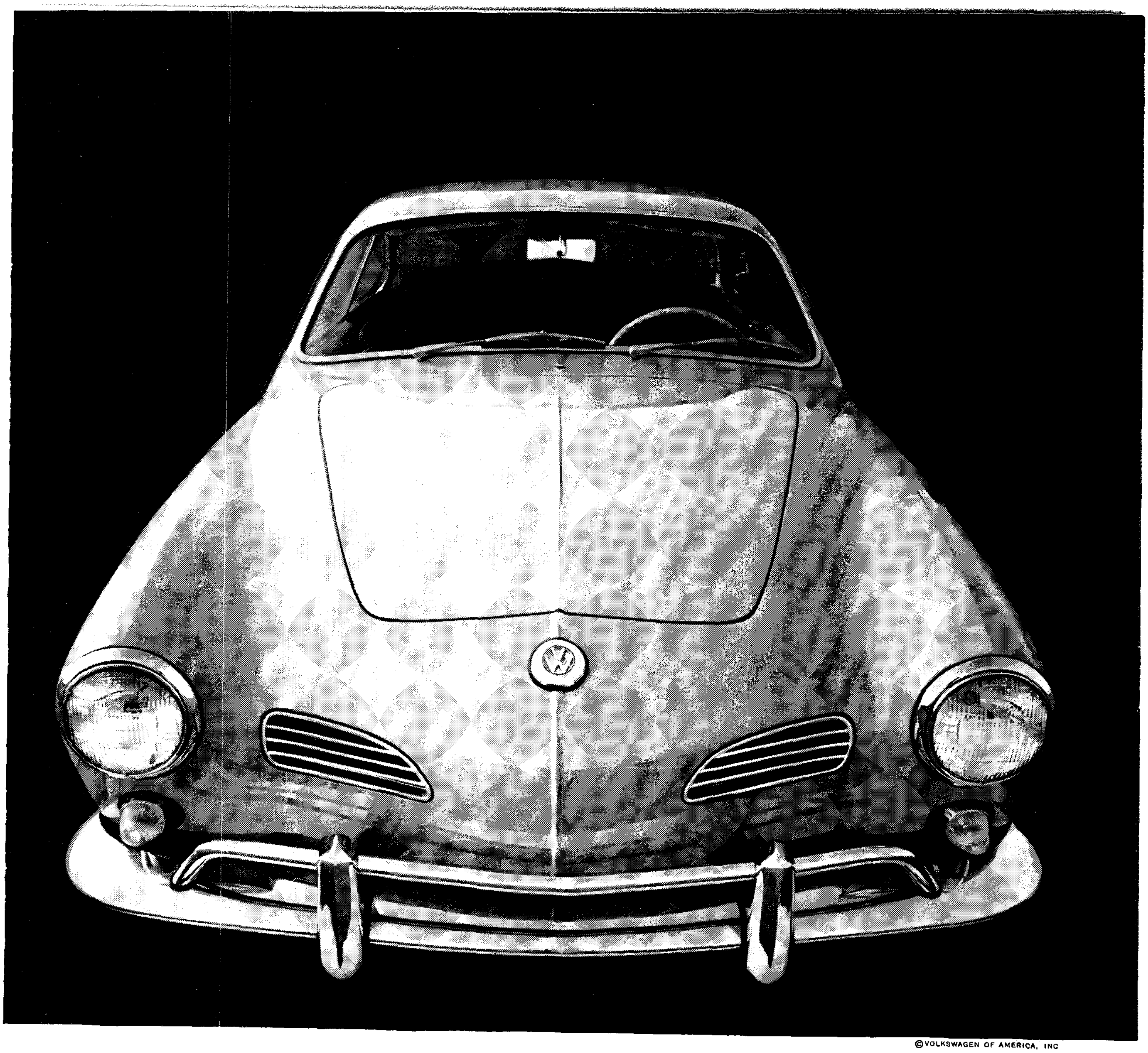
Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Cadets who are awaiting their chance to operate in space can work out on the giant floor (a hundred and fifty feet long), even though only the social graces and none of the Twist variants are allowable. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Additionally, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A potpourri of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A community small enough for everyone to know everyone, which leads to an enormous number of words per cubic foot. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **in boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): There are nightingales in the shrubbery of this Florentine garden. Though they like to patronize their neighborhood composers, they also sing in English. The chanting happens every night, and an easy-does-it dance band operates from Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **sheraton-east,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the Café Ambassador, a richly embossed slice of city-scape, every *geste* is *beau*. Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . **drake room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Though Cy Walter, a staff of night life, has fifty-eight fingers, none of them get in the way of any others when he sits down to his pianoforte, which he does from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one, in this dream of Empire. Closed Sundays. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): In the prankish halls of this medieval refectory, Norbert Faconi and his age-of-chivalry violin are audible with reasonable frequency every evening but Sunday. . . . **king henri iv,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **waverly lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are deservedly imperishable. He gets rolling in the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **roma di notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): One part pomp, one part circumstance, one part Riviera song and music, which (like the chef) usually carry on from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **café renaissance 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Seekers of that castle in Spain should find this close-to-home one near to their hearts. In the midst of its restrained opulence, there is handsome guitar music (José Luis Franco) direct from the Spanish Main. The recitals run intermittently from dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **café renaissance 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A similar reëstablishment of architecture for architecture's sake, providing room for Andalusian guitar (Gustavo Lopez) on the same schedule every night but Sunday. . . . **jamaica arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): One look at this West Indie tells you that out of the woodwork, which would be perfectly at home in Kingston, there is sure to appear a native guitarist who will be singing those cruise-ship Caribbean ditties and who will be named Lord Superior. He, or a faultless facsimile, is on deck from nine to one at the start of the week, from seven-thirty until two Thursdays through Saturdays, and from seven to eleven Sundays. . . . **chucks' composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-3825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned the room into a week-long retreat. Three of the hired hands play jazz, new school, through the week; Sundays, a pianist works out. . . . **regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Imperial majesty is an important ingredient of the Regency Room cocktail lounge but not of the piano of Rack Godwin, which is sometimes wholly *pour le sport*. The hours are five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **sign of the dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory and a bit of open-air breathing space, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to eight and from nine-thirty to two, except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **petroushka,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The utterly unassuming Marina Fedorovskaya sings those great big heartbreaking Russian ballads in her contained fashion. Likely as not, the customers join in as a mighty Cossack chorus. Betweentimes, a piano and violin collaborate on kindred tunes. Seven-thirty until two is the extent of the operation. Closed Mondays. . . . **l'intrigue,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Those





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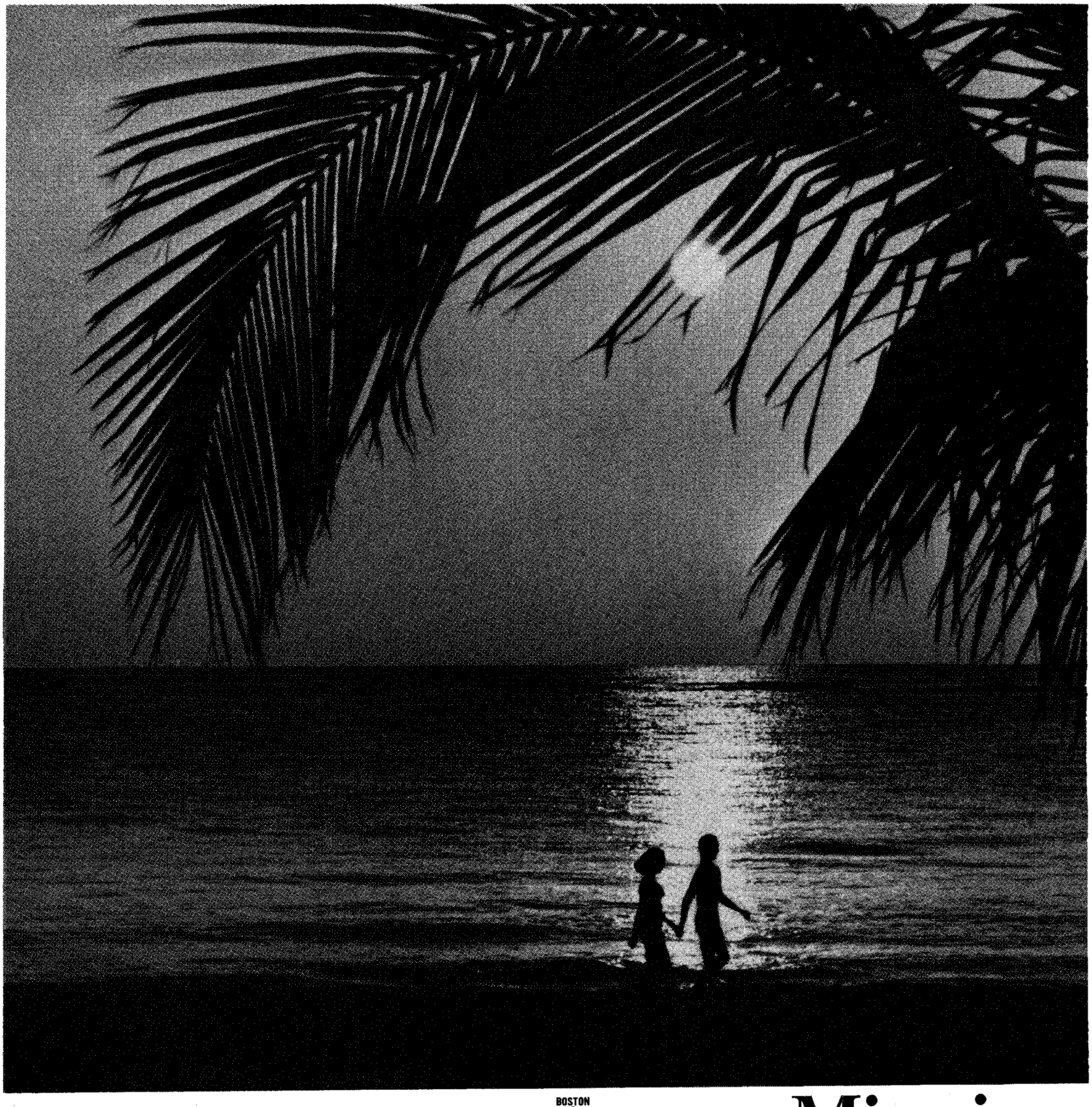

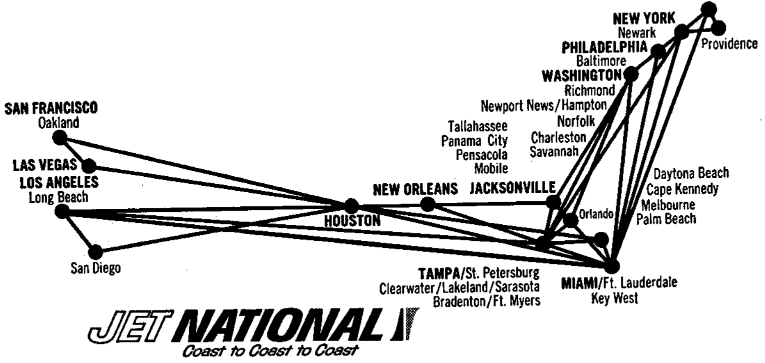
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Coast to Coast to Coast

over Miami.

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who wonder what ever became of such fixtures of night life as Nancy Steele, Jimmie Daniels, and Murray Grand will find them together in a new plush-and-panelled playroom. The Steele chansons are done in romping, who-cares fashion; the Daniels ditties occur in *bon-vivant* fashion; the Grand piano is fluent and romantic. Ronnie Ball and Sonny Dallas are the jazz background. The music begins at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Camelot redivivus, and on the fifth floor, which makes the Hudson a very visible front yard. The instrument of choice is the harp, which is plucked by Barbara Allen every night but Tuesday, when Daphne Hellman does the honors. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Dress circle, more often than not. Venetian-glass piano is contributed from eight-thirty until one or two by Karl Inwald, who has only the kindliest memories of Vienna. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was brought up to be a really dizzy soubrette, is showing how it's done, in song and sidelong glance, at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. There is casual dance music now and again. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Warm, busy evenings on the Via Veneto, where the American visitors dine among a set of musicians who amble back and forth until late at night. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Dining and supping in the bar and restaurant, decorative and dignified, go along with offhand piano by Johnny Ryan, new man in town, and songs-with-guitar by Enzio Lembo. Mr. R. runs from six-thirty to one, except Mondays; Mr. L. runs from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays. . . . **SPINDLETOP,** 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): The ground-floor restaurant is likely to become a theatrical greenroom after the theatre. Frankie Ray, a New Mexican bubble, gets his guitar and tenor to work at nine, and keeps at them until around two. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The discothèque, a fact of life distinguished more by quantity than by quality, is represented at its best by **SHEPHEARD'S.** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): A senior member of the board, and one of the first to bring a touch of repute to the peculiar industry. The appointments are opulent, the music is clarion. From seven to ten, it is supplied by real people; after that, it is issued by computers, which run until one on Sundays, until three or four other nights. Dinner and supper. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): How to hang a garden in Babylon. There are no Penrod Schofields in the assemblage of young people to be found floundering on the floor here. The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is all from a speaking tube, the hours are eight until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to Underground Movies. . . . **ENTRE NOUS,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Though dining in a certain amount of pomp is the principal consideration, there is a dance floor, too, and—from ten until three or so—a jockey astride the record-player. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Pretty and deserving girls who have nothing to wear are nevertheless enjoying themselves night after night in an extravaganza that at times passes all understanding. They are augmented by the Xavier Cugat band-and-variety act. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Marilyn Michaels, a young oriole, is the leading lady now; the Dornan Brothers are the vaudevillians of the evening. On Thursday, July 15, they'll be replaced by another singer, Joni James, and another jokester, Bernie Allen. There is also an exceptional group of Copa ballerinas, made supernal by the archness of Jane Zachary. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which makes one feel that it is perpetually three o'clock in the morning, there is plenty of jive, jingle, and jangle from ten o'clock until very, very late every night of the week.

CABARETS

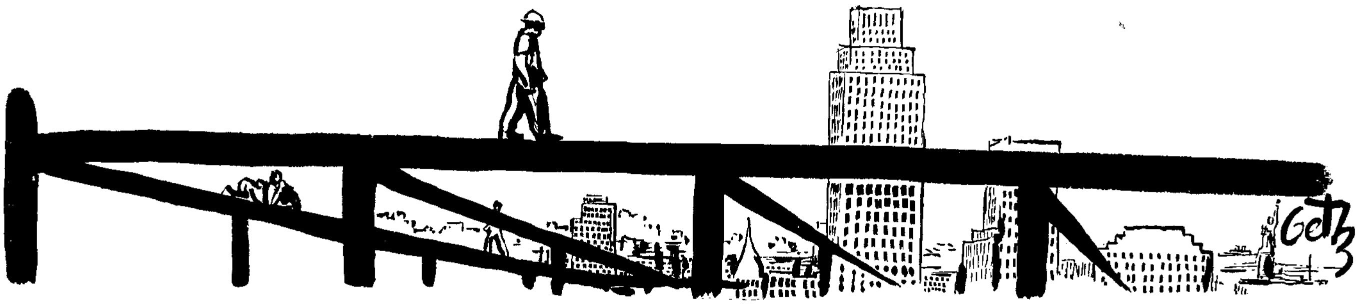
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Seven members of the junior brigade (the names are Dick Riddle, Alice Borden, Lou Kristofer, Michael Maurer, Maggie Peters, Kitty Sullivan, and William Roy) are deep in a carrousel of singing and prancing that makes the lightest, gayest sort of summer reading. The event begins not long after nine and goes on and on until quite late. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The army that sings together swings together, which means that Los Chavales de España are in bold, brassy form. A fine bit of fluff called Luisita Sevilla is their principal dancer. The performers take the floor at dinner and supper through the week, and again at two Saturday nights. Sundays begin with an all-out tea dance and end with a show at ten-thirty. The customers, often equally expert, can dance at any time, too. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of Spanish love song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The second revision of the miniature revue called "The Game Is Up," in which R. G. Brown's wit makes much ado out of even the merest nothing, is presented at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A Cuban hacienda housing a bunch of ballet devotees—the Lydia Torea troupe—that has both Las Vegas and Andalusian antecedents. Since they live in, they are on hand every evening. A mite named Maribel de Cirez is especially apt to catch one's fancy. Dinner and supper are when they go into action. Dancing. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter" restores to us Porter games with words and music that have been too long in the warehouse. It also restores an absolutely untrammelled Kaye Ballard, who is having herself a terribly good time, and the footwork of Harold Lang. Some of the stage business contains an archness Mr. P. would not have liked, but no matter. This all happens every night but Monday at eight-thirty, as well as at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Heat lightning, burning desire, and a sprinkling of humor are the basic materials of the ballads sung so well by Felicia Sanders; Dick Cavett, budding wit, is here, too. Irving Joseph, Norene Tate, and Warren Vaughn, their aides, have a lot of romantic piano at the tips of their fingers. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Sonny Rollins, a man of few notes, all of them carefully thought out, and his quartet are taking turns with blues singer Memphis Slim. Their closing night is Sunday, July 11; the new arrivals on Tuesday, July 13, will be Mose Allison's trio and Sheila Jordan, a young lady given to song. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening carnivals. Mondays, the foursome of Jeremy Steig, a bright new penny, plays for its own amusement and for dancing. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Thelonious Monk, whose piano seems to have found the lost chord, heads a quartet; John Coltrane's quartet fills in any chinks in the program. Monday is their day of rest. The dance floor is in operation every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. The dining pavilion and open-air café, one flight above all this, are open from five to eleven every evening but Monday. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): *Café noir, café au lait, caffè cappuccino,* in the best of the Greenwich Village coffeehouses, and the one most likely to amuse. The humor is supplied by Joan Rivers and a new group known as the Uncalled-For 3. On Wednesday, July 14, guitarist David Parker will join up. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The Great God Pandemonium reigns here. His levees begin as early as three in the afternoon (sock-and-boil music) and go on into the night with Gene Krupa's crack-the-whip quartet. On Friday, July 16, Mongo Santamaria's band will succeed the Krupas. Sundays, other shouters and tumulters stand in. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quintet belonging to Zoot Sims and Al Cohn lives very much in the present. It is supplemented Fridays through Sundays by Jimmy Rushing, an only-yesterday shouting-from-the-housetops singer. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Roy Haynes' quartet and Lou Donaldson's foursome have the floor. They will withdraw on Sunday, July 11; on Tuesday, July 13, Roland Kirk's quartet will check in. On Mondays, a rock-'n'-roll group plays from nine-thirty on, and dancing is permissible. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The plain, simple sound of old-fashioned outgoing music, designed to cheer rather than confuse. It is produced by Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Dill Jones, Cliff Leeman, Herb Gardner, and quite often, too, by Eddie Condon himself, the long-invisible patron saint of the premises. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524):



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Inside the oval bar is the team of Willie Ruff and Dwike Mitchell, who walk the difficult boundary separating classicism and jazz with exceeding skill. Between sets, the British *Eddie Thompson sits in at the piano*—gentled music during dinner, up-and-at-them music after the theatre. Silence on Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The immutable laws of traditional music are honored in the observance here. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Marshall Brown, Wild Bill Davison, and *Tony Parenti* are the layers-down of these laws. Don Frye plays piano all by himself on Sundays.... **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A very contemporary youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the String Stretchers, as they like to think of themselves) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea.... **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): A music stand whose blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and all that) may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa María, so ancient are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. Sundays, Dixieland has its say from four-thirty to eight-thirty.... **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): It looks like midsummer on Nantucket. At a guess, no one at the tables or on the dance floor is allowed to be over twenty-four, and the music, served up at fever heat, goes on *from nine-thirty until four through the week*, and from six until one-thirty on Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

CARL HOLTY—Abstractions; through July 30. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MARIA LUISA PACHECO—Abstract paintings and collages; through Friday, July 16. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

SCULPTURES—Constructivist pieces by American and European artists, among them Joseph Konzal, J. J. Subirachs, and Carel Visser; through Aug. 27. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—A selection of oils, watercolors, caseins, and sculptures by members of this organization, who are professional artists and number about seven hundred; through Sunday, July 11. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Open Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by Thomas Eakins, Joseph Stella, Gaston Lachaise, and others; through Sept. 3.... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Twentieth-century painters and sculptors, including Maurice Prendergast, Louis Bouché, and Robert Laurent; through Aug. 13.... **LEWISON**, 35 E. 64th St.: Paintings by Thomas Cole, Theodore Robinson, George Inness, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Aug. 27. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 5.) ... **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by such artists as Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, and Stephen Etnier; through July 30.... **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Mary Cassatt, Hovsep Pushman and Albert P. Ryder are among the artists with paintings on view in a show called "Americans, Sung and Unsung;" through Aug. 31.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Three of the participants in a showing of small watercolors, drawings, and lithographs for the budgeted collector are Robert Motherwell, Larry Rivers, and Mario Schifano; through Sept. 10. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings and drawings by Picasso, Dubuffet, Léger, and others; through Friday, July 16. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

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MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Hans Hofmann), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17.... ¶ Matisse, Brancusi, and Alfred Maurer are three of the artists represented in "Stieglitz and his Galleries," an exhibit paying tribute to Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946) and comprising prints, photographs, drawings, and a few sculptures; through Oct. 17.... ¶ Italian drawings (by Piranesi, Canaletto, and Raphael, to name several) from the collection of Janos Scholz; through Sept 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, drawings, and paintings by Alberto Giacometti; through Oct. 10.... ¶ Collages (1950-65) by American artists, including Robert Goodnough, Robert Motherwell, and Conrad Marca-Relli; through July 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"American Art from the Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Goldstone;" namely, American paintings and drawings, plus American and European sculptures, by Edward Hopper, Lyonel Feininger, Jacques Lipchitz, and others; through Sept. 12.... ¶ A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, Walter Lippmann, Joseph Mitchell, and John Cheever. Also paintings, graphic art, sculptures, and architecture by Alexander Calder, Andrew Wyeth, Marcel Breuer, and others; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of master drawings, from Fra Bartolommeo to John Singer Sargent; through Aug. 29.... ¶ Stone sculptures from the state of Guerrero, Mexico; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—"The Twenties Revisited," an exhibit of paintings, graphics, sculptures, photographs, and memorabilia done in the twenties by, for example, John Held, Jr., Peter Blume, and Jo Davidson; through Sept. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Renoir, Degas, van Gogh, and Picasso) assembled by the art dealer and collector Justin K. Thannhauser. Seventy-five of these Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and later works are a recent bequest to the Museum and are housed in new, non-sloping galleries constructed for them. Through Oct. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings by the Belgian-born Paris artist Pierre Alechinsky; through July 27.... ¶ Bible illustrations by Marc Chagall; through Sept. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Audubon watercolors and drawings; through July 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—A double exhibition, one of full-length watercolor portraits by the nineteenth-century folk artist Jacob Maentel, and the other of weathervanes and whirligigs; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the South Seas," a display of a hundred or so objects (in wood, stone, ivory, jade, and the like) from Melanesia, Polynesia, Micronesia, and Australia; through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Young America 1965," a showing by a group of thirty painters and sculptors under thirty-five years of age, among them Mary Bauermeister, Jim Dine, and Robert Murray; through Aug. 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

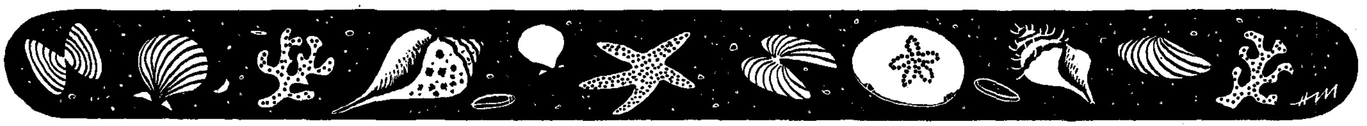
(The box-office number for **Philharmonic Hall** is TR 4-2424.)

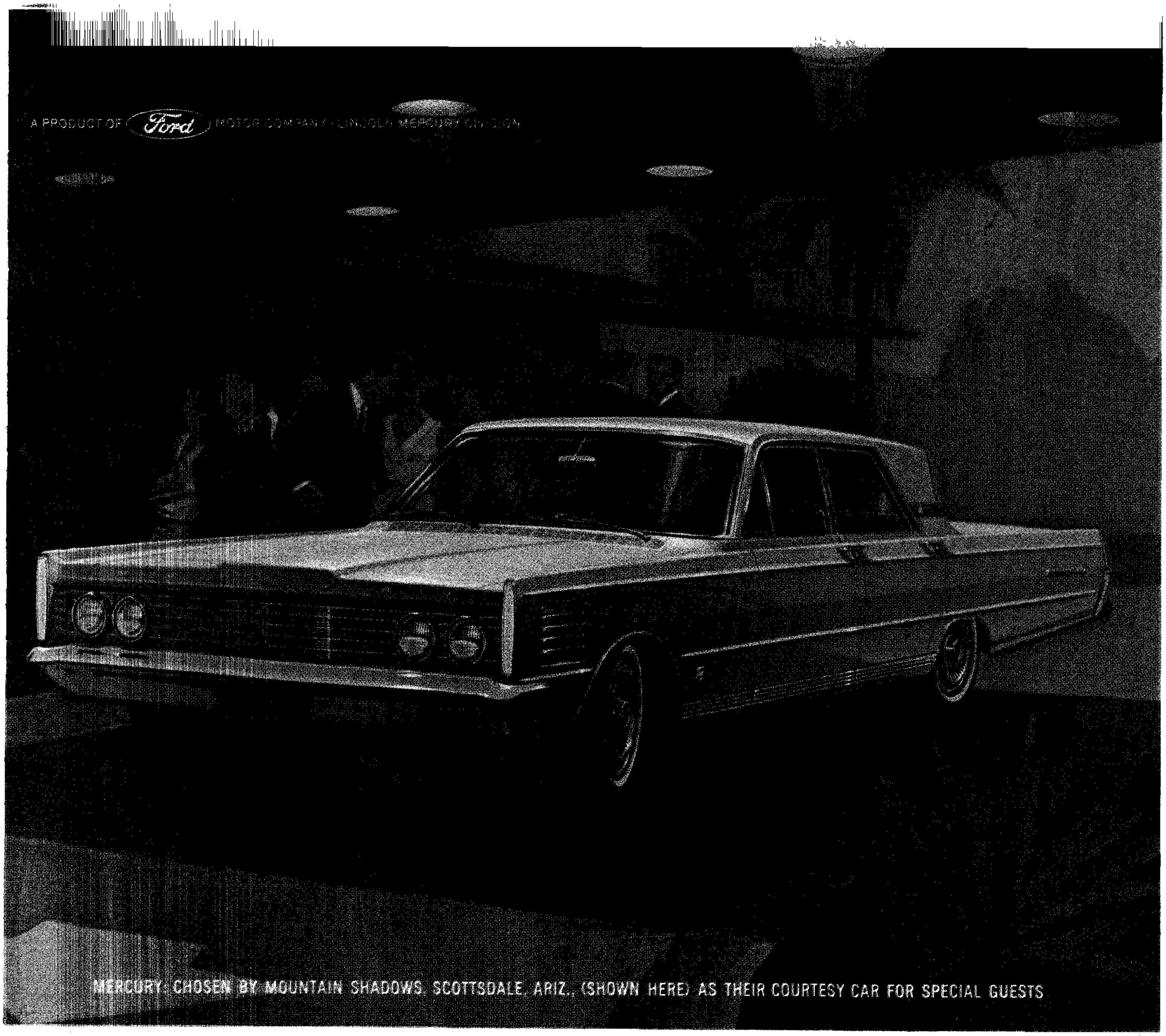
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC FESTIVAL OF FRENCH AND AMERICAN MUSIC—At Philharmonic Hall, the opening performances of a three-week season that will run through Saturday, July 31—Wednesday, July 14: Charles Munch directing, with Robert Casadesus, piano; Adele Addison, soprano; and the Camerata Singers.... ¶ Thursday and Friday, July 15-16: Leonard Bernstein *directing an all-Bernstein* program, with Zino Francescatti, violin; Philippe Entremont, piano; and the Camerata Singers.... ¶ Saturday, July 17: Charles Munch directing, with Mr. Francescatti; Adele Addison, soprano; and the Camerata Singers. (Evenings at 8:30.)

LEWISOHN STADIUM CONCERTS—Friday, July 9: Martin Rich directing the Metropolitan Opera orchestra and chorus in a performance of "Carmen" in concert form, with Regina Resnik and Beverly Bower, sopranos, Sándor Kónya, tenor, and Justino Díaz, bass.... ¶ Saturday, July 10: A jazz *program performed by* Ella Fitzgerald, with Tommy Flanagan's trio and the Metropolitan Opera orchestra.... ¶ Monday, July 12: George Schick conducting the orchestra in a varied program, with Van Cliburn, piano.... ¶ Wednesday, July 14: Joseph Rosenstock directing the orchestra and chorus in a program of *Russian and German music*, with Sándor Kónya, tenor, and Jerome Hines, bass.... ¶ Friday, July 16: Jan Behr directing the orchestra and chorus in a performance of "La Bohème" in concert form, with Licia Albanese and Beverly Bower, sopranos; Barry Morell, tenor; Frank Guarrera, baritone; and Justino Díaz, bass.... ¶ Saturday, July 17: Alfredo Munar directing the orchestra and chorus in a program of Latin-American music, with Martha Perez, *soprano, and* Ruth Fernandez, *mezzo-soprano*. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Metropolitan Opera box office, Broadway at 40th St., PE 6-1210, and the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 7. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

NEW SCHOOL OUTDOOR CONCERTS—Folk singers—Friday, July 9: Cynthia Gooding.... ¶ Saturday, July 10: Jean Ritchie.... ¶ Sunday, July 11: Ian and Sylvia.... ¶ Friday, July 16: Tom Glazer. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concerts will be held in the auditorium.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednes-





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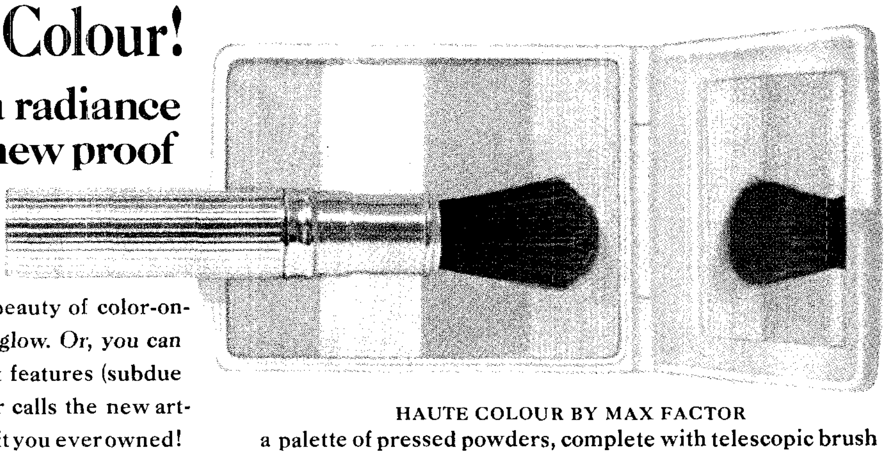

HAUTE COLOUR BY MAX FACTOR
a palette of pressed powders, complete with telescopic brush

days, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 13.)

Jazz Concerts—Thursday, July 8, at 8:30: The Muddy Waters Blues Band. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 15, at 8:30: The Jazz Composers Guild Ensemble. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 9, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a chamber orchestra of Boston Symphony members, with Theodore Lettvin, piano; Joseph Silverstein and Alfred Krips, violin; and Jules Eskin, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the chamber orchestra, with Vronsky and Babin, piano; Veronica Tyler, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass-baritone; the Harvard Glee Club; and the Radcliffe Choral Society. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 11, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the chamber orchestra in an all-Bach program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin; Doriot Anthony Dwyer and James Pappoutsakis, flute; Veronica Tyler, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass-baritone; the Harvard Glee Club; and the Radcliffe Choral Society. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 13, at 8: A chamber-music program by the Boston Symphony Chamber Players. . . . ¶ Friday, July 16, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony, with Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 18, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony, with Isaac Stern, violin. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 22.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Folk singers—Saturday, July 10, at 3:30: Ian and Sylvia. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 3:30: Odetta. (Lenox, Mass.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 10: Patricia Heyes, Hans Meister, and three other soloists of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet, and Norman Walker and his company. . . . ¶ Starting Tuesday, July 13: The Nederlands Dans Theatre, appearing in this country for the first time, in a two-week engagement, with a different program each week. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Houston, Friday, July 9, at 8; Saturday, July 10, at 2:15; and Sunday, July 11, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Thursday and Friday, July 15-16, at 8, and Saturday, July 17, at 2.

Boxing—Emile Griffith vs. José Gonzales, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Tuesday, July 13. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Golf—John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 8-11.) . . . ¶ New York State Golf Association Women's Amateur Championship. (Corning Country Club, Corning, N.Y. Tuesday through Saturday, July 13-17.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 31. The Astoria, Wednesday, July 14, and the Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 17. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 7. The Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, July 17. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Soccer—International Soccer League—Sunday, July 11, at 2:30: Kilmarnock vs. Polonia Bytom and West Bromwich Albion vs. Ferencvaros. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 14, at 8:30: West Bromwich Albion vs. Polonia Bytom. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island.)

Sports-Car Racing—At BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT, Bridgehampton: Saturday, July 10. . . . WATKINS GLEN: Saturday, July 17, at 2, and Sunday, July 18, at 1:05. . . . THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: Saturday, July 17, at 2:15, and Sunday, July 18, at 2.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 28. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.). . . HISTORIC TRACK, Goshen: Thursday and Friday, July 8-9, at 1:30. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 23.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Starting Saturday, July 17.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 7:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

Hours—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Exhibits open between 9 and 10, although waiting in line is permitted from 8:30. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., some later. Most restaurants are open until midnight, and some until 2. For some reason, almost everyone leaves the Fair when it gets dark, and so, except perhaps on Saturday night, that is a good time to go.

Admission—Adults $2.50, children (2-12) $1. Through July and August, admission for children accompanied by an adult will be twenty-five cents on Mondays and Fridays.

The Belgian Village—Since 1930, a Belgian architect has been making molds of the façades of seventeenth-century Belgian buildings for reproduction at various World's Fairs. The current edition, covering four and a half acres, is the largest, and includes a church, a city hall, Belgian lace and crystal and Yugoslavian handbags and runless stockings for sale, a working antique carrousel, the world's largest opal, wooden-shoe dancing in the lumpy cobblestone streets, music everywhere, and more restaurants (many with outdoor tables) serving a wide variety of good food at better prices than in all the rest of the Fair. It is possible to go to the Rathskeller (open until 2 A.M.) without paying admission to the Village, which is $1 for adults and fifty cents for children.

Pavilions—The Mexican Pavilion is one of the most beautiful at the Fair, and the exhibit of archeology and art has been enlarged and almost completely changed since last year. The prices at the Mexican restaurant have been cut in half and the menu changed accordingly, but the combination plate is delicious, better than the barbecued lamb. The bar is one of the most attractive at the Fair. The mariachi band is good and can be heard from anywhere. . . . ¶ Other commendable restaurants can be found in the African, Danish, Spanish, Swedish, Indian, and Festival of Gas pavilions. . . . ¶ It isn't necessary to pay the Fair admission to get into the Top of the Fair restaurant. If you can get waited on, or even shown to a table, within half an hour of your arrival, at least on Saturday night, there is food, drink, and dancing. . . . ¶ The exhibit of paintings at the Spanish Pavilion is different from last year's, and includes two large El Grecos, two new Goyas, and a vast painting by Dali called "The Apotheosis of the Dollar." . . ¶ The New York State Pavilion, which is exciting to visit for any reason at all, contains an exhibit of paintings of New York City done between 1880 and 1958. 11 A.M. to 8 P.M.; free. . . . ¶ Those who like to dance to the music of Guy Lombardo may do so every evening except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30 at the Tiparillo bandstand; free. . . . ¶ Between 10 P.M., and 2 A.M., the Underground Home becomes an underground discothèque.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

NOW PLAYING

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Cat Ballou—This full-length lampoon of Western movies is cheerful and frequently funny, in a broad kind of way. Lee Marvin is especially funny, as a talkative old soak who was once a famous gunfighter. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

The Eye of the Needle—The mores, sexual and otherwise, of Sicilian townsfolk get a light going over in this unpretentious Italian comedy. With Vittorio Gassman and Gino Cervi. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Fascist—Ugo Tognazzi, as a dedicated Army sergeant, and Georges Wilson, as a liberal old professor, make an entertaining pair of adversaries in this quiet but hardly cozy Italian satire set in the country outside of Rome in 1944. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Goldfinger—More nervy nonsense about James Bond, the fearless but thoroughly inept secret agent. Sean Connery is, as usual, splendid as Bond, and Gert Frobe is the rufous villain. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—Christ in Cinerama, only not really Christ—only Cinerama, with a Grand Hotel cast. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Extra performances Wednesday mornings at 9:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Hard Day's Night—Why the Beatles are a benign infection, perhaps incurable. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Knack—This comedy of sex in London seems at first somewhat smothered by technical pranks, but the minute that Rita Tushingham sets foot in it, it becomes a delight. Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks are more than satisfactory as three carefree bachelors. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Mary Poppins—This should have been called Mary Marzipan. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Mirage—A clever if somewhat confused melodrama about a fellow who has lost his memory and is wandering about New York in imminent danger of being murdered. With Gregory Peck and Walter Matthau. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through July 13. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through July 13, tentative.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nothing but a Man—For a wonder, a picture about Negroes that doesn't patronize them. The handiwork of Michael Roemer and Robert Young, it stars Ivan Dixon and Abbey Lincoln. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 13.)

Operation Crossbow—We *did* win the Second World War, and this tells one of the reasons why. With George Peppard, Sophia Loren, Tom Courtenay, and many another brave soul. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger is magnificent in the title role of this grim and, at bottom, not very plausible movie. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, Eric Sykes, and several others are very funny as the participants in an air race across the English Channel in the days when flying was still only a sport. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Train—Burt Lancaster, a good Frenchman, and Paul Scofield, a wicked Nazi, in a battle of wits over a trainload of precious paintings. A stirring melodrama, ably directed by John Frankenheimer. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

What's New Pussycat?—The life and easy times of the international set in Paris, as they might have been portrayed by Mack Sennett or any of the other grand old masters of cinematic horseplay. The movie may seem at times a bit too special and inbred for general comfort, but it is also bright, original, and sharp as a tack. Woody Allen, who wrote the script, also appears in it, as do Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers, and Romy Schneider. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Zorba the Greek—A violent old man tries to teach a tame young one about life and doesn't succeed, but no matter. The old man is played by Anthony Quinn, the young one by Alan Bates, and the setting is the harshly beautiful island of Crete. Michael Cacoyannis directed. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 8.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through July 9.)

Dr. No (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 13.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy life of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 9-12.)

From Russia with Love (1964)—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 13.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuele Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 9-12.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French view of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 9.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, and Anthony Quinn in an account of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 13, tentative. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 10-12. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting July 14, tentative.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses (1961)—De Laclos's eighteenth-century best-seller brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through July 12, last showing on July 12 at 5:10.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' treatment of the Tarkington novel. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through July 9.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 14.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 13.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 8. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 12.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 13.)

The Spanish Earth (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway picture about war around Madrid. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 10.)

Tomorrow Is My Turn (1962)—A French picture about the Second World War, starring Charles Aznavour and Georges Rivière. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 9.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 13-14.)

Yanco (1964)—A picture about a Mexican boy whose boundless love of music ironically destroys him. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 11.)

Zazie (1961)—A wild romp through Paris, as seen through the eyes of an eleven-year-old child. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 13.)

Film Libraries—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd—Two programs in a series called "D. W. Griffith: American Film Master." Through July 10, showings at 3, and on Thursday evening at 8: "America" (1924), with Carol Dempster and Neil Hamilton. . . . ¶ July 11-14, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Isn't Life Wonderful" (1924), with Carol Dempster and Neil Hamilton. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.) . . . **Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Through July 10, showings at 2, 3:45, and 5:30: Excerpts from "The March of Time" (1945-1951). . . . ¶ July 14, at 3: "Topper" (1937), with Constance Bennett and Cary Grant. . . . ¶ July 14, at 5:30: Excerpts from films produced by Hal Roach, with Mr. Roach appearing as commentator. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Gallery after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				8	9	10
11	12	13	14			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Hallelujah Trail," Burt Lancaster, Lee Remick. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
OPERATION CROSSBOW.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through July 14: "The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Bambole!" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through July 13: "In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas; and "Town Tamer," Dana Andrews, Terry Moore.
From July 14: "Marriage—Italian Style," Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
CAT BALLOU.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Red Desert" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
GOLDFINGER; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.**

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
MARY POPPINS.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through July 13 (tentative): **MIRAGE**; and "Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.
From July 14 (tentative): **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA**, revival.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
OPERATION CROSSBOW.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through July 13: **MIRAGE**; and "A Boy Ten Feet Tall," Edward G. Robinson, Fergus McClelland.
From July 14: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
CAT BALLOU.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 13: "In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas; and "Town Tamer," Dana Andrews, Terry Moore.
From July 14: "Marriage—Italian Style," Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through July 11: "Image of Love," a documentary film.
From July 12: "Harvey Middleman, Fireman," Gene Troobnick, Hermione Gingold.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE KNACK.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Bambole!" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
To be announced.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE (in Italian).

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through July 9: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS**, revival.
July 10-12: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA**, revival.
July 13: **ZAZIE** (in French), revival; and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina.
July 14: "Any Number Can Win" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin, Alain Delon; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE PAWNBROKER.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 13: **DR. NO**, revival; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival.
From July 14: To be announced.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 13 (tentative): **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA**, revival.
From July 14: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE TRAIN.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas; and "Town Tamer," Dana Andrews, Terry Moore.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
July 8: **BREATHLESS** and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (both in French and both revivals).
July 9-12: **THE 400 BLOWS** and **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (both in French and both revivals).
From July 13: **SHADOWS**, revival; and "Guns of the Trees," revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 13: **NOTHING BUT A MAN**; and **THE SOFT SKIN** (in French), revival.
From July 14: To be announced.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-787[illegible])
DR. NO, revival; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Winner," a French film.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 13: "Genghis Khan," Omar Sharif, Stephen Boyd; and "These Are the Damned," Macdonald Carey.
From July 14: "Girl Happy," Elvis Presley; and "Joy in the Morning," Richard Chamberlain, Yvette Mimieux.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 13: "Plisetskaya Dances," a Russian documentary film, with an English narration; and "House with the Attic" (in Russian).
From July 14: "The Magnificent Cuckold" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, Ugo Tognazzi; and "All These Women" (in Swedish), revival, Jarl Kulle.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
THE PAWNBROKER.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MARY POPPINS.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Back Door" (with Mandarin dialogue).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE PAWNBROKER.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"High Infidelity" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"China!," a documentary film.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE FASCIST (in Italian).

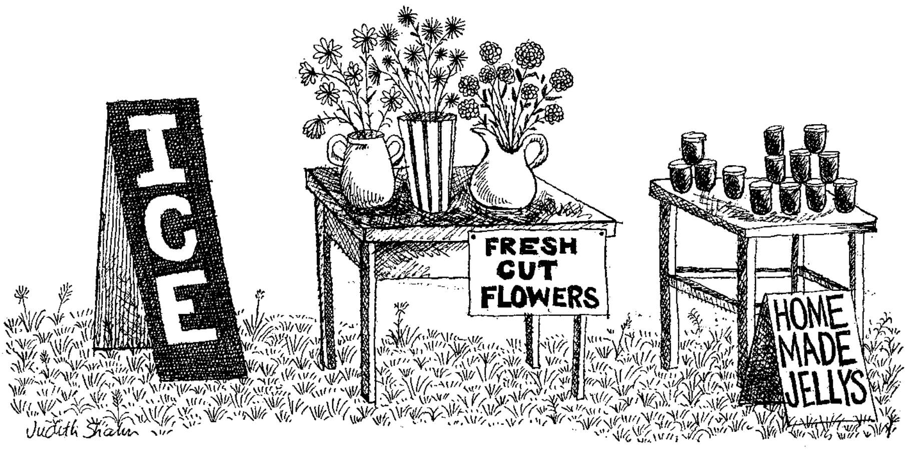
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 12 (last showing on July 12 at 3:30): **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** (in French), revival; and "White Nights" (in Italian), revival, Maria Schell, Marcello Mastroianni.
July 12, at 8 and 10: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (silent), Buster Keaton.
July 13-14: **THE TRIAL**, revival; and "Bell' Antonio" (in Italian), revival, Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 13: **DR. NO**, revival; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival.
From July 14: "The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders," Kim Novak, Richard Johnson; and "Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 8: "The Bespoke Overcoat," "Glass," and two other George K. Arthur films; plus ten U.P.A. cartoons.
July 9: **JULES AND JIM** and **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** (both in French and both revivals).
July 10: **THE SPANISH EARTH**, revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
July 11: **YANCO**, revival, a Mexican film; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada.
July 12: **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French), revival; and "Dirty Hands" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin.
July 13: "The Life of Emile Zola," revival, Paul Muni, Joseph Schildkraut; and "Desire Under the Elms," revival, Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins.
July 14: **THE SERVANT**, revival; and "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 13: "Plisetskaya Dances," a Russian documentary film, with an English narration; and "The Duel" (in Russian), revival.
From July 14: "The Magnificent Cuckold" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, Ugo Tognazzi; and "All These Women" (in Swedish), revival, Jarl Kulle.



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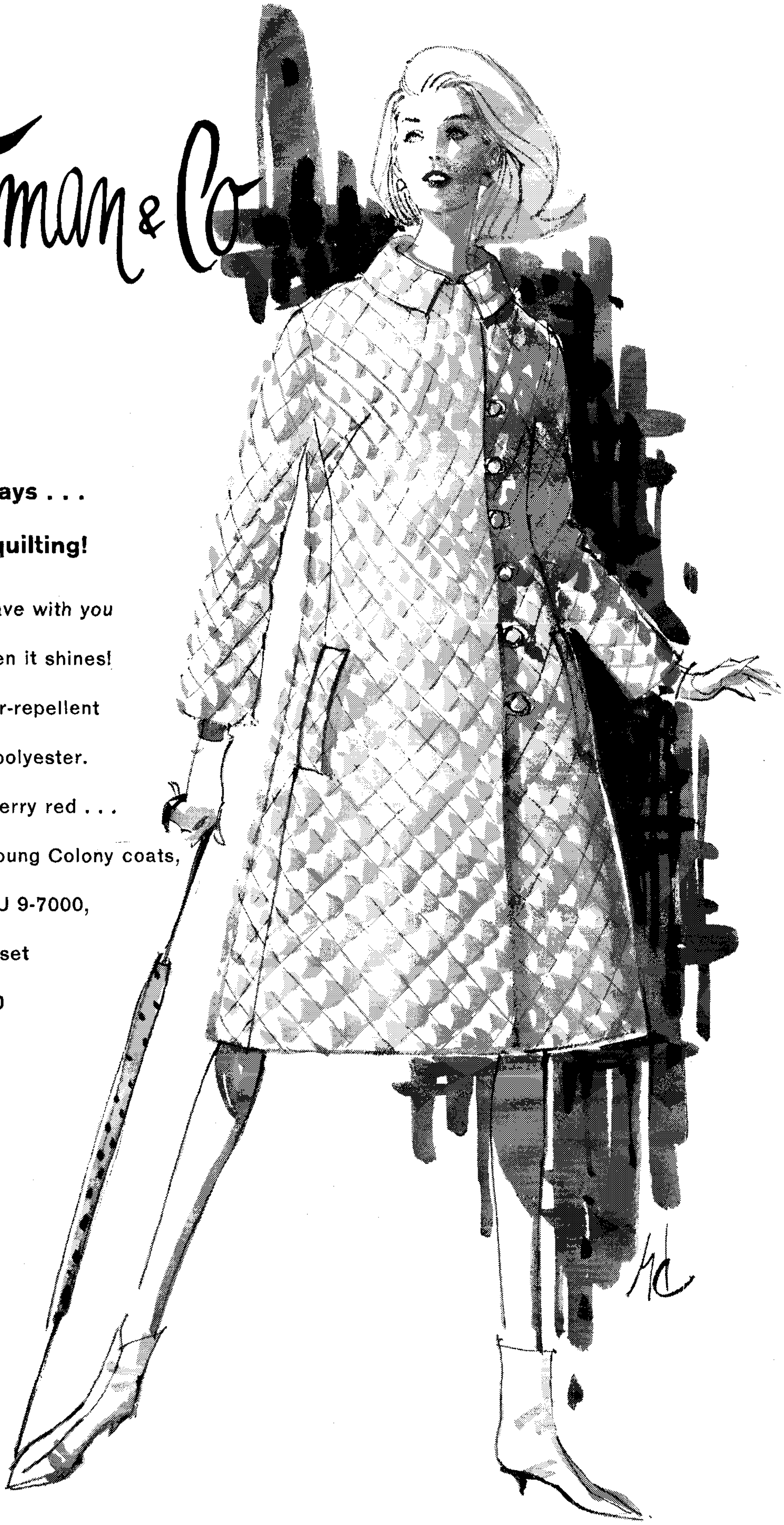


THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE came to work bright and early the other morning and found a wall missing; in fact, several of our favorite walls were missing. Sometime during the night, a demolition team had attacked the offices on our floor with sledgehammers and crowbars; jagged holes had been punched in partitions that had seemed perfectly solid the day before, doors had been wrenched from their hinges, and twisted strands of wire hung from gaping wounds in the ceiling. It all had to do, we were assured, with some master scheme to improve our old familiar working quarters. Like most modern city dwellers, we did not presume to challenge such a decision, even when two large men in overalls began to batter down a wall right next to our own little pigeonhole. There is supposed to be something in nature that doesn't love a wall (including, presumably, those barriers that shut out an often importunate world), and we realize that the din of destruction is as much a part of the daily urban medley as the rhythmic clatter of our typewriter. Indeed, after several hours of trying to type while listening to the periodic crash of liberated plaster, we began to wonder whether sledgehammers and crowbars might not be even more satisfying than typewriters as instruments of self-expression. Artists, by their very nature, resent pigeonholing. Has there ever been a sculptor who didn't yearn at one time or another to compose a symphony, or a painter who didn't dream of building a skyscraper? If a magazine's offices must be torn apart, we would like to suggest that the writers be allowed to whack down their own walls with their own hands while the displaced demolition experts take a turn at pounding the vacated typewriters. It might be a salutary experience for everyone concerned, including the reader.

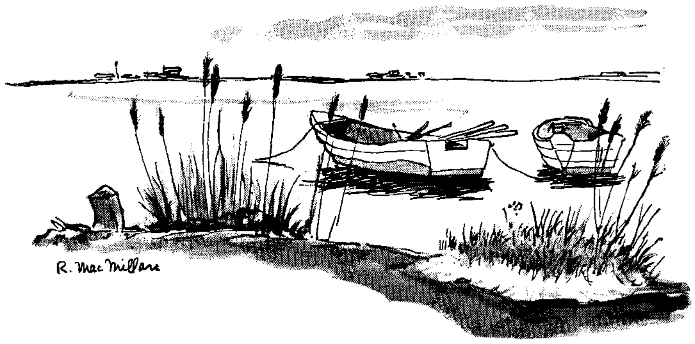
Medical Sculpture

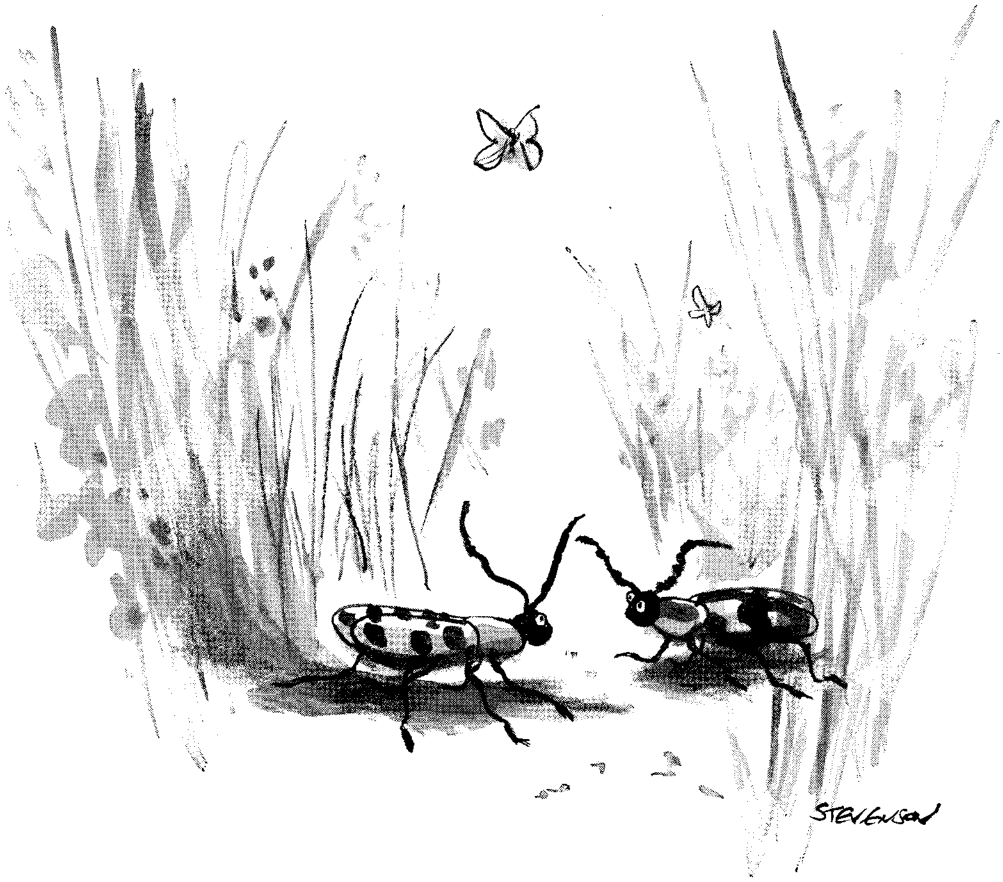
WE helped celebrate the meeting of the American Medical Association here by taking the long view of medicine in the Americas that was afforded by the concurrent showing, in the Pfizer Building, of the Weisman Collection of Pre-Columbian Medical Sculpture, on public view for the first time. The display was interpreted for us by the collector himself, Dr. Abner I. Weisman, internationally known fertility specialist, clinical professor of obstetrics and gynecology at New York Medical College, author ("Spermatozoa and Sterility," et al.), and one-time Sioux medicine man. By virtue of his collection, which was some twenty-five years in the gathering, Dr. Weisman is also one of the leading authorities on the clinical precocity of the extinct tribal civilizations of Mexico and Central and South America. A patriarchal figure with a gray beard, curling sideburns, and Einsteinian hair, who was sporting—when we joined him in a Pfizer display room—a checked jacket, a bow tie, and an imposing cigar, Dr. Weisman explained that written records, including medical records, of the misty peoples who raised tropical Xanadus to the south were almost nonexistent.

"Figures of the sort that I've been collecting constitute the only medical history of the Middle American tribes, some of which predate the Inca, Maya, and Aztec cultures by as much as two thousand years," said the Doctor, guiding us among sculpture-filled glass cases and visiting A.M.A. colleagues. "What this sculpture helps to tell us is that the ancient American medicine men really knew their business. They had a remarkable grasp of osteology, circulation, and operating techniques, including bloodless amputation and anesthesia. They were superb brain surgeons, adept at trephining of the skull long before the Europeans even thought of it. They understood drugs. Painkillers they extracted from the coca shrub, and quinine from cinchona bark. To prevent postpartum hemorrhaging, they developed an ergotlike drug. Of course, they used magic, too. Why not? Damn good psychotherapy."

The Doctor paused before a display case that contained clay figures of Indians recumbent upon a variety of what he identified as hospital beds. "Notice the special features," he said admiringly. "A couple of the beds have sun visors. Some have posts for elevation. And there we see some violent patients under restraint with straps and headbands." Scrutinizing the hospital patients more closely, he added, "Most of them seem lethargic and limp, and there are a couple with bowlegs—a common phenomenon, particularly among the Colima-Jalisco people of Mexico. Indicates a rachitic condition."

Shrugging off what we suspected was a temptation to write out prescriptive instructions to a pre-Columbian night nurse, Dr. Weisman moved us along to another case, this one containing figures of hunchbacks. Here he fell in with a tuberculosis specialist from Peoria, Illinois, and the two held a brief consultation. They agreed that the subjects were probably suffering from congenital mal-





"Have you tried Mrs. Blake's lettuce? I hear it's delicious this year."

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formation, rather than from Pott's disease, a deforming type of t.b. that was most likely introduced later, by the Spanish conquistadors. The Peoria man said that, as an amateur archeologist himself, he had unearthed some statuary Indian t.b. victims in Arkansas, and the doctors agreed to exchange photographs of their finds.

"I'm of the school that believes syphilis was prevalent among the tribes *before* the Spaniards came," the Peoria man said.

Dr. Weisman shrugged tolerantly, bade him adieu, and led us to a case full of dermatological sufferers, their advanced symptoms wrought with painstaking clinical fidelity. "It's quite a question, whether the Spaniards introduced syphilis or not," he said. "Some people infer from figures like these, perhaps dating back to the pre-Christian era, that it was already prevalent among the Indians. I'm doubtful. I have yet to find a case—I mean a sculpture showing primary lesions. Now, that poor fellow"—he pointed out an unfortunate covered with eruptions and leaning on one elephantine hand—"more likely has metastatic carcinomatosis."

Dr. Weisman proceeded to show us a number of pre-Columbians who were even worse off, though not for want of care as expert as any that could be had in those days. "Look at that splint!" he exclaimed as he indicated one pained figure, who was holding an apparently broken arm while a female companion piece looked on, hand to cheek, in characteristic wifely concern. "And over here we have examples of swollen hands and feet, and even what appears to be an internal organ—perhaps a bronchial tube. Imagine sculpturing things like that! Most of these objects were found around burial mounds, and I think the artists, some of whom may have been the medicine men themselves, were trying to teach us something."

The Doctor paused to light another cigar, and we asked him how he had happened to become a collector. He replied that it had all started when he, a New York boy born and bred, was assigned as a volunteer Public Health Service doctor to a Sioux reservation in the Dakotas during the war. He acquired the name Big Eagle and a fascination with Indian medical practices, which shifted south as he realized that the urban Middle American tribes, unlike the nomadic northern Indians, had left, along with other archeological riches, a trove of medical records in clay. He now has some three thousand pieces, which take up a floor of his house—a brownstone on the upper East Side—and in his view five hundred of them have major medical significance. "Fortunately, the museums aren't much interested in my sort of thing," he said. "Nor are figures with carbuncles and rashes the kind you're likely to want for your living room. So I've been able to acquire most of the major pieces from dealers, sometimes for a song. I've done some digging myself, too, while I was on my regular lecture tours. My real purpose in collecting, by the way, is to use the sculpture as the basis for a pioneering book on pre-Columbian medicine. I've been working on it for eight years."

Before leaving, we complimented Dr. Weisman on both the educational value and the beauty, grotesque though it might be, of his pieces, and asked him if medicine men still flourished among the Indians.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Not only in Middle America but right here. When I first went to work with the Sioux, I ran into serious opposition from a medicine man. He wanted to treat a boy with a ruptured appendix *his* way—by dancing, chanting, and shaking rattles. I finally convinced him I should assist. While I operated, he danced around the table in a surgical smock. 'Yell louder,' I'd tell him. Between us, we had the boy on his feet in a week's time, and from then on I had all the coöperation I wanted from the Sioux."

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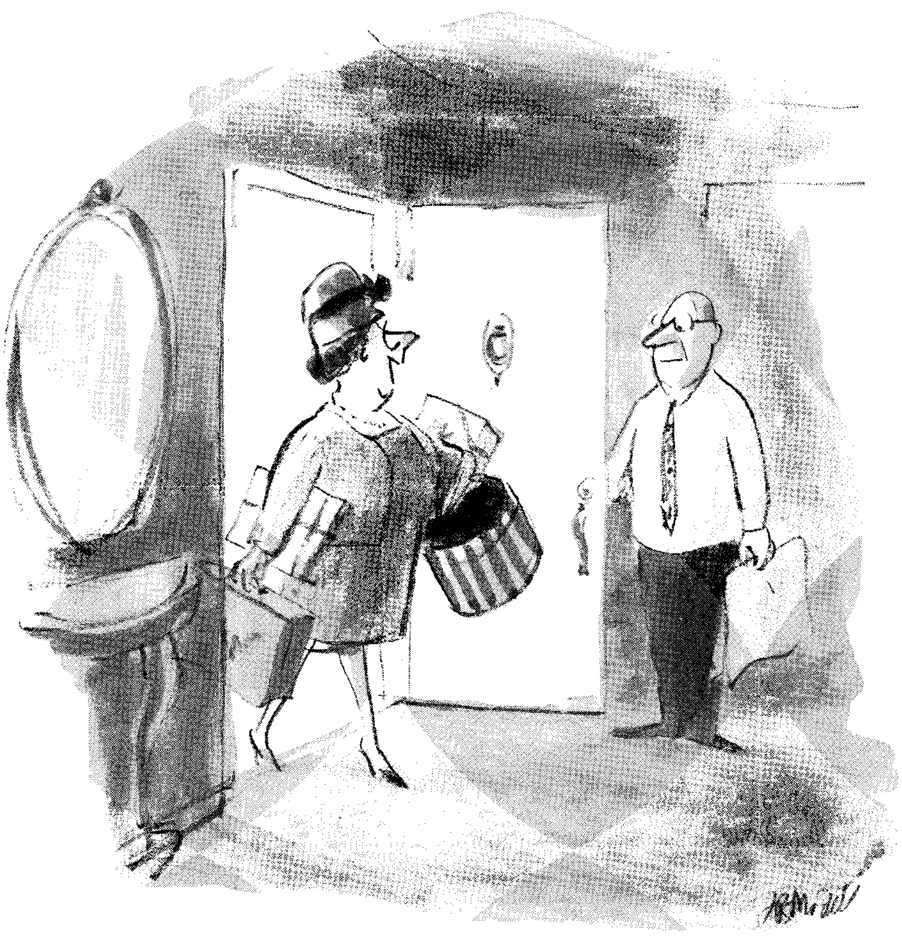
ONE of the casualties of the water shortage is the Dog Bar maintained by the Wallachs branch at Fifth Avenue and Forty-sixth Street for thirsty pedestrians on leashes. It's as dry as a bone.

Shedding Light

THE tearing down of old buildings and erecting of new ones is proceeding so rapidly and noisily in our city that you may not have noticed a quieter and less apparent transformation of the city's streets—one that has been going on for a good six years and has to do with the lighting of the streets. Back in 1959, the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity discovered that the streets were studded with lighting poles of sixty-four kinds—most of them archaic cast-iron poles equipped with old-style incandescent bulbs—and undertook a sixty-five-million-dollar modernization program to replace this obsolete hodgepodge with a single variety of pole, mounting mercury-vapor lamps, which are brighter and longer-lasting. The contract for designing the new pole was awarded to Donald Deskey Associates, industrial designers of New York and London, and after two years of testing prototypes the Deskey people came up with an extruded-aluminum pole that met the city's specifications. Since 1960, approximately eleven thousand such poles have gone up along various roadways in the city (including the Henry Hudson Parkway and the Long Island Expressway), and by the autumn of 1966 the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity plans to have a whole army of the poles—nearly twenty thousand of them—shedding light on streets throughout the five boroughs. So far, the Department has permitted modifications in the design of the new pole only in Chinatown, where the lampposts have anodized-gold shafts and luminaire arms with red hoods that resemble the hats of emperors of the Ming Dynasty, and on Fifth Avenue, where eighty-six anodized-bronze poles that were designed specially for the Avenue are currently being erected between Thirty-second Street and Sixty-first Street. The modifications for the Chinatown poles presented few problems and were worked out quickly by the Department and the Chinese Chamber of Commerce, but the design for the Fifth Avenue poles presented many problems and was worked out only after a year and a half of give-and-take between the Department and a committee of architects and designers engaged by the Fifth Avenue Association.

Just how much give-and-take we had no idea until the other day, when we had a chat with Mr. Robert H. McKay, who was chairman of the committee that negotiated with the city in behalf of the Association. Mr. McKay is a tall, blue-eyed, rugged-looking man of fifty, and we found him at 400 Park Avenue, at his desk in a suite occupied by an architectural firm called the Office of Alfred Easton Poor, in which he is a partner. "The whole thing began in March of 1963, when Commissioner Armand D'Angelo, of the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity, suggested that the Fifth Avenue Association coöperate with the city in designing a special lighting pole to replace the cast-iron poles that had been lighting the Avenue for the past fifty years," he told us. "The officials of the Association were pleased with the Commissioner's suggestion, and they asked me to be chairman of a design committee that included Marvin B. Affrime and Lawrence Lerner, space-layout designers, and Robert L. Bien, an architect. We four then met with the Commissioner and Robert L. Harmel, who is chief engineer of the Bureau of Gas and Electricity, to decide what color the poles should be and what practical considerations had to be met in their design. The Commissioner and Mr. Harmel felt that the poles should be gold, but we persuaded them that a dark bronze would be more in keeping with the prominence and dignity of the Avenue. Our real problems started when we became aware of the number of special functions the new lighting poles would have to perform. To begin with, Mr. Harmel had determined that in order to double the amount of light on Fifth Avenue, each of the new poles would carry twin luminaire arms with twin four-hundred-watt mercury-vapor lamp units. Then we learned that Commissioner Barnes, of the Traffic Department, had decided to do away with the old cast-bronze traffic-signal-box poles that stand at intersections along the Avenue, and wanted the new signal boxes to hang fifteen feet out over the roadway. In order to reduce the number of poles along the Avenue, we suggested that the new signal boxes be hung from sixty lighting poles that would be erected catercornered to one another at thirty intersections along the way, but we balked at the stipulation that there be a fifteen-foot overhang, because we felt that it would make our poles look terribly lopsided. Finally, after weeks of negotiation, we struck a bargain with the Traffic Department people. They agreed to reduce the signal-box overhang on Fifth Avenue to five feet, and the Fifth Avenue Association agreed to underwrite the cost of the traffic-signal arms that would support the boxes. Having satisfied the Traffic Department, we had to deal with the Fire Department people, who were willing to have their fire-alarm boxes attached to the new poles if each pole carrying an alarm box had an orange light affixed to its top. We were then faced with the problem of how to fashion a pole that would be able to sprout two luminaire arms, a traffic-signal arm, and an orange light. We solved this by designing a universal adapter with four attachments, which fits around the top of the pole like a collar, but we were still faced with the problem



"Why didn't you tell me about the excise tax?"

of how to impart grace to the conglomeration of appendages.”

Here Mr. McKay leafed through a book filled with sketches of luminaire arms that embodied a wide variety of sweeps and swoops, and told us, with a smile, that they represented the design committee’s search for grace. “In the end, we found that we could make only minor adjustments in the shape of the luminaire arms,” he said. “So we concentrated on designing a ten-foot flagstaff for the top of the pole and then turned our attention to the problem of what to do about signs. Do you have any idea how many signs are stuck to lampposts in this city? Well, to name just a few, there are one-way-street signs, no-parking signs, bus-stop signs, signs with maps of bus routes, and signs pointing the way to Grand Central Terminal, to various bridges, and to fallout shelters.”

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EVERY sandwich served in the 7-Up International Sandwich Gardens at the World’s Fair is accompanied by a tiny sprig of plastic parsley.

You Start to Smile

“I LOVE summertime!” cried Killer Joe Piro, bobbing up and down. “Dancing can happen anyplace! You can play a record in the middle of Fifth Avenue and everybody will dance! Westhampton is starting to swing! Southampton is starting to swing!”

Killer Joe, the celebrated dance master whose life has been dedicated, night and day, to the theory, practice, and *gloire* of the Frug, the Twist, the Watusi, the Swim, the Monkey, the Jerk, the Hitchhiker, the Surf, the Shake, the Hully Gully, the Mlle, the Madison, the Bostella, the Bossa Nova, and the Merengue, himself began to swing, moving around the black-and-white tile floor of his dance studio, snapping his hips, kicking his feet, and flapping his hands above his head, as he demonstrated the newest step—the Mule, a dance he has created for the summer. “The Mule will be the first national touch dance in seven and a half years!” he cried, bucking backward. “Touch and break away! Touch and break away!”

“Touch dance?” we asked.

“The boy and girl touching each other,” he called over his shoulder. “It’s been seven years since kids touched each other in America, and that’s long enough.”

Killer Joe, who may be the trimmest and most energetic forty-five-year-old in New York, frugged toward us enthusiastically, waving his arms. “The new touch dances are similar to the Lindy,” he said. “You move your feet!” He moved his feet. “This gets rid of the rigidity of the recent dances, like the Jerk and the Swim, where your feet stayed in one place. It takes out the hard, dry face, because”—he beamed delightedly—“when you move your feet, you start to smile!”

We had dropped in at Killer Joe’s studio—four rooms on the second floor of 54 West Fifty-fifth Street—to find out what might be expected of us this summer if we should ever find ourself on a dance floor.

“Seven years ago, the rumba dropped off, and the mambo and the cha-cha came in, and everybody started dancing separately,” K. J. said. “And then along came the Twist and all the other ‘separate’ dances, until about four years ago, when the ‘following’ dances started up, like the Watusi, where you got in a line and followed the leader, and the Madison, where you went along ‘picking up daisies’ [he picked up daisies], and you made an ‘M’ [he made an “M”] and erased it [he erased it], and then there was the Hully Gully, with a charade thing, and you did impersonations, like the Wyatt Earp [he drew his guns], but [he replaced his guns] the big difference was the Twist itself, because it had the power to make the American public go out and have fun. Adults used to go to dinner at somebody’s house and then they’d whisper to each other, ‘We ate. Now let’s get out of here.’ But when the Twist came in, they *stayed*.”

We asked K. J. about his schedule for the summer.

“I just opened at the Hotel Taft, with a nightly show from 10 P.M. to 4 A.M.,” he said. “It’s got me and ten of my dancers and King Curtis’s band. During the evening, I bring two hundred people up on the floor and teach them all at once. I’ll be going out to private parties. I’ll raise some money for charity. I’ll be taping some shows for television and promoting my new records, and later on I’m going to Washington to teach the new dances to a convention of twenty thousand dance teachers, and in August I’m introducing a dance I’ve created called the In, and whenever I get the chance I’ll be dropping in at the clubs around town to see what’s happening, and on Sundays I’ll go see my mother and father in the Bronx. We play pinochle.”

We sat down on a stool, and told K. J., who was still moving around, that he looked very well.

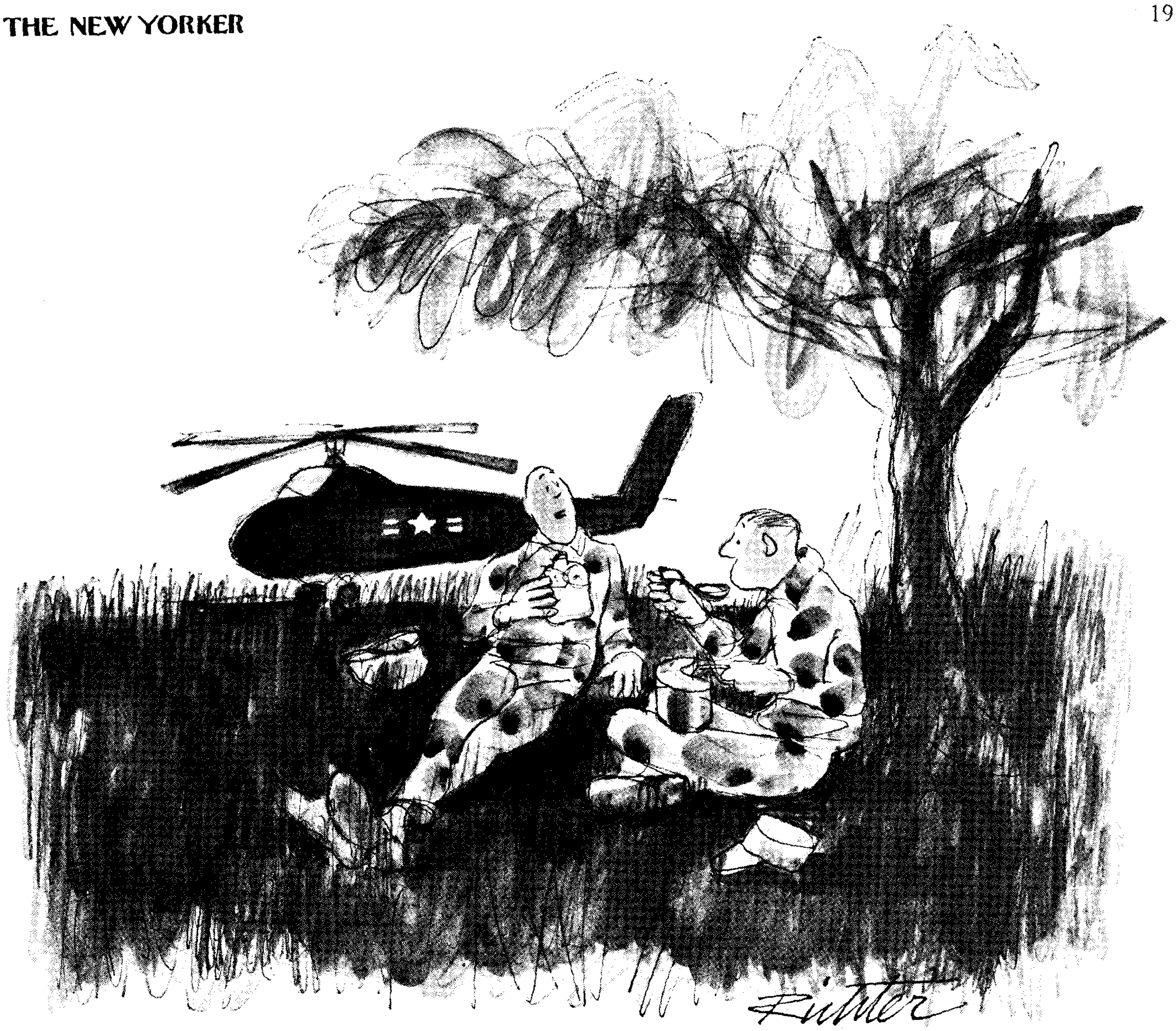
“My sailor suit still fits me from twenty-three years ago,” he declared. “I weigh a hundred and forty-three, and my waist is twenty-nine.”

We pulled in our stomach, and asked him what sort of diet he followed.

“No diet,” he said. “Breakfast, I have two slices of bread, a couple of eggs, ham, French toast and syrup, and coffee. Then, for dinner (I only have two meals a day, because I get up at noon), I take a couple of Scotches, then maybe I’ll have a plate of *linguine*—little spaghetti—with white clam sauce on ’em, then four lamb chops, a salad of sliced endive, another plate of *linguine*, a glass of red wine, and a cup of black coffee. Or sometimes I’ll have an order of baked clams and an order of baked peppers—an *order*, you understand, not one little piece (I don’t like to play around)—then shrimp with *marinara* sauce, a plate of spaghetti, four broiled sausages, a green salad, and black coffee. Notice I don’t eat dessert. I don’t care for sweets.”

We nodded, and asked him how he had started dancing.

“When I was a kid—fourteen, fifteen—we had these social clubs in East Harlem, where I lived,” he said. “You paid fifteen cents to get in. That bought the baseball, that bought the gloves. Our club was called the Green Robins, and it was in a loft. The rent was twelve dollars a month, and we had a tile floor and a record machine. Our club was between a Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and a Hundred and Twenty-sixth on Third Avenue. There were a lot of other clubs right around there, all within walking distance. There was the Ramparts, and there was the Skylights, and the Junior Stars, and we’d go to a social at one of them, and they’d come back and pay fifteen cents to come to ours. The only thing we had was soda; we drank soda and danced to records. It gave the kids a place to go, and it was a way of meeting boys and girls. The kids would teach each other the dances. Who could afford a lesson? We did jitterbug, boogie-woogie, the Savoy. Friday and Saturday nights, we used to go down to Broome Street, where they had a social with a live band. They charged twenty-five cents, because of the band. When I was seventeen, I graduated to the Savoy Ballroom. If you were a good dancer, they allowed you to join the Savoy 400s. They gave you a ring—the Savoy ring—free, and you paid fifteen or



"What I can't understand is: Are we here at the request of the government that's in power now or the government that was in power last week or the one that was in power six weeks ago?"

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twenty cents a week on a three-ninety-eight jacket that was blue with white letters on the back saying 'SAVOY 400S.' The greatest power of the ring was—well, if you had the ring it only cost you twenty cents to get into the ballroom. For everybody else, it was a dollar, which was a lot of money in those days. So I'd go into the Savoy, and then I'd go over to the window and throw my ring out to my friends who were waiting below, so they could get in for twenty cents, too. After school, I worked in a plastics factory for twenty-five cents an hour, and then the war started and I went into the Navy. I was on a troop transport, and while it was in New York I won the National Jitterbug Championship at the Harvest Moon Ball. At night, we used to go to the Stage Door Canteen. That's where I got the name Killer Joe. My real name is Frank, but I used to wear out the girls, dancing without stopping, and that's where the name came from. When my ship went to San Diego, I won the International Jitterbug Championship out there. After the Navy—we'd gone all over, and I'd had malaria, pneumonia, and ulcers—I went back to the plastics factory, and I hurt my back and had to wear a steel brace for almost two years. It was like the movies, you know—the doctor said to me, 'You can forget about dancing.' "

K. J. paused, then said, "In those days, I used to worry all the time. I used to worry about the next day. Finally, I sat down for an hour and a half, and I asked myself, 'What is it all about?' I said to myself, 'In a hundred years, we'll all be gone.' I decided not to worry. I cured my ulcers, you know? And I got rid of the brace, too. I started dancing again and won all the contests, and I worked at the Palladium, running classes every Wednesday and Friday night, for five years. I've had my own studio here since 1947. People ask 'Why don't you open your own discothèque?' but I like things the way they are. I don't want to be watching a cash register, watching the waiters—it would take all the beauty of dancing away from me, and I would get old. I live by each day now, and I'm thankful to be up in the morning. You know what I did last Saturday?" His voice was excited. "I got up, had breakfast. I didn't have anything I had to do, so I went over to Roseland and danced for two and a half hours."

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OVERHEARD at the Shinnecock Yacht Club the other afternoon, one sleeveless-blouse-and-skin-tight-slacks to another: "But, dear, I thought you knew. He's absolutely the Governor's right-handed man."

THE DEATHLESS LOVERS

SHE lifts the earthenware cream crock from the dishpan, shakes beads of water from its slick, oatmeal-colored surface, and sets it, upside down, on the drainboard. Her movements are dignified and precise. When she walks, she holds her tall body erect and glides along a straight line, as though her lovely soul were liquid and could spill. The boy beside her smiles. Her youthful grace makes him forget she is not his mother, who has died some years before, but his grandmother; her sure gestures firm the air, so that when he breathes deeply, as he does now, he breathes strength.

He stands, the dish towel draped over his open hand like a magician's silk, waiting. Her light-brown hair is plaited into two long braids coiled round and round her delicate skull. Lightened by sunlight, strongly angular, her face could be the face on a statue of a Norse goddess. When it suddenly breaks into movement, he is both startled and pleased, and shivers.

"Quit gaping," she says softly. "And close your mouth or it'll fill up with flies, sure as I live."

"It's not open."

"It is too."

"You can't tell. You're not even looking this way."

"I can tell."

Her beauty unnerves her. She has never allowed her photograph to be taken, and when she combs out her waist-length hair at night, or when the boy combs it out for her, chasing blond and pink highlights down the ripples caused by the braids, she sits on the edge of the bed, away from the mirror, her head bowed.

Now she shakes water from a bundle of forks and gives them to him to dry. As he takes them, his hand touches her skin. It is smoother than the silver, and so transparent the lilac veins and amber freckles glow beneath it. She smiles, and he looks down at his bare feet. More than watching her, her touch gives him strength.

"Lordy, Lordy! you're so bashful!" she says, almost sings, in a voice that pleases him because it is so like a young girl's—so full of teasing bravado and so thin and so pure it seems liable to crack, like fine china.

"Nobody knows you're bashful but me. They all think you're quiet or just plain dumb."

"They" refers to the other side of the family—the boy's father and paternal grandparents. She steals him from them each summer. When she and the boy are reunited on her farm in Minnesota, as they want to be, she arms herself against any possible liking he might have built up for *them* over the year. She lets him know, sometimes not too discreetly, that love, which she feels for him (in contrast to the guardianship they take for granted), is more observant. But if she thinks she has been unfair, or wronged them, or colored his emotion too much, she switches from criticism to breathtaking praise.

"I'm *not* bashful either," he says.

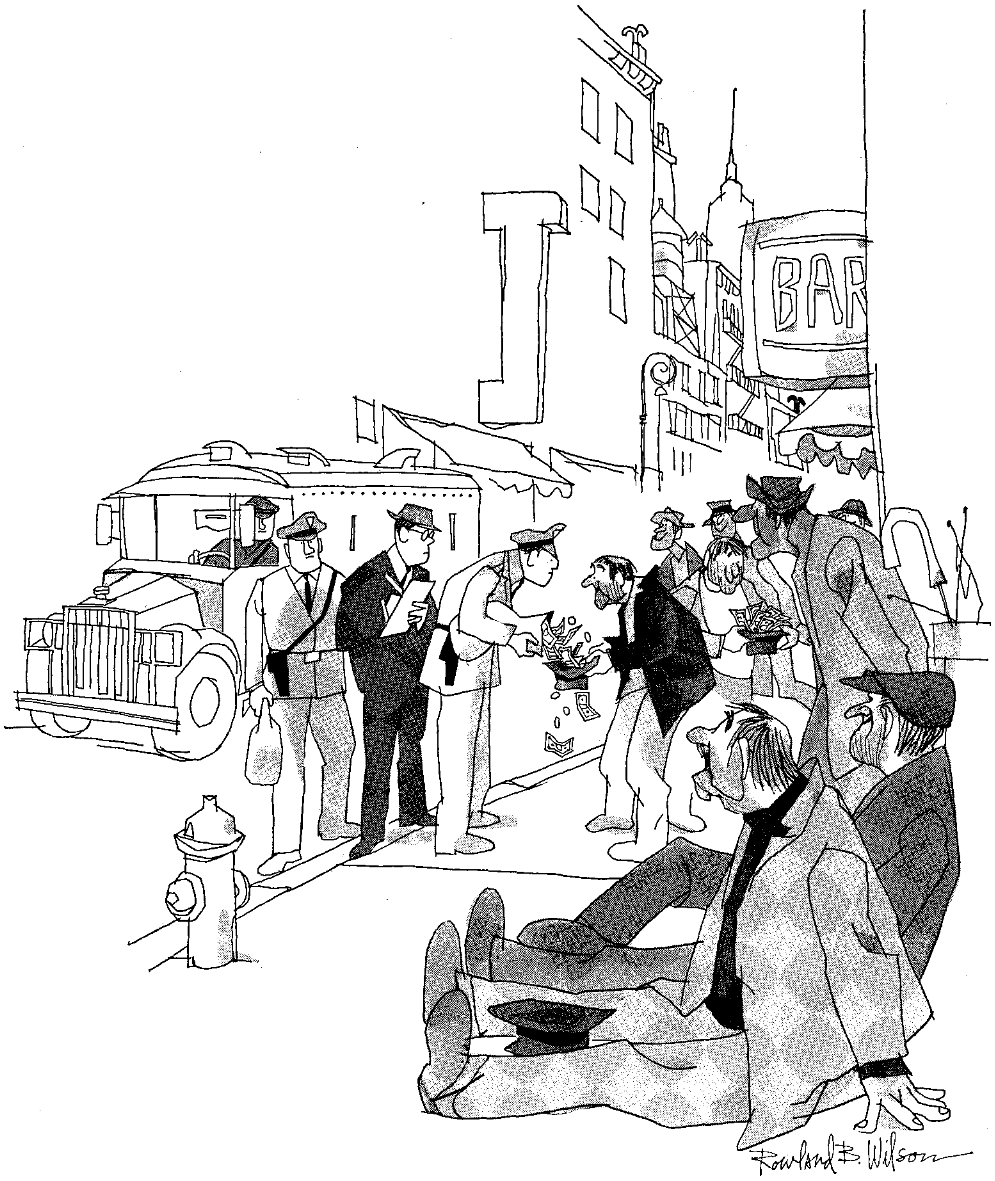
"You're not? You're not, huh?" She puts her fingers to his throat and lifts his face. "Then why are you blushing? Huh? Huh?"

He pulls away, turning to put the forks in the chimney cupboard. Her "Huh?," which she repeats and delights in repeating, grows into radiant laughter. She has nailed him down to a truth.

"Grandpa doesn't talk either," he says. "He just grunts."

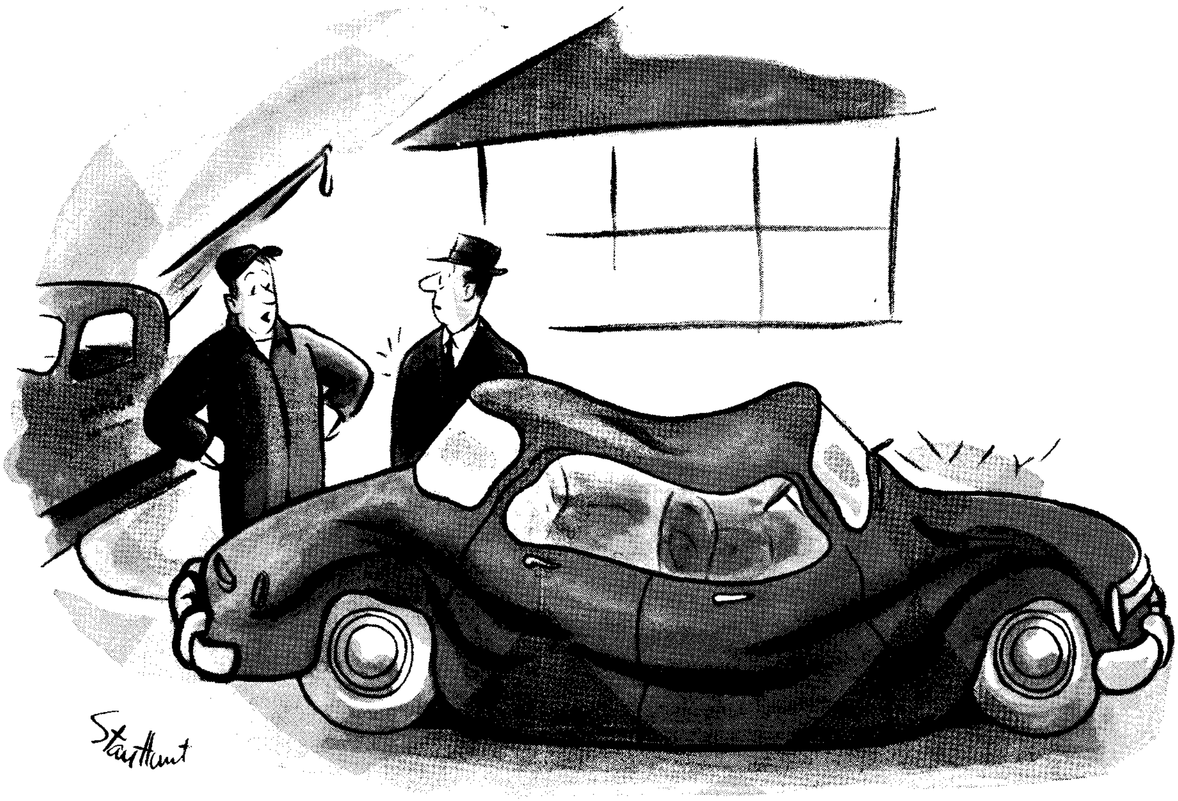
Her husband is a sore spot and the boy knows it. He is a vain, meticulous man who wears high black hook-and-eye dress shoes and pin-striped shirts with bright arm garters, whether in the living room, listening to baseball on the radio, or in the barnyard with his favorite team of horses, Colonel and Queenie, feeding them cookies. The boy can't understand this love for the horses. If he were his grandfather, he would shoot them. Years before, when the old man was gathering hay during a snowstorm, they bolted; he was pitched headlong off the hayrack, and broke his spine.

The accident has diminished him. Although he was always tiny, the top of his head doesn't even reach his wife's shoulder now. Even though she purposely keeps the cookies in the same



"I thought the war on poverty would never get rolling."

place, where he can reach them, he believes he steals them without her knowledge, and is so pleased with his foxiness he chuckles the rest of the day, chuckles too much. She talks down to him more than she does to the boy. She picks arguments with him which almost always end with him cursing and her in tears. He can't bear remembering that she nursed him when he was helpless; he despises her for it. This hurts her; it seems unreasonable and thankless. Of his old passion all that remains is what once moved him to kick a fidgety milch cow so hard her rear legs collapsed and she sat down in her stanchion—his temper. She scolds him for it with a temper of her own.



"Looks like metal fatigue."

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"Maybe your Grandpa doesn't talk much now," she says, "but there was never a smidgen of bashfulness in that man ever in his whole life. He's just a miserable, miserable, spiteful old crow!"

These last words were so harsh the boy has looked up. Beneath her high cheekbones red patches appear and spread down toward her thin, graceful neck. Had he not seen her rock the old man in her arms, singing "So, so; so, saso; so, so . . ." the nights he wakes in terror from his recurrent dream of being shut up forever in a hospital, the boy would think she hates him.

She empties the dishwater into the sink, takes a dipper of hot water from the reservoir in the cookstove, swirls it in the pan, and splashes it over the wooden paddles of a butter churn she has washed. Her anger has already cooled, and she is humming in her clear musical voice a Lutheran hymn. Her serene detachment makes the boy jealous. To get through to her he apparently has to go further.

"Why don't you have hot and cold running water," he asks, "like other people do?"

"Because we're in the country. And plumbing out here comes too high." This is said almost to herself, as she dries the piece of crockery. The boy feels trapped. He *must* make her pay more attention to him than to dishes.

"When you grow up," she says, "and get to be a big strong man, you can build me a nice new house in town somewhere, with plumbing and all the conveniences."

"No I can't. You'll be dead by then."

"What!"

"You'll be dead by then."

"What kind of a thing is that to say to your Grandma! Huh? Huh?"

She tilts his face up again. In her eyes there is hurt and stern anger, then disbelief, and then she laughs, and says gaily, "If that doesn't take the cake! So I'll be dead by then, huh? So that's what you think. Is that what you think? Huh?"

"I just said that. I don't want you to be."

"Of course not," she says, and moved by his sadness she takes him in her arms and holds him tightly. "So, so," she says. "I know you didn't mean it."

He is overwhelmed by his effect. He smiles against her dress that smells of dry pine needles, of freshly baked bread, and of wet clothes—a smell he will remember distinctly, more than ten years later, when she suddenly dies. And, as he grows older, whenever he loves a woman, fears he will lose her, and his love becomes so smotheringly possessive that she runs from him, the same smell will surprise his senses, leaving him breathless and weak. —L. WOIWODE

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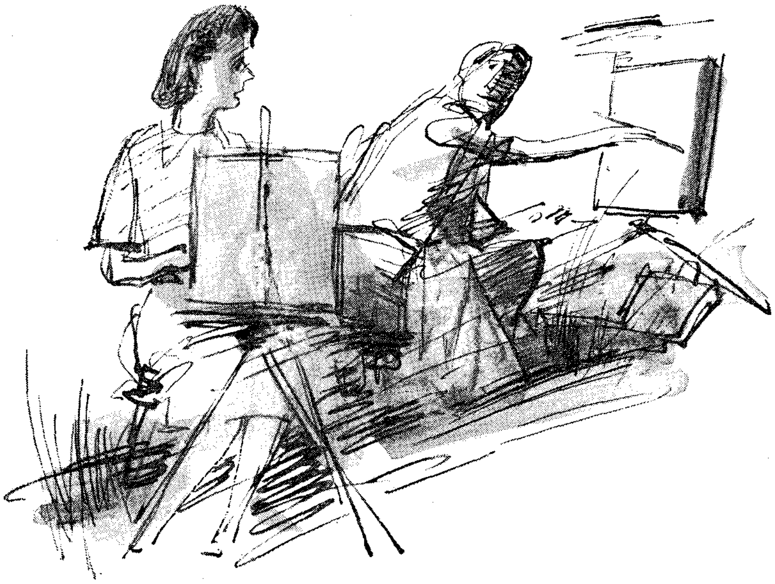
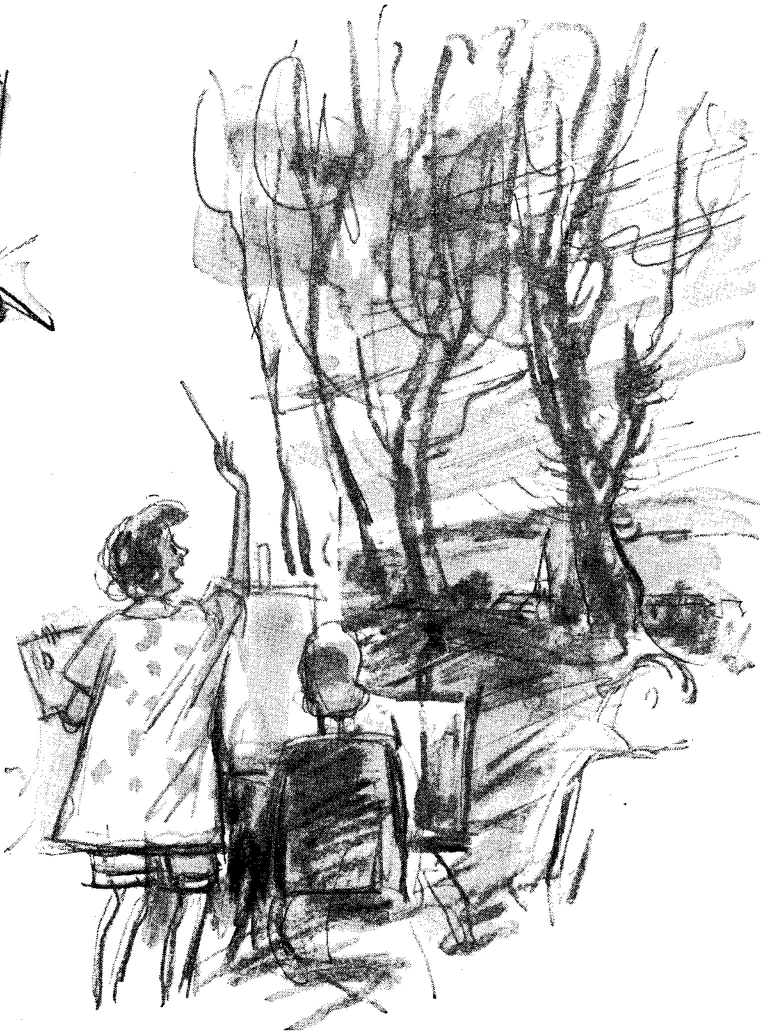
LIGHT POEM

Wren-song in trellis: a light ecstasy of butterflies courting,
Nudging and tickling of ants and spiders,
Flutter of wings and seeds quaking,
Little crabs slipping into watery craters—
All that diving and pitching and swooping.

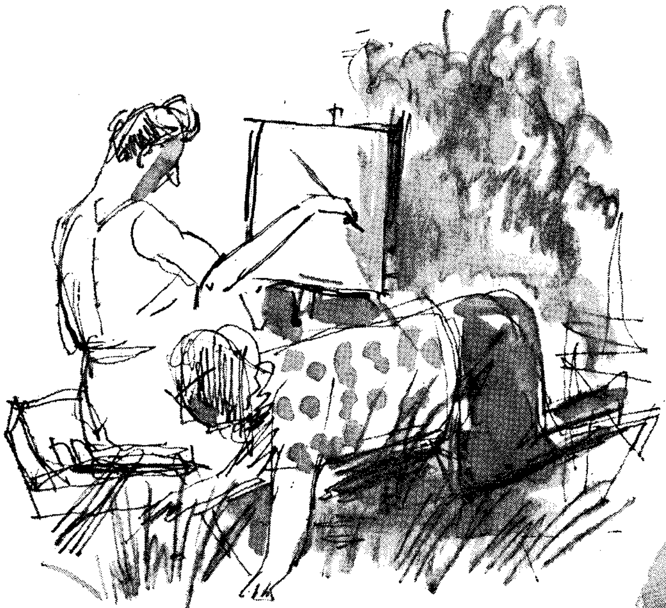
Liquids pursue me, notes and tremors:
I am undone by the gurgle of babies and pitchers,
A dried stalk in a welter of sinuous grasses,
Wanting the quiet of old wood or stone without water.
—THEODORE ROETHKE



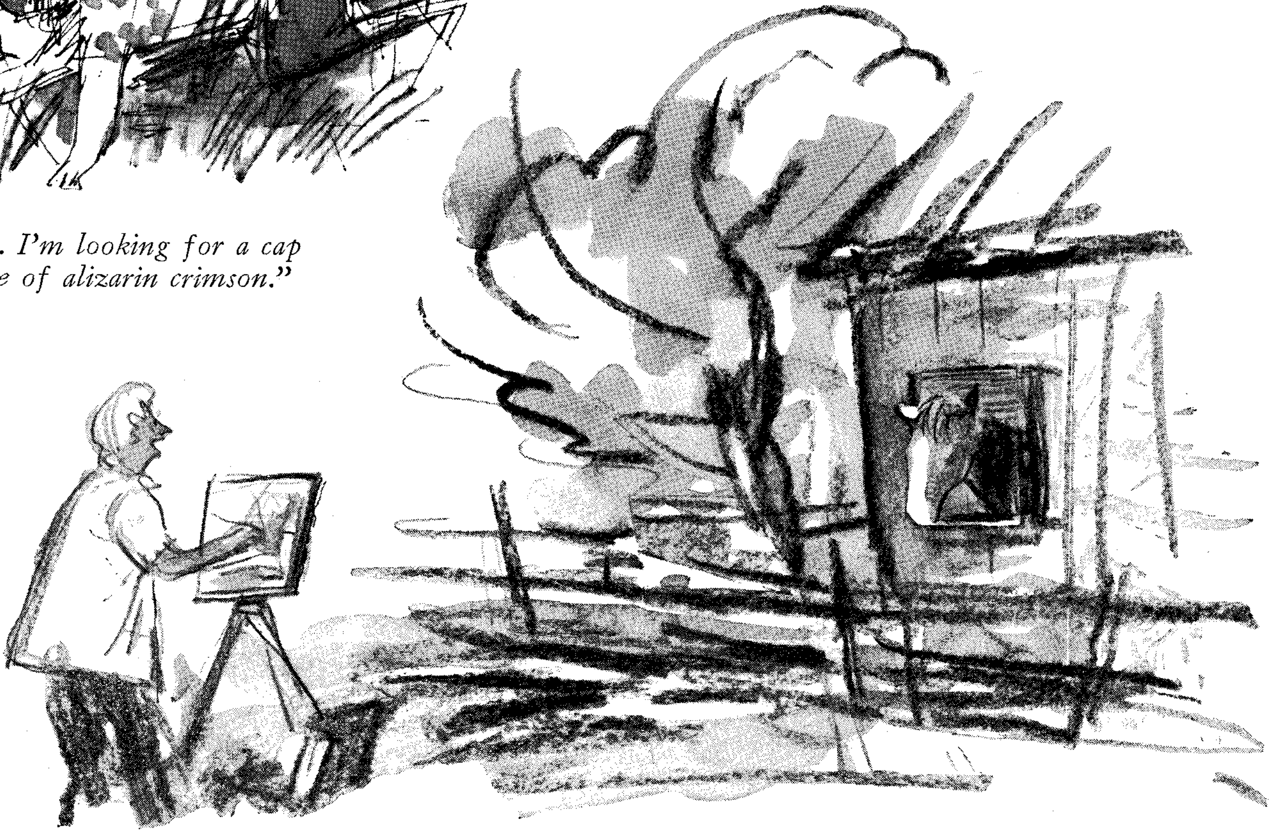
"When I showed it to my husband, he said, 'Very professional.' With tongue in cheek, I think."



"Stand back, John Constable! Here I come!"

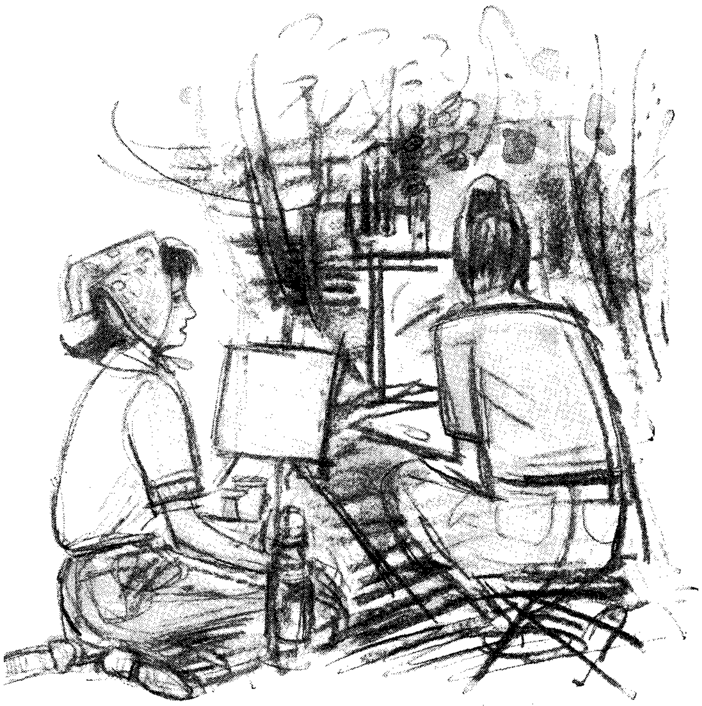


"Excuse me. I'm looking for a cap from a tube of alizarin crimson."

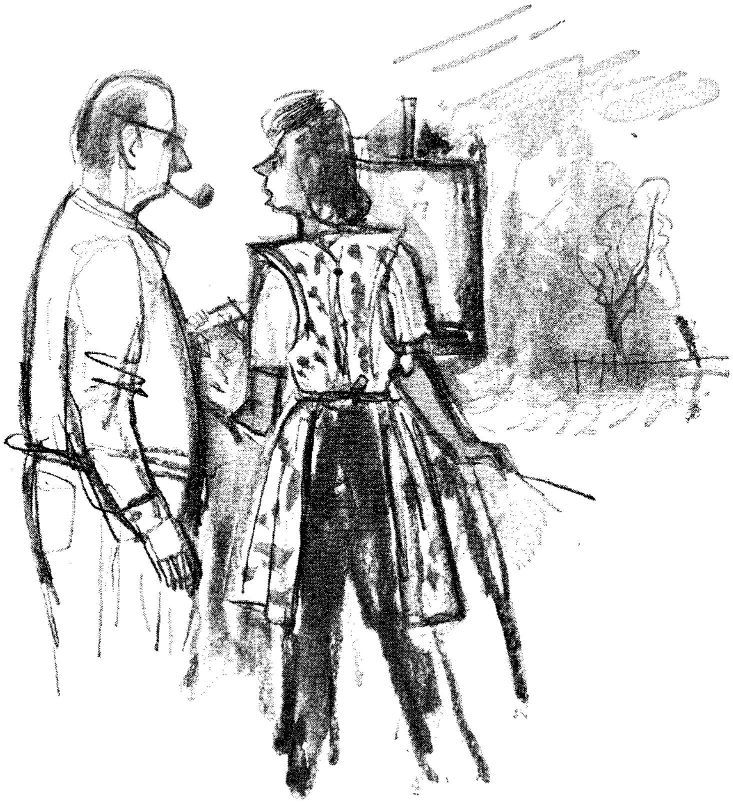


"You are a nice horse. Stay right there."

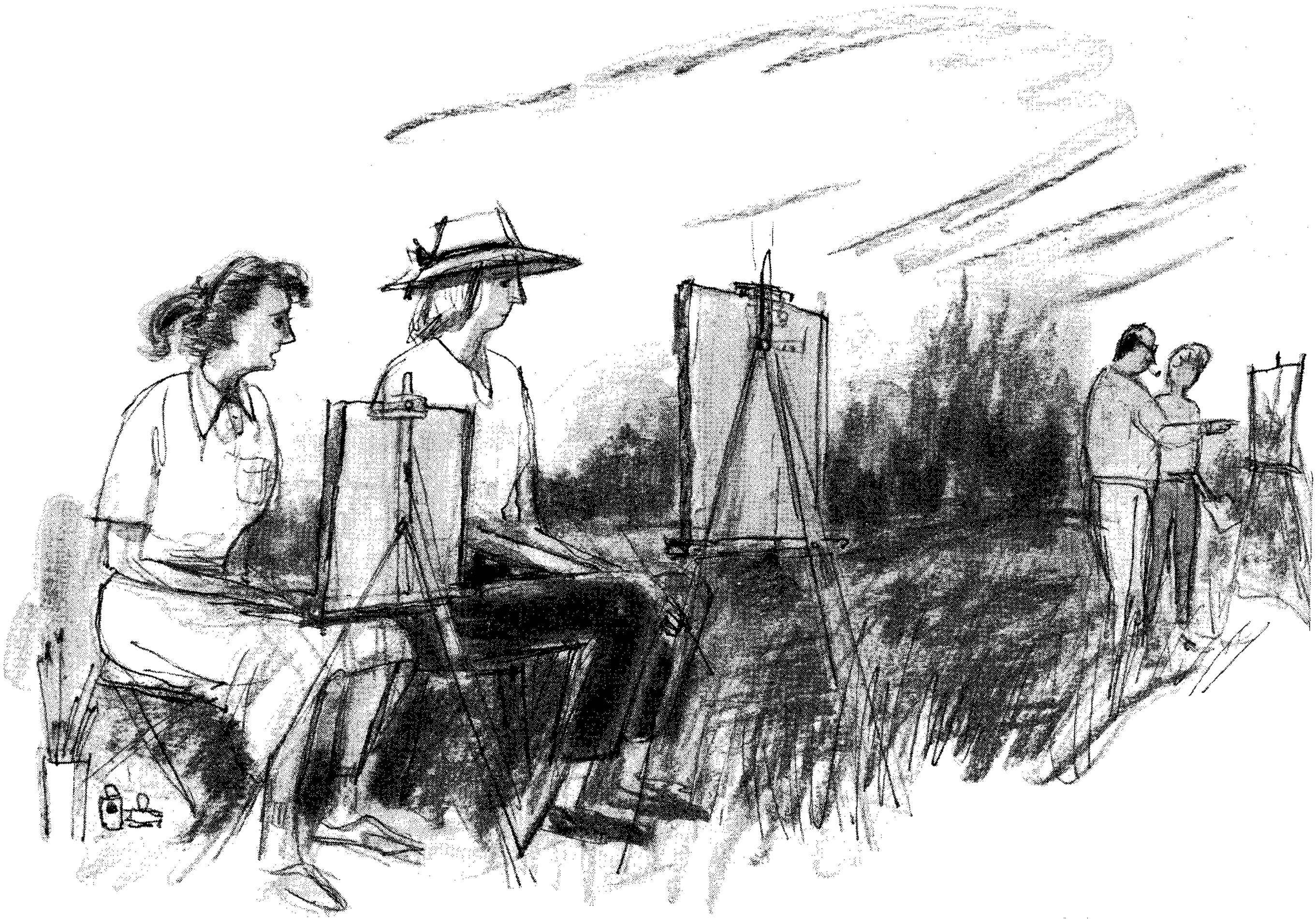
OUTDOOR ART CLASS



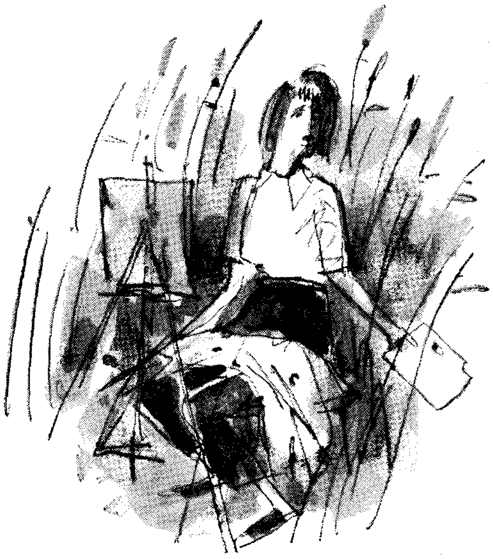
"I could get started
if I didn't have so much humility."



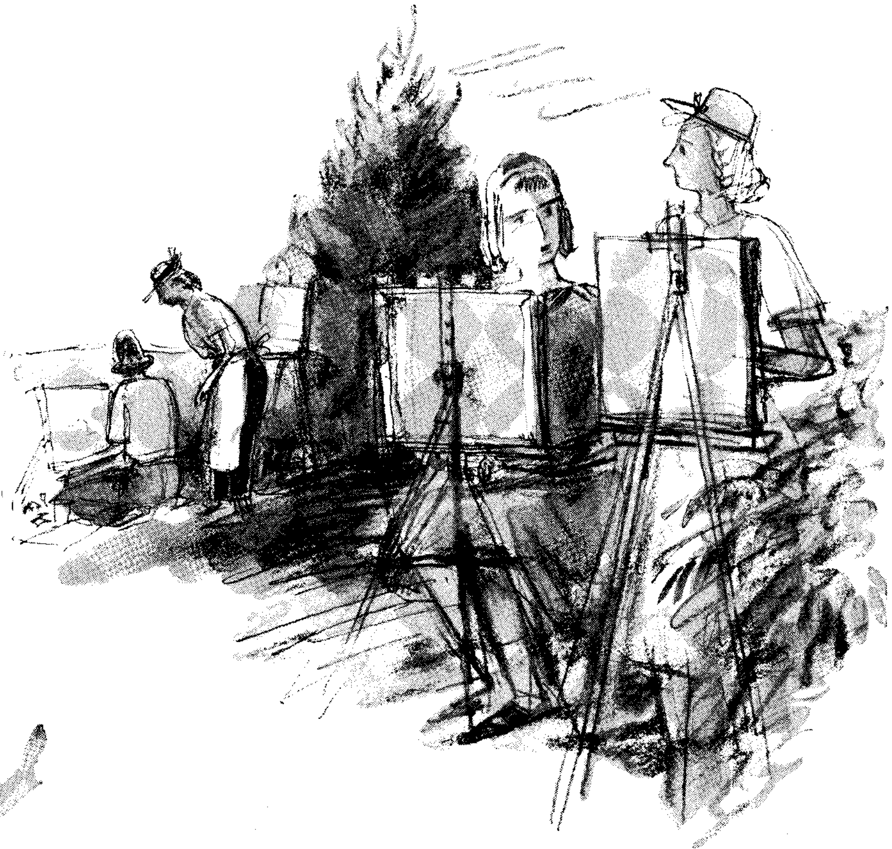
"Oh, Mr. von Sturm, say something!"



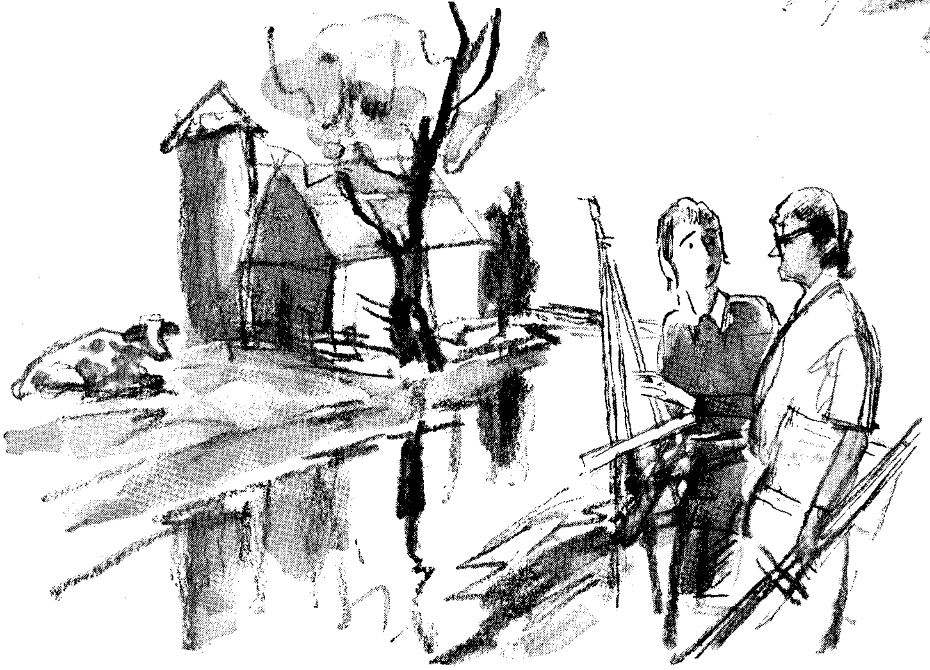
"Personally, I liked yours better before he dabbed at it."



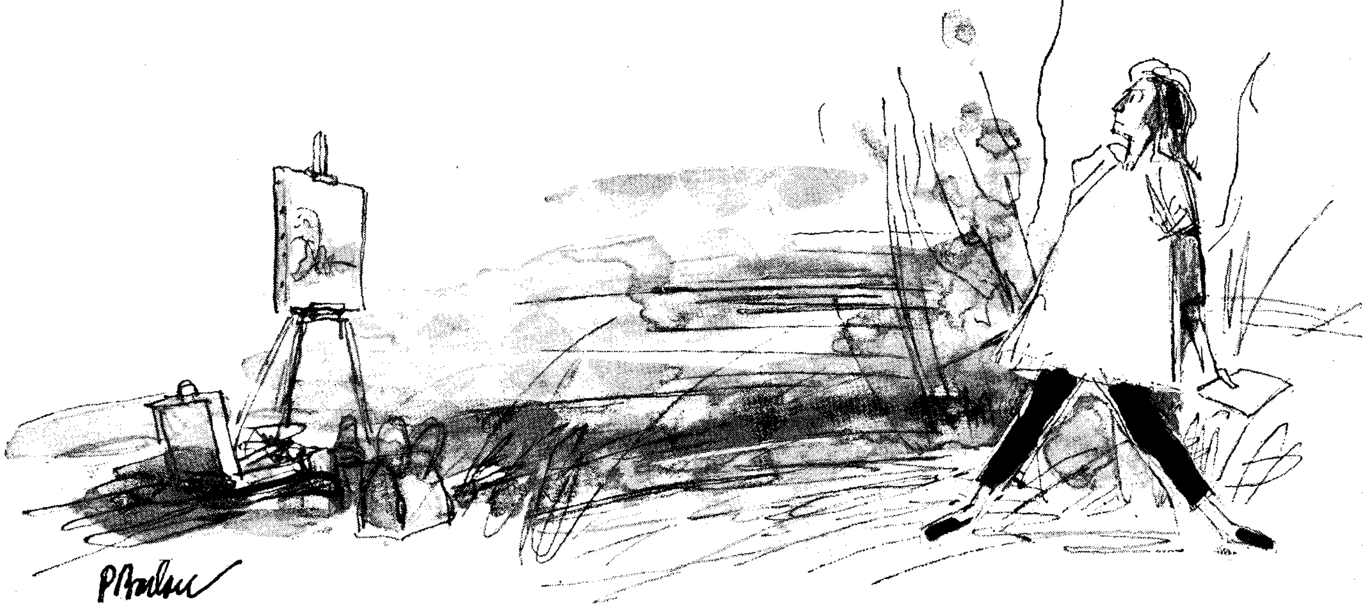
"Will someone please tell me how to make a juniper go back?"



"Borrowing again! She owes me half a pint of turpentine and a tube of white."



"Well, for goodness' sake, Marion, what more could you ask for?"



THE MANDELBAUM GATE

BARBARA VAUGHAN'S IDENTITY

BARBARA VAUGHAN sat on a low wall, out of the sun, basking in her solitude and generally gathering strength beside the Basilica of the Transfiguration on the summit plateau of Mount Tabor. She had hired a car for herself that morning, for she was tired of the travel-agency guides. They had plenty of good information to offer, but they offered it incessantly. Through the length and breadth of the country, the Israelis treated facts like antibiotic shots, injecting them into the visitor like diligent medical officers. Well, they were proud of their country, and she had no fault to find with the facts as such. The tiring aspect of every journey she had made throughout the past three weeks was the hard work involved in separating the facts relevant to her point of view from those relevant to theirs.

The facts relevant to her point of view: Barbara Vaughan's intelligence had come to maturity in the postgraduate tradition of a great university's English department. By constitution of mind, she was inclined to think of "a Catholic point of view" to which not all facts were relevant, just as, in her thesis-writing days, she had selected the points of a poem which were related only to the thesis. This did not mean that she had failed to grasp the Christian religion with a total sense of its universal application, or that she was unable to recognize, in one simple process, the virtue of a poem. All it meant was that her habits of mind were inadequate to cope with the whole of her experience, and thus Barbara Vaughan was in a state of conflict, like practically everyone else, in some mode or another.

Like practically everyone else—and she was one of those afflicted by her gifts. For she was gifted with an honest, analytical intelligence, a sense of fidelity in the observing of observable things, and at the same time with the beautiful and dangerous gift of faith, which, by definition of the Scriptures, is the sum of things hoped for and the evidence of things unseen.

"WE approach Beersheba," a guide had said on her first tour, shortly after her arrival in the country. "Look, all this has sprung up in thirteen years."

The guides of Israel irritated Barbara largely for the reason, not altogether obscure to her, that they were extremely virile men and yet were not the one virile man whose proximity she wanted; they were not Harry Clegg, the archeologist at present working on the site of the Dead Sea excavations in Jordan. She was disposed to resist the guides' pronouncements from this cause alone, even if she had not the plain excuse to object continually, "I've really only come on a pilgrimage. I really only want to see the ancient sites. I'm really not interested in Scotch Tape factories."

The past three weeks of eager voices, guides animating and animated by the scenery, and citizens and cities exchanging strength overtook her solitude as if they had happened a long time ago—in antiquity, or in her childhood, or perhaps even only last year. But in any case the past three weeks were in fact newly past, and perhaps it was in the nature of the place to exist in all the tenses simultaneously.

"We approach Beersheba."

Suddenly, as it seemed, from behind a few palm trees, Beersheba appeared in a white dazzle of modern blocks reaching down to the great desert waves of the Negev. The desert lapped like a sea on the glittering strips of concrete that defined Beersheba's outlying blocks of flats.

Barbara Vaughan said, "I'm really only interested in the Beersheba of Genesis."

"This is the Beersheba of Genesis."

They drove slowly through the streets. Barbara looked from the houses to the desert, and from the desert to the houses. Beersheba was the place where the patriarch Isaac, blind in his old age, mistakenly gave his blessing to Jacob, who was posing as his elder brother Esau. The old man, uneasy, felt the son's hands and arms, which were gloved in the hairy skin of a goat, and was taken in by the disguise. "The voice is the voice of Jacob," said the old man. He felt the arms and hands. "But the hands . . ." The mighty blessing, once bestowed, was irrevocable. Smooth Jacob, not tough, hairy Esau, got the spiritual inheritance and took the place that the Lord had reserved for him among the Fathers of Israel, such being the ways of the Lord in the Middle East. Barbara reflected that God had not been to Eton. Jacob would have made a marvellous Jesuit. She said, "Well, only the desert and sky look in character, but I suppose it's the authentic site. I feel sleepy."

"This is Beersheba, the birthplace of Jacob, the Father of the Twelve Tribes of Israel. We have a new school for immigrants. To teach them trades and Hebrew. I show you."

The modern town indeed had its own beauty. As they were driving back through the streets, Barbara caught sight of a brass plate outside a dark glazed shop doorway. It read, "Detective Agency."

"What do they want with a detective agency in a new town?"

"Many things. The last three, four years there have been maybe some divorces. Population, thirty-two thousand. See, we have here a clinic with also an extension."

That was how it had been since her arrival.

"I'm really interested essentially in the Holy Land."

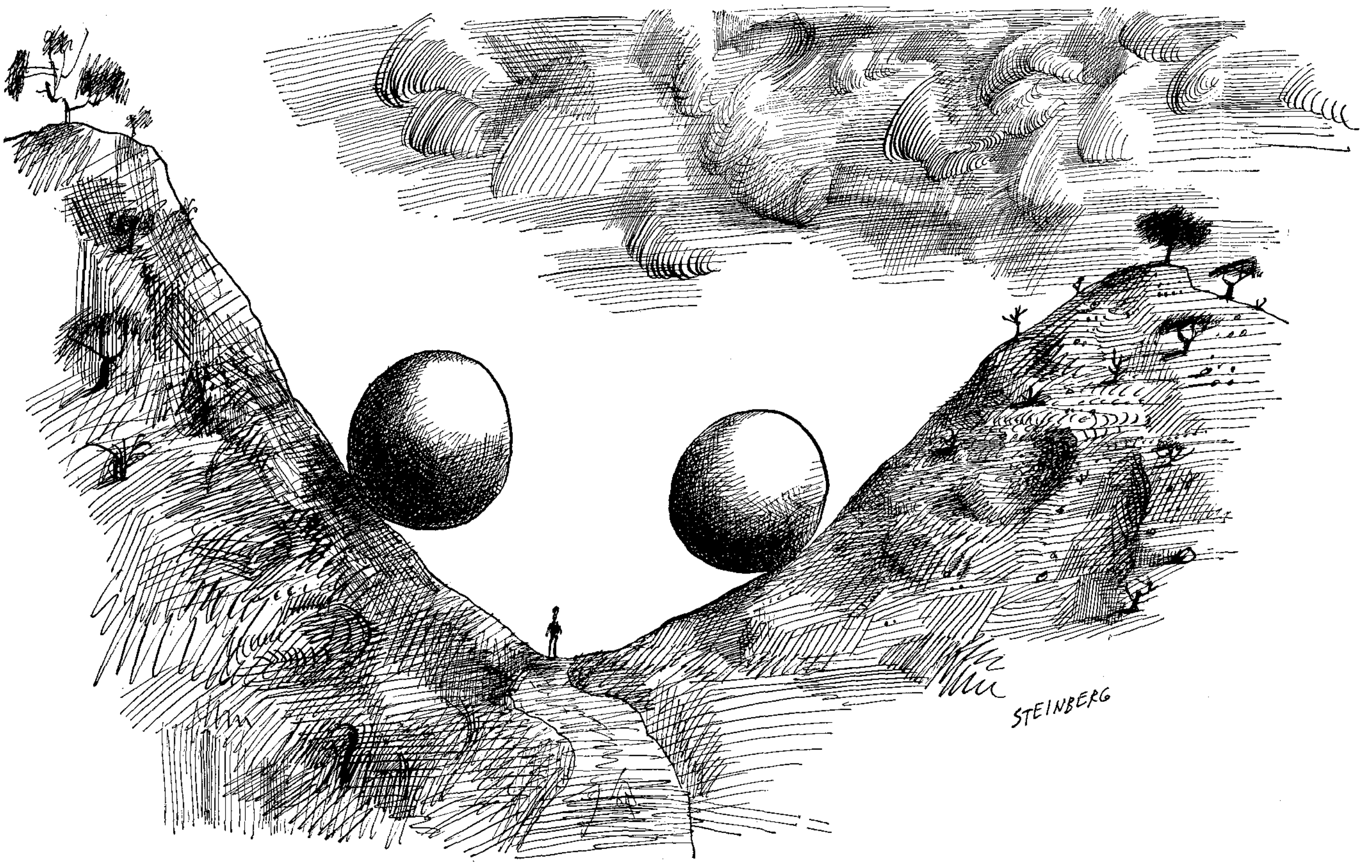
"This is the Holy Land."

Saul Ephraim, her only Israeli friend, who taught archeology at the Hebrew University, had been the most sympathetic. He knew Harry Clegg. One could relax with Saul. And once, when he advised her, "Be very tough with these official guides. Don't let them bully you. Tell them you only want to see places of antiquity. You can see modern housing estates and shopping centers anywhere in the world," for some reason she replied, "It's all antiquity in the long run."

The archeologist had shrugged, in his casual, Jewish way. "In the long run," he said, "the modern flats won't last as long as Herod's water pipes have lasted."

SHE sat on the wall up there at Mount Tabor looking down on the green and blue of Galilee, while her mind gazed equally at the problems of years ago, of last year, last week, yesterday, tomorrow.

Saul Ephraim frequently brought to mind one of her cousins in their student



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days, when they had lingered over the supper table on long argumentative Sunday evenings at Golders Green, while the tall flowers outside the French windows seemed to grow silent and more silent. She was conscious of Saul Ephraim in this aspect as he spoke of Herod's network of sewers and water pipes and told her how these had recently been turned to use again by the new state. He was an unbeliever, well and accurately versed in the Old and New Testaments, with a conscientious indifference to their relevance outside the field of an antiquarian's interest. This was a type of mind Barbara could understand and cope with.

On the occasion of his telling her to be tough with the guides, they had been at Jaffa, where they leaned over the sea wall, contemplating, as they talked, the old harbor, which was too shallow to accommodate modern shipping. Some way behind them stood the reputed house of Simon the Tanner, where the apostle Peter lodged when he was fetched from Lod to come and raise Dorcas from the dead. It seemed the occupant nuns would not allow visitors on that day. Barbara again experienced a feeling that had overcome her in the recent weeks, when she had actually reached the site she was seeking; it was a feeling of abrupt indifference, as when at Nazareth she had taken great pains to find a shrine entitled the Mensa Christi—reputedly a slab of rock once used by Christ as a table. She had climbed a long, hot hill, from curiosity to see the object and to find out what legend attached to it. But on arriving at the small building she had found it locked. Nearby, a gnarled old Franciscan monk, the custodian, sat dozing on a stone, the key in his hands. She did not trouble to approach him. She did not by then possess sufficient interest in the Mensa Christi to do so.

So it was at the house of Simon the Tanner at Jaffa. Saul went round to the back door to try to gain admittance. She said, "Don't bother. I'm not all that interested." He gave up the attempt, with only one series of unanswered bangs on the door.

They leaned over the sea wall, surveying the ancient sea. Beside them was a paved courtyard leading into some low-built dark doorways. A woman from the interior screamed, then wailed, and finally emerged into the courtyard sobbing loudly. She was an Arab girl, wearing a tight, short Western dress, very unkempt. She was upheld by two other women. Her dress was torn from the shoulders. She had obviously been roughly treated. She was hurried by her two women friends into another dark doorway. They were followed by two men, Arabs in European clothes. One of the men stopped to look at Barbara. He seemed to recognize her. His gaze caused her to take a special note of his face. He was blue-eyed. Where had she seen him before? Was he the guide at Joseph's Workshop at Nazareth? The woman was wailing still from within the house.

"I think one of those men is a guide," Barbara said to Saul when the blue-eyed Arab followed the others.

"You've got guides on the brain. No, they aren't guides," he said.

She said, "Oh, of course, I remember. He's the man who comes to teach Arabic to a resident at my hotel—but really he's a life-insurance agent."

"A what?" said Saul.

She then remarked, without relevance, that the Scriptures were specially important to the half Jew turned Catholic. The Old Testament and the New, she said, were to her—as near as she could apply to her own experience the phrase of Dante's vision—"bound by love into one volume." Then, perceiving that Saul Ephraim was giving serious thought to what she had said, she gave a timid English laugh and added that of course she realized one could make a fetish of the Scriptures.

SHE had hired a car early in the morning and had driven northward through the Judean hills to Galilee. On the way, she began to feel a sense of her own identity, and realized that this was in fact what she had begun to lose among the answers she had been obliged to devise to the questions of the Israelis since her arrival in the country. On the day of her arrival, she had been driven by a guide along the road to Caesarea. It was eleven in the morning.

"A half Jew?"

"Yes."

"Which half?"

"Through my mother."

"Then you are a whole Jew. The Jew inherits through the mother by Jewish law."

"I know that, but one says 'half Jew' to mean that one of the parents is a Gentile and the other—"

"But the Jew inherits through the mother. You are then a full Jew by the Law."

"Yes, but not according to the Gentile parent's law."

"What was your father's Law?"

That was a question indeed. "I'm afraid he was a law unto himself," Barbara said to this questioner, a large, blond Pole. He laughed at that.

She told him of her father in the wild upsurge of his middle age and downfall. "He broke his neck while foxhunting. The horse threw him. He landed in a ditch and died instantly."

"My father died also in a ditch. Shot by the S.S. Why have you made yourself a Catholic to deny your Jewish blood?"

"I don't deny it. I've just been telling you about it."

"You are brought up as a Gentile or a Jew?"

"Neither. No religion."

"And your mother's relations and your father's relations—what religion?"

Barbara felt displaced; she felt her personal identity beginning to escape like smoke from among her bones. "What a lot of questions," she said. So they drove along the road to Caesarea through the fertile plain of Sharon, cultivated to the verge of the road on each side. They found the car to be cooler with the windows shut than open to the hot breeze. But not much cooler. "A lot of questions," she said, twice, with the resigned dying fall of a victim deprived of fresh air and civil rights.

"I ask her a question, she makes a big thing of it that I am Gestapo," said the guide to some invisible witness.

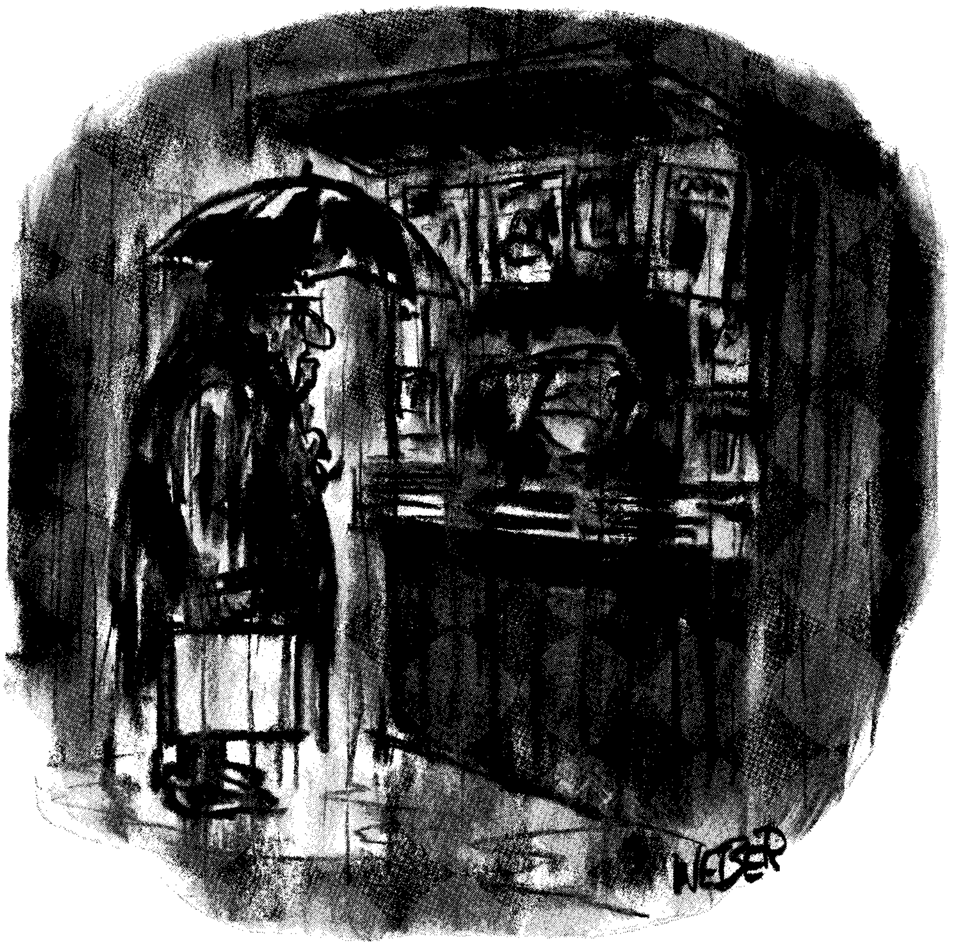
Barbara said, "Well, it's hot."

He said, "I ask you because you say you are a half Jew, you say you are a Catholic, and I ask you only what is the religion of your mother's relations and the religion of your father's relations. It is a natural discussion, if you would say to me who are you, who is your mother, who is your father, and how do you come to be an Israeli guide, and I would answer those questions. Then I should ask who are you, what is the family, your brothers and your sisters. . . ."

Barbara thought, Who am I? She felt she had known who she was till this moment. She said, "I am who I am."

The guide spoke some short Hebrew phrase, which, although she did not know the language, quite plainly signified that this didn't get them any further in the discussion. Barbara had already begun to reflect that "I am who I am" was a bit large, seeing it was the answer that Moses got from the burning bush on Mount Sinai when he asked God to describe himself. The Catechism, it was true, stated that man was made in God's image chiefly as to the soul. She decided, therefore, essentially "I am who I am" was indeed the final definition for her. But the thesis exponent in Barbara would not leave it at that. They entered Caesarea, home of ancient disputations, while she attempted to acquaint the guide with the Golders Green Jewishness of her mother's relations and the rural Anglicanism of her father's, the Passover gatherings on the one hand and the bell-summoned Evensongs on the other, the talkative intellectuals of the one part and the kennel-keeping blood sportsmen of the other. The Polish Israeli was bewildered. Barbara added that her parents themselves were, of course, exceptional, having broken away from their respective traditions to marry each other. And she herself was, of course, something else again. The guide persisted in his point: Why had she turned Catholic? If she wanted a religion, she was already a Jewess through her mother. Barbara knew then that the essential thing about herself remained unspoken, uncategorized, and unlocated. She was agitated, and felt a compelling need to find some definition that would accurately explain herself to this man.

He was demanding a definition. By the long habit of her life, and by temperament, she held as a vital principle that the human mind was bound in duty to continuous acts of defini-



"'Playboy.'"

tion. Mystery was acceptable to her, but only under the aspect of a crown of thorns. She found no rest in mysterious truths like "I am who I am;" they were all right for deathbed definitions, when one's mental obligations were at an end. "I am who I am"—yes, ultimately, as a piece of music might be what it is; but then one wants to analyze the thing. Meantime, she thought, the man wants to know who I am—that is, what category of person. I should explain to him the Gentile-Jewish situation in the West, and next the independence of British education, and the peculiar independence of the Gentile-Jew, whose very existence occurs through a nonconforming alliance. And next, the probabilities of the Catholic claim, she thought. The fierce heat of noon penetrated her sunglasses. She thought, Later on I must make an attempt to explain. I'll explain after lunch.

But why? At Caesarea, they looked at the historic ruins and the recently excavated ramparts of Herod's city; they looked at the prehistoric Mediterranean and were refreshed by it. The man was dogmatizing about dates and events at Caesarea, the most important of which was, to him, the recent moment when excavations by a team of archeologists had begun. They ate lunch at an outside table under an awning. The guide said, "In Poland, the Catholic priests used to lead the pogroms."

"Well, they shouldn't have," she said.

"Why are you Catholic?"

Why? Why did she trouble about these questions? The man was a hired guide. She was paying for his services. Anywhere else, one would take up a properly resentful attitude. But here in Israel it was unthinkable; one paid their travel agency, they were hired, but these facts appeared irrelevant to the relationship. Here on this territory, the Israeli guides were far more autonomous in their attitudes than any French citizen on home ground, or any English guide in England. The Israelis generally did not merely show one around; they guided, whether they were official guides or not. It occurred to Barbara that all in some degree rather resembled the Irish and the Welsh in their territorial consciousness, and she was reminded, too, of the games of her childhood where one's own chalked-out area, once won, contained whatever features one said it did, neither more nor less. She kept remarking to the guide that the country was beautiful, since this was easy to say, being true. It duly pleased him. He said, "I swam for it," and explained that he had arrived as an illegal immigrant on a ship in 1948 and had swum ashore by night.

FLIGHT

One bails out into space
Each morning. Distance

Is nothing: a subway stop,
A walk uphill. The Russian, well-equipped,

Trod space as though man had been twirling there
Always, a bauble on the chandelier

Of the firmament; attached by a beanie
Headdress, Leonov was fully

Aware that should the cord break
It would take

No time for him to die, or go
On into limbo—

A man-made satellite. But he was
Under the proud eye of the world—unlike Goya's

Madman circling Toledo—
Like a Barnum and Bailey missile

With no intent
Of destruction, lent

Terror only from his own terror,
Who rode the air

Hellbent, though no one thought to look up.
A boy stepped

Into one car
Not the next, one segment of the river

Of the subway, and entered upon his death
As much by chance as by the icepick in his brain, the wealth

Of his unlived good years
Spent in a moment. All our fear

Of the unknown, revulsion at brutality
Casts us out to the outer spaces of the mind, whence we

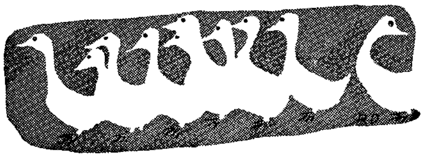
Will return only with time,
Realizing of him

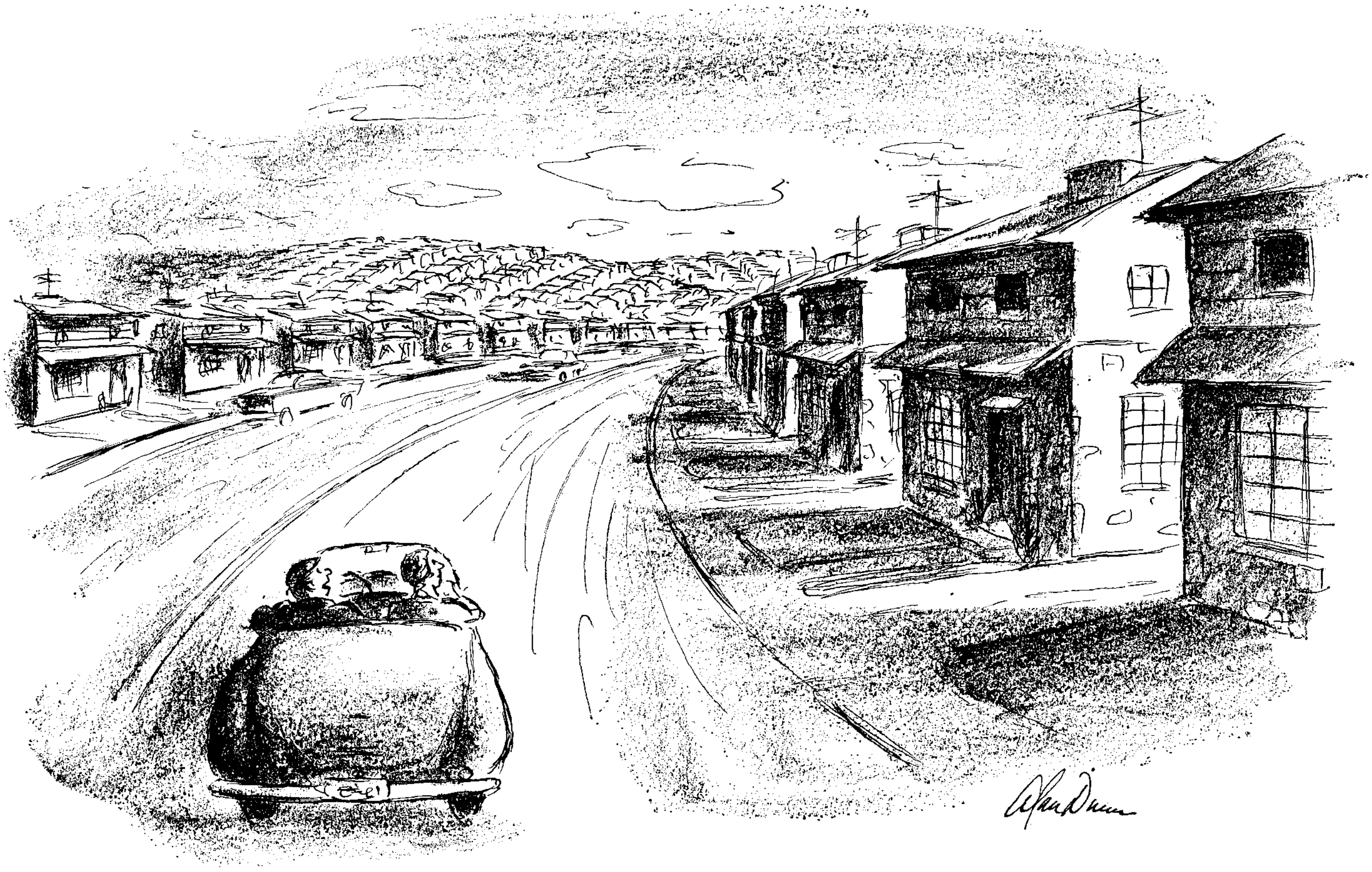
That nothing is the same as one young man, one son,
One good bet, gone.

—Barbara Howes

• •

She had returned to the hotel after the trip to Caesarea in a state of exhaustion and nervous panic that reminded her of the sensations she had experienced as a result of anemia, for a few months, some years ago. She was now in good physical health; it was spiritual anemia, she ruthlessly decided, that she was suffering from. Instead of saying goodbye at the door and tipping him like a tourist, she had acted on a desperate placatory impulse and asked him in for a drink. Then, immediately realizing that she was yielding to a familiar weakness, that of humoring





“Know what this road needs? Billboards.”

• •

the constitutional tyrant, she had parked the fellow on Freddy Hamilton, a British diplomat who was staying at the hotel—he was reading a newspaper in the quiet green courtyard—and had said she would be back presently. She had taken a long time to come down from her room, and when she did she found the huge guide had begun to expand on the adventures of the past day. Courteous Mr. Hamilton seemed more than merely courteous—he was listening with deep interest. The guide was checking off the fingers of his left hand, one by one, as he said, or nearly sang, “I gave her Abu Ghosh, I gave her Ramleh, where is Arimathea for the Christians, I have given her Lod, as you call Lydda, traditional birthplace of St. George—”

“Patron saint of England,” said pleasant Mr. Hamilton.

“Correct. I gave her Haifa, I have given her Mount Carmel—”

“Ah, here’s Miss Vaughan,” said Freddy Hamilton. “Ah, Miss Vaughan, I’ve been hearing an account—let me . . .” He rose to help her to pull up a chair from another table.

The guide continued, on his right hand, “I gave her the grotto of the Prophet Elijah, I gave her, then, the Persian Garden and the Temple of the Bahai Faith.”

“Ah yes, I’ve heard of the Bahai faith. Very interesting. Very decent people, I hear. Founded some time last century. Money to burn.”

“In this the lady was not interested. She did not wish to visit the Bahai Temple.”

“I think we did enough for one day,” Barbara said.

“A very full day,” said Freddy.

When the Israeli had gone, Freddy said, “Nice fellow. Seems to know his job.”

“I found him insufferably overbearing.”

“Did *you?* Oh well, you know, we’re foreigners here now. One inclines to forget that. ‘British’ to them means something different from ‘British’ to us, I’m afraid.”

Saul Ephraim, to whom she had recounted that day’s excursion in detail, had said, “You seem to be unlucky with our guides. Not surprising. You’re British. Well, that’s all right, more or less. You’re a Catholic convert. O.K. But you’re a half Jew as well. The three together are a lot.”

“I should have thought being a half Jew would be held in mitigation of the rest.”

“You ought to know better.”

She did know better. The family on her mother’s side at Golders Green, with whom she spent half of the vacations of her youth, had proved as innocently obtuse about her true identity as had the family at Bells Sands, Worcestershire, with whom she spent the other half.

BARBARA, on the summit of Mount Tabor, conscious of the Holy Land stretching to its boundaries on every side, reflected wearily upon her reflections. She thought, My mind is impatient to escape from its constitution and reach its point somewhere else. But that is in eternity, at the point of transfiguration. In the meantime, what is to be borne is to be praised. In the meantime, memory circulates like the bloodstream. May mine circulate well, bringing dead facts to life, and health to whatever is to be borne.

At Bells Sands (it was the Easter vacation, just after her sixteenth birthday), her energetic, tennis-playing grandmother, with hair discreetly dyed the color of steel, sat on the arm of a chair in her white pleated dress, swinging one of her long, sinewy legs—brown summery legs, in good condition. The party was gathered in the dining

"I don't agree with what you're singing, but I'll defend to the death your right to sing it."

• •

room after tennis; it was teatime. Her grandmother took a teacup from the tray offered by the young, round-shouldered parlormaid. Barbara had been saying she must go and pack. Her cousin Arthur—then at Sandhurst, later killed in North Africa—was to drive her to the station.

"Must you go tonight, darling?" said her Vaughan grandmother. Barbara passed round the cucumber sandwiches. "Why not go up with Arthur in the morning? Stay and be comfy."

"No, I'm expected. It's the Passover. An important festival."

The warmth of spring oozed in through the French windows as if the glass were porous. The silver teapot danced with light and shade as a breeze stirred the curtains. The air was elusively threaded with the evidence of unseen hyacinths. So it must have been before she was born, when the family understood that her father was going to marry the Jewess and there was nothing left to say.

"Well, I admire you for it," said her grandmother.

The young men were eating the cucumber sandwiches two at a time.

"For what?"

"Your loyalty to your mother's people. But honestly, darling, it isn't necessary. No one could possibly blame you for skipping it. After all, you don't look as if you had a drop of Jewish blood. And, after all, you're only half. I assure you no one minds."

"I'm awfully fond of them, you know. I don't feel the least temptation to give them up. Why on earth—"

"Yes, I know you're fond of them—it's only natural that you should be. Only I want you to know that I admire you for being so loyal, darling. I think I'm right in saying that we all of us admire you."

"Grandmother!" said Barbara's other cousin, Miles.. "Grandmother, shut up."

"There's nothing to admire, no effort," Barbara said. "The Aaronsons don't call it loyalty when I stay here. They take it for granted."

"Well, I should hope so, Barbara dear. This was your father's home, and it's yours, too."

Barbara perceived that she had courage, this lithe grandmother of hers. It took courage for her to speak steadily of her son, her favorite, her disappointment in life, now dead from a fall while hunting. It had been an indigenous sort of death, but the mother would have preferred him alive, with his unfortunate marriage, all the same.

"Well, there's time for another set before you change and pack, Barbara," said Uncle Eddy, gazing out at the sky as if he could tell the time by it. The lawn lay beautiful as eternity. A servant was calling in Eddy's two children from an upper window; presently their high voices came quarrelling from the shrubbery and faded round the back of the house. There was a stir in the beech leaves like papers being gently shuffled into order. The drawing in of an English afternoon took place, with its fugitive sorrow.

"See here, Barbara," said her grandfather at Golders Green, a few hours later, "these are the bitter herbs which signify our affliction in Egypt." He enumerated the items on the Seder table—the eggs, the cake, the paschal lamb.

She was familiar with the scene from previous Seder nights, but her grandfather, knowing she had not been formally instructed and had no Hebrew, was careful each year to explain everything. There was always a great deal she was ignorant of, which the other grandchildren, her cousins, took for granted. But she recognized the excitement of this feast when, as a child, she and the other children had sat up late with their elders at the exotic table, every face shining with candlelight, every morsel of food giving a special sensation to her mouth, not only because it tasted different from ordinary food but because on this night every morsel stood for something else and was food as well. The children drank wine and deliverance with it. The unleavened bread, crisp matzoth that made crumbs everywhere, was uncovered. "This is the poor bread which our fathers ate in the land of Egypt." Barbara had understood from her fifth year that it was not actually the same wafery substance, here on the table at Golders Green, that had been baked by the Israelites on the first Passover night, and yet, in a mysterious sense, it was. "This is the bread which our fathers ate . . ."

"This is the night," said her grandfather, an unaging man, to Barbara, now so conscious of having turned sixteen, "when we give thanks to God for our ancestors' redemption. He split the sea for us and we passed over on dry land." She listened, as if she had not heard it before, while her cousins, now grown old, between eighteen and twenty-one years of age, took their places. Like herself, they had been recognizably intellectuals, with an additional bent for music, before they had turned fifteen.

The cousins, undergraduates in philosophy, law, and medicine, were gathered in purposeful concentration round the Seder table, where usually, on summer evenings after supper when the table had been cleared, they leaned over the shiny wood surface far into the night, loquacious on the subjects of Nietzsche, Freud, Marx, Mussolini, Hitler, and the war impending. Now they were about to intone in due order the responses on the subject of the Exodus from Egypt into the Promised Land.

A small, dark girl of eight was present, a refugee orphan from Germany who had been allotted to this family in the emergency parcelling out of rescued children in those late nineteen-thirties. Her eyes were wonderful pebbles in the candlelight.

The young men pushed back their skullcaps, for the room was warm with mesmeric ritual as much as with actual heat. It was only a few months ago, in the Christmas holidays, that Barbara and these alert young men, her cousins on the Jewish side, had reached the conclusion one evening that agnosticism was the only answer, their atheist mentors having erred on the dogmatic side. But here and now they were suddenly children of Israel again, Barbara always included, because, after all, blood was blood, and you inherit from the mother's side.

In former times, Barbara, being the youngest member of the feast, yet knowing no Hebrew, had repeated after her grandfather the euphonics of the question reserved to the youngest of the company. But tonight the German child was repeating in Hebrew the question "Why is this night different from all other nights?"

It is different, Barbara had thought. The elder Aaronsons hoped she would one day marry a Jew—a doctor or a lawyer, somebody brilliant. They did not believe that her Gentile relations could be particularly well disposed toward her. As for love, how could you expect it? The elder Aaronsons said, "Barbara, bless her, she'll make a nice match in five, six years' time." They felt she would compensate for her intractable mother, who now never came to the family gatherings but only wrote letters from Paris.

Her grandfather intoned joyfully. He was in good voice. The very old Auntie Bea's rings twinkled on her moveless hand as the candles flickered in a little draft. Michael, Barbara's closest friend among the cousins, for her benefit murmured an English rendering of the versicle liturgy to the accompaniment of his grandfather's deep patriarchal boom and the young men's gruff responses:

"If He had brought us out of Egypt
and not sent judgment upon them,"
"It would suffice us."
"If He had sent judgment upon them
and not upon their gods,"
"It would suffice us."
"If He had sent judgment on their gods
and not killed their firstborn,"
"It would suffice us."

The German child was following the Hebrew in her book with her forefinger, smiling with recognition. Barbara felt proud of the child in a Jewish way, and exchanged a glance to this effect with her young Aunt Sadie, who also glowed as Jewish women do, with approval of intelligent and happy children.

"If He had parted the waters for us
and not let us pass through it on dry
ground,"
"It would suffice us."

The previous year, at Bells Sands, Barbara had gone with Uncle Eddy's two children after church to roll their bright-dyed Easter eggs in a dell at the end of their woods, where she and her cousin Arthur had always rolled their eggs as children. Was it only last year? The scene pictured itself without warning in Barbara's mind, light-years away, and rapidly disappeared. Only last year, at the end of Lent, 1938? She had a sense of temporal displacement. The Passover feast was coming to an end. She heard the familiar lilt of the riddle song, "One Kid," from the lips of her lolling cousins. They were supposed to loll. It was part of the ritual. Now, that was a thing her Vaughan grandmother, who complained of backache each Sunday after church, she being one who made a point of sitting up well, would never understand.

Afterward, in the kitchen, the small child helped with the washing up. Nobody would let Barbara do a thing. All the women were anxious to spare her a job. It was always the same here, at Golders Green. None of the aunts, or even the old servant, would let her wash up. Now, seeing the pile of dishes, Barbara seized a clean dish towel from a rack where it was hanging. Her young Aunt Sadie attempted to take the cloth from her in a good-humored way but very firmly, and vaguely Barbara was aware of a lip-silence among the women working and clattering among the plates and cutlery at the sink.

"Hee-eee, you're not kosher." This was her youngest Aaronson cousin, Michael, standing at the doorway of the kitchen, with his owl-like face, his horn-rimmed glasses, wide smile, red cheeks, and Jewish nose.

His young Aunt Sadie said, "Michael!"

Michael spread his hands and hunched his shoulders, pretending to be very foreign. "Vot you vont in my keetchin?"

Young Aunt Sadie said to Barbara, "We use different

dishcloths for drying the plates. Milk and meat are kept separate. We don't eat both together, that you know. But we don't wash them up together, either. We keep the towels separate."

"Vot you expect?" said Michael. "She is neither Yeed nor Goy, ees mein cousin Barbara." He put his arm round her shoulder. "She ees a bit milk and meat in the same dish, vot you expect?"

"Stop it, Michael. He's a clown, that boy," said young Aunt Sadie, busy with the women. They kept pushing him tolerantly out of the way. Barbara, too, felt cheerful about his presence in the kitchen. The younger generation in this household were slightly more indulged than they were at Bells Sands, where all affection was casual, unstated, understood more or less. Barbara, who at Golders Green came in for a share of the unequivocal benevolence toward the young and their capers, their demands, and their wild theories, was automatically soothed by the tolerant atmosphere in the kitchen. But still she was not permitted to stack the dishes away, lest she stack them in the wrong places.

"We've got special dishes for the Passover. Everything separate. The usual plates and things are not used during the Passover," said young Aunt Sadie, instructively, to Barbara. Young Aunt Sadie tried to take the place of her mother, who since her father had broken his neck in a ditch had married again, this time to a Japanese Embassy official, and lived in Paris; she was a very lost limb to the Aaronsons.

Barbara surrendered the washing up to her relations, feeling her ignorance in these matters to be an abyss. She was aware, too, that she would never make any attempt to acquire the missing knowledge; there were too many other things that she had resolved to learn. She looked at Sadie and said resentfully, "I'll never learn your ways, I'm afraid."

"Well, you might learn some manners," said quick-tongued Aunt Sadie.

"Sadie! Sadie! She is, bless her, a child only," said the very old Auntie Bea.

Michael said, "And she's been eating ham sandwiches at her tennis party this afternoon. Not kosher, that girl."

"Cucumber sandwiches," said Barbara.

Old Auntie Bea, who was always anxious to make the peace, and the syntax of whose utterances was the joy of the younger generation, dried her plump fingers and, nodding her head toward Barbara, said, "Cucumbers! I have made yesterday cucumbers in pickle, twenty. Thirty-six last week I have in the jars with vinegar made, cucumbers."

At Jaffa, then, when Barbara came to be leaning over the sea wall, she said to Saul Ephraim, who reminded her much of the Aaronson cousins of her youth, "My Gentile relations tried too hard to forget I was half Jew. My Jewish relations couldn't forget I was a half Gentile. Actually, I didn't let them forget, either way."

"Quite right. Why should you forget what you are?" said Saul. "You were right."

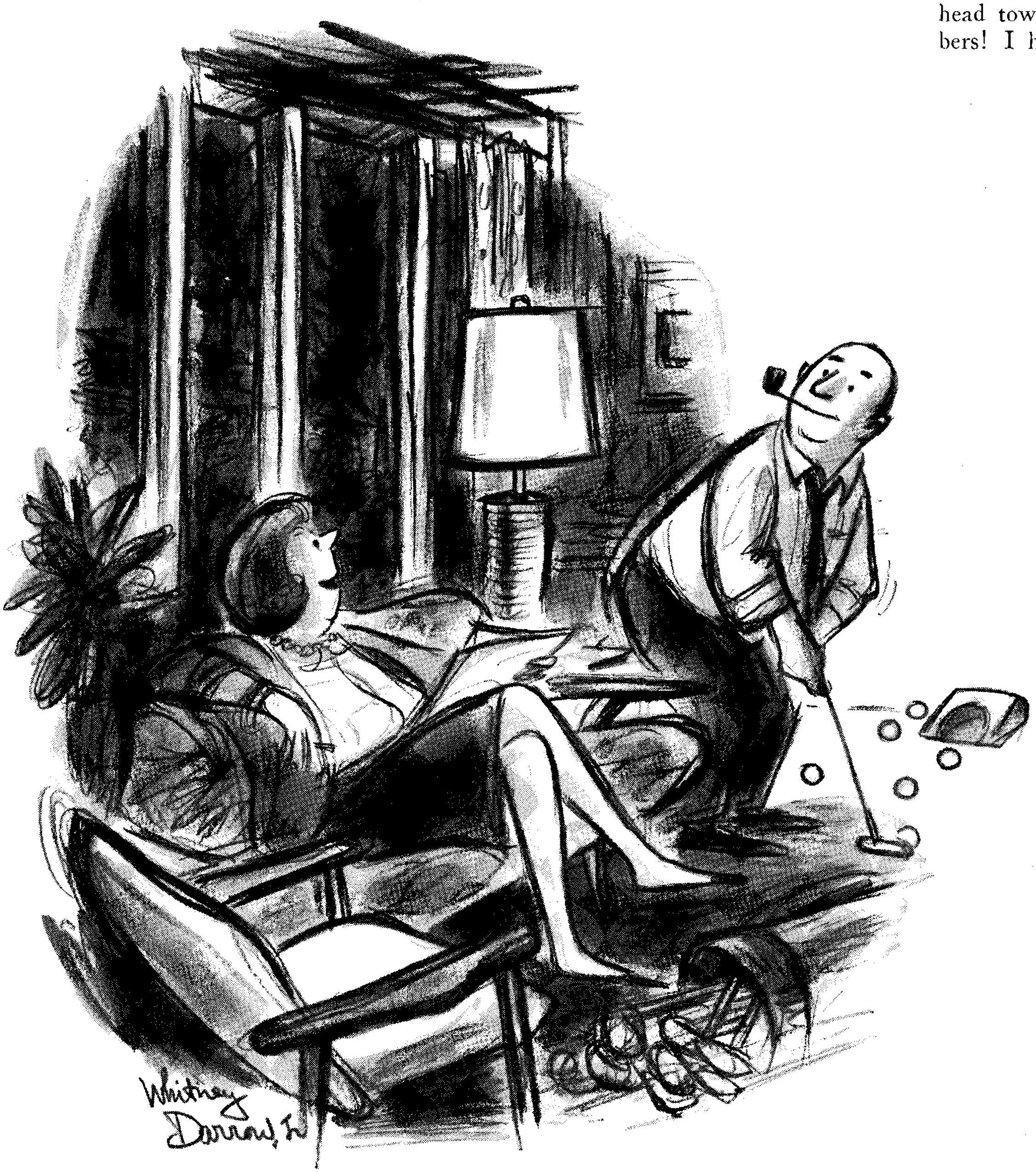
"I know that. But one doesn't altogether know what one is. There's always more to it than Jew, Gentile, half Jew, half Gentile. There's the human soul, the individual. Not 'Jew, Gentile,' as one might say 'autumn, winter,' but something unique and otherwise."

He smiled as if he had heard it all before. "Then why did you choose the Gentile side in the end?"

"I didn't choose any side at any time."

"You became a Catholic."

"Yes, but I didn't become a Gentile. It wouldn't be possible, entirely, seeing



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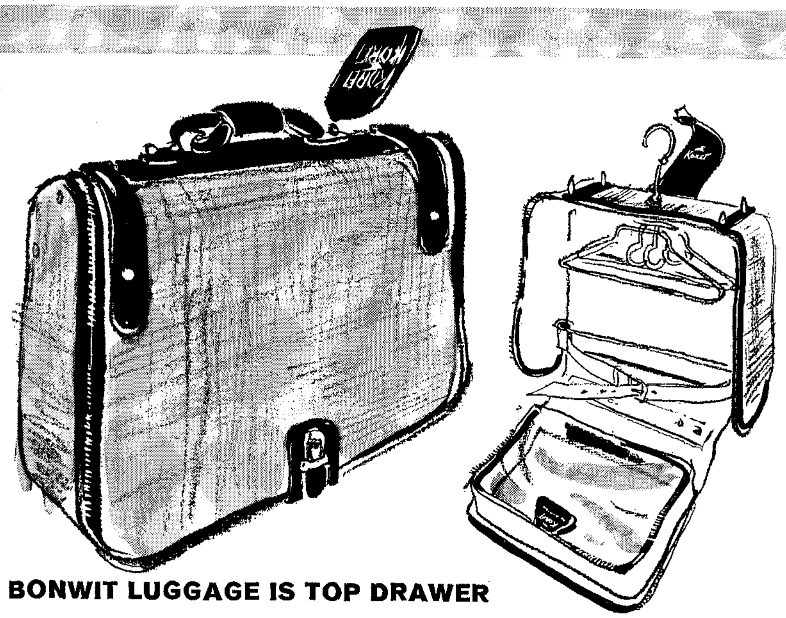

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that I'm a half Jew by natural birth."

"Well, but look, Christianity's a Gentile religion. It's all the same to me, but it's a question of fact."

"Not essentially. After all, it started off as a new ordering of the Jewish religion."

"Well, it's changed a lot since then."

"Only accidentally. It's still a new order of an older form."

"Did you get your Catholic instruction from the Jesuits, by any chance?" he said.

She giggled. "Yes, in fact, I did."

"I thought so."

"You can discredit the Jesuits, but you can't refute the truth."

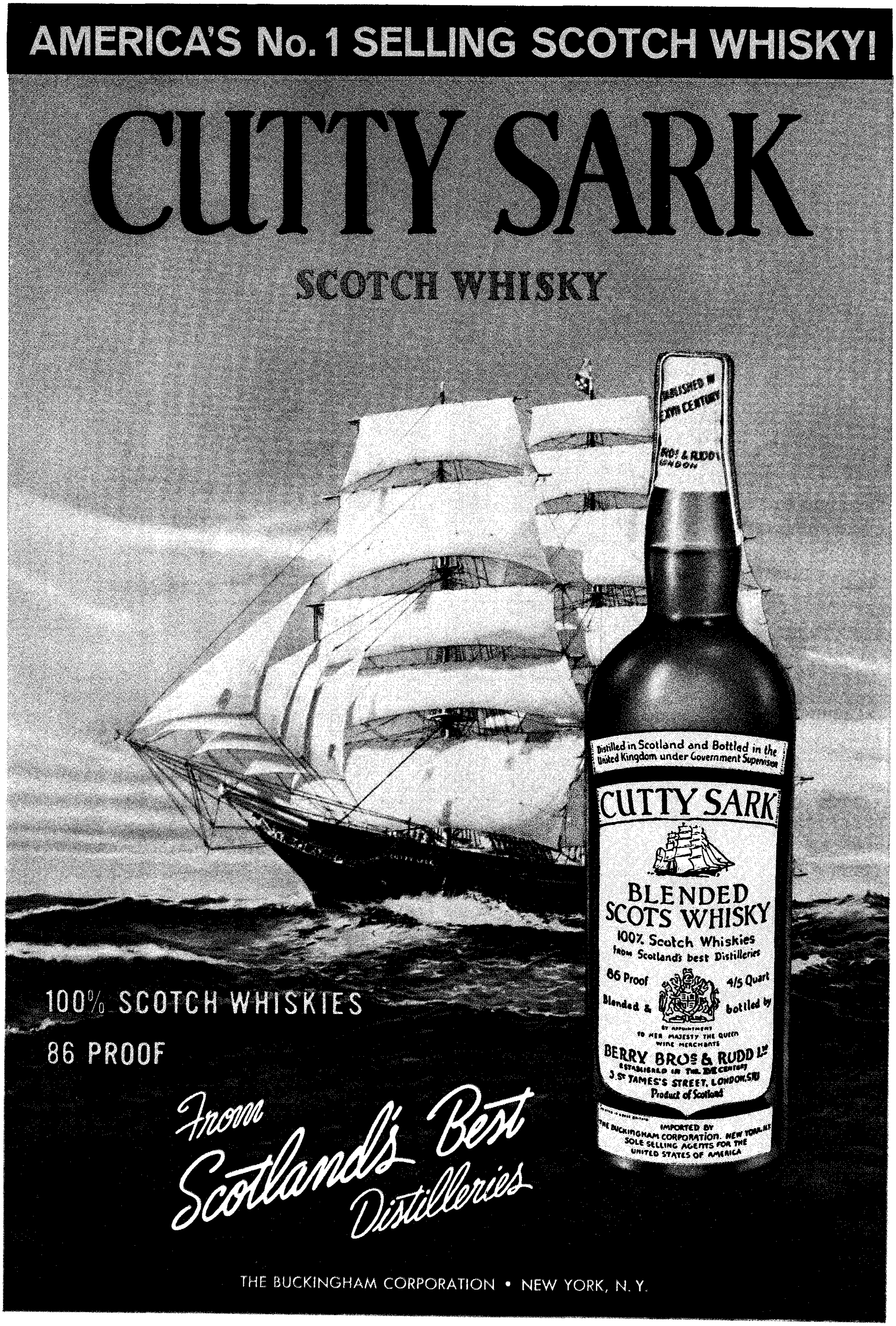
"Well, you can't expect our population to make those distinctions. Catholic is Gentile to them."

"Perhaps I should hush it up while in Israel, that I'm a half Jew by birth," she said.

"You'd be wiser to hush it up when you go over to Jordan. Here you only risk an argument, but there you might get shot."

THE wall on which Barbara sat now on the summit of Mount Tabor was part of an ancient fortress, the foundations of which lay about five feet deep on the far side. Looking behind her, she could see the weedy floor of this excavated plot. In the self-absorption of the hour, even this small rectangle of archeology related itself with sudden joyful relief to her life. She recalled the dig at St. Albans in Hertfordshire last summer. A Roman villa was being excavated. Her cousin Miles Vaughan, now married and living at St. Albans, took an active interest in the old Roman area of the city and always entertained the archeologists when they came in the summer to work on the ruins. Barbara was intending to spend only a week with her cousin. She prolonged her stay. She went down to the dig as a volunteer. Miles said one day, "You're causing a scandal, Barbara—you and Harry Clegg." He said it in an entirely jocular way, as one might say to a small boy, "My, you're a big man!," and Barbara was shaken by this. Miles had not for a moment realized how near the truth he had struck. Neither he nor his wife, Kathy, apparently, had noticed how close her friendship with the archeologist Harry Clegg had grown in the past three weeks. They had simply ignored the evidence. "You're causing a scandal, Barbara—you and Harry Clegg."

Barbara was stabbed by his tone of voice. It affected her with a shock of



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self-recognition. She felt as if she had caught sight of a strange face in the mirror and presently realized that the face was her own. Barbara understood then that her self-image was at variance with the image she presented to the world. She understood that, to others, she was a settled spinster of thirty-seven—by definition a woman, but sexually differentiated only by a narrow margin; sharp, clever, set in her ways, a definite spinster; one who had embraced the Catholic Church instead of a husband, one who had taken up religion instead of cats. It was this concept that entitled Miles to tease her, "You're causing a scandal, Barbara. . . ." But Miles—a grown man. He was too innocent for words. She looked at him. Yes, he was joking. He gave her a little pat on the shoulder and went out to the car.

Barbara went and looked at herself in the mirror, full length, in her room. Her hair was drawn back tight, her face was thin and smooth, her blouse and skirt were neat. Everything was neat, prim, and unnoticeable. She had not guessed she looked quite like that, but now that she saw herself almost as through the eyes of others, she was amazed. She wondered if she was a hypocrite; but that appearance in the glass, she thought, comes of long habit. Having restrained the expression of my feelings over the years, I look as if I had none. It comes from a long habit of approaching the world with caution, this appearance of being too cautious to live a life of normal danger.

The figure in the looking glass fascinated her. No wonder Miles did not really know her.

She thought then, But who am I?

I am who I am.

Yes, but who am I?

Because, in fact, she was already deeply involved in a love affair with Harry Clegg, the archeologist. The local country people had taken note of them during the first week of their meeting. But her cousins would never do so. They would simply ignore the evidence. She looked in the mirror and understood why. And understood why she attracted the man. It was the very quality that deceived her friends. It was this deceptive look, ascetic and virginal, that Harry found intriguing. It was not her mind alone, she told herself as she sized up her appearance.

All the summer weeks of their first meeting, she had felt in a state of complete liberation from guilt. Moral or social censure was meaningless. The hours and days were barricaded with enchantment. She prolonged her stay on

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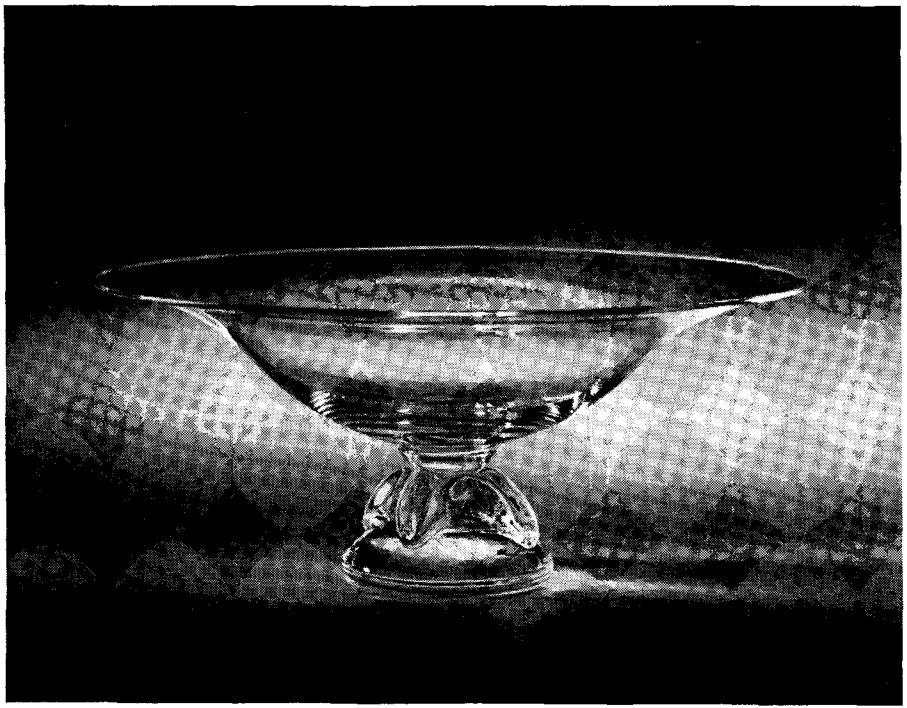

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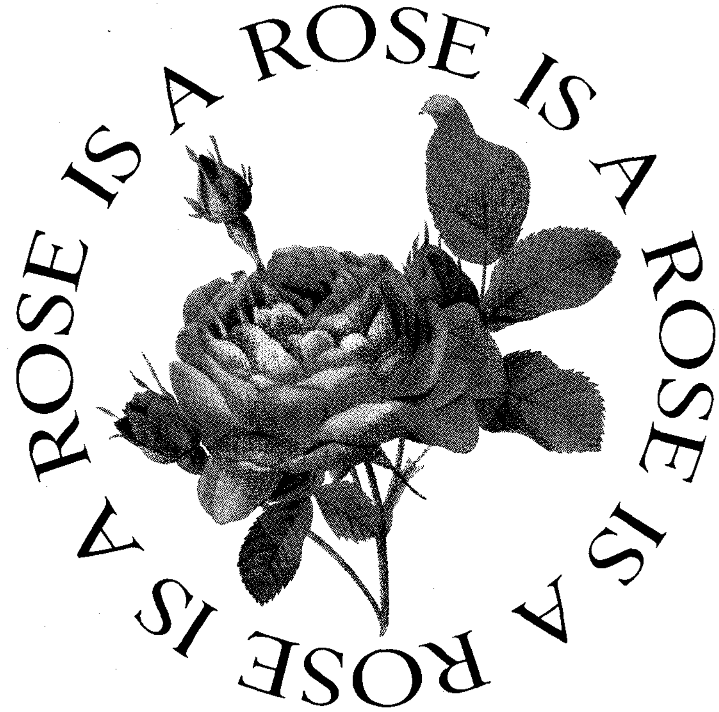
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the simple excuse to Miles and Kathy that she was enjoying it. They accepted this; they were delighted. She did not mind baby-sitting in the evenings with Harry Clegg to keep her company. Harry Clegg was a scholar, of course, but not their type socially; he was a mild joke to them, a small, dark, scowling creature with too much untidy hair. A scowling creature except when he smiled. He was brilliant, the Vaughans admitted; a dedicated scholar. That he was regarded in every informed society but theirs as a distinguished man the Vaughans did not know. They conveyed, with innocent remarks, in their diffident way, their amusement at the points where his lower-class origins were evident. Harry would never have entered Kathy's drawing room or Miles' consciousness, or wanted to do so, had he not been dabbling in the local excavations. Miles and Kathy merrily departed for dinner parties leaving the professor baby-sitting with Barbara and presumably discussing archeology with her for all he was worth.

But Barbara and Harry Clegg were in the spare bedroom making love, just like the nanny and the butler in the absence of master and mistress in the old days. Sometimes one of the children would wake and call. Barbara would swear and get up. *Just like* the old-time nanny.

Sometimes they settled down in the rough hut on the site of the excavations, like teen-agers stormed by the sensual presences of the summer night. At any other time, Barbara would have thought it ludicrous. A few weeks before, she would have thought it absurd. But this was no time for sophisticated thoughts. She felt herself to be in love with Harry Clegg in an entirely exclusive form as yet unrealized in human experience. It made nonsense of the rules. There were no moral laws to fit it. The form of their love seemed to her to derive from a faculty of inner knowledge which they both possessed, a passionate mutual insight unique in her experience, so that she felt it to be unique in human experience. Harry Clegg—shock-haired, unhandsome. Who would have guessed he would be her type? Miles referred to him as the red-brick genius. But that was to reckon without Harry Clegg, who loved her. He loved her disguise as an English spinster not merely as disguise but as part of her inexplicable identity. She was not an English spinster merely but also a half Jew, and was drawn to the equivalent quality in him that quite escaped the unspoken

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definition "Englishman of lower-class origin" and the spoken one "red-brick genius."

It happened one day that Barbara's cousin Michael Aaronson came down for the weekend with his wife. He was a recognized expert in international law, with a subsidiary interest in a firm of solicitors who had dealt with the Vaughans' family business for the past ten years, such being one of the odd and latter results of that Vaughan-Aaronson marriage which had caused so much alarm at the time. Business apart, other Vaughans and Aaronsons of that generation were now on visiting terms, this having happened gradually from some point after the war, when wedding invitations and acceptances started to flutter between the two families, while Barbara, who was now the only visible link between them, tended to be regarded as something practically invisible by both sides. She now saw them infrequently, her life being centered in the girls' school where she taught. Michael was the only one she corresponded with. He was still her best friend of the Aaronsons.

He was surprised to find Barbara at St. Albans on a long stay. More perceptive than Miles, he noticed her absorption with Harry Clegg. He said, when he was alone with her, "Are you getting attached to that archeologist? He seems keen on you."

"Yes."

"Good luck, then."

"Thank you, Michael."

"He's a distinguished fellow. Looks terrible. They always attract women, somehow, when they look like that. Are you thinking of marriage? Because if you're going to get married, the family won't like it."

"Which family?"

"Oh, the Vaughans, of course. He's the wrong background."

"The Aaronsons would have said the wrong blood."

"Yes, the old people were upset by Spencer's marriage." Spencer was one of the cousins, who had recently married a Gentile.

"They wouldn't worry about who I married now," Barbara said. "They always knew I wasn't quite the right blood for them. Only half right. The other half was wrong."

"Oh, well, the old people . . ."

The Aaronson grandparents were dead, but numerous aunts and uncles had reached their sixties and seventies since the Golders Green days before the war.

"And the Vaughans," said Barbara cheerfully, "always knew I hadn't quite the right background. They felt I was too fond of the Aaronsons. My environment was half wrong."

"Then you've got something in common with Clegg," Michael said. "The outcast status."

"Yes, quite, but we also have common intellectual interests. We've got a lot to talk about." She had turned sharp and defensive, like Aunt Sadie.

"That sounds more like sense, I'll admit. You're the most sensible woman I know."

"I'm not. He's a married man."

"Any chance of a divorce?"

"He's got a divorce," Barbara said.

"Oh, Christ, yes, you're a Catholic. What are you going to do?"

"I haven't begun to think."

"Keep me informed," Michael said, "when you do begin to think. Anyhow, I'm glad this has happened. I thought you'd given men up."

"Well, evidently not."

"I know. Silly of me."

Down at the Fighting Cocks, the public house that stood on the verge of the Roman area of St. Albans, small murmurs passed round concerning the midnight movements of a couple of the current archeologists (for the patrons thought Barbara was one of the team). "You're causing a scandal, Barbara—you and Harry Clegg." Yes, but Miles and his social circle never got to hear of the small scandal at the Fighting Cocks; nobody there knew the archeologists by name, or cared. The local people grinned as the lovers left the pub. "Free love on the old Roman road," commented a man, and it was left at that. Meanwhile, Barbara and Harry walked along the ramparts of Watling Street by moonlight and bedded down in the hut.

A year later, on the summit of Mount Tabor, where the warrior poet Deborah once mustered her troops against an enemy of the Lord named Sisera, Barbara turned and gazed out toward the Dead Sea, where her lover now was working on the site of Qumrân. She recalled, the day she left St. Albans, saying goodbye to Miles, Kathy, and the children. Miles took her to the station, talking of his married plans as married people do—the holiday abroad and the new garage—suspecting her of no other passion than one for botany and no deeper regret than that she had given up playing the cello. She had felt then how much more of a sexual person she was than he. She could not remember when first she had associated her Jewishness with her sexual instincts and distinguished her-

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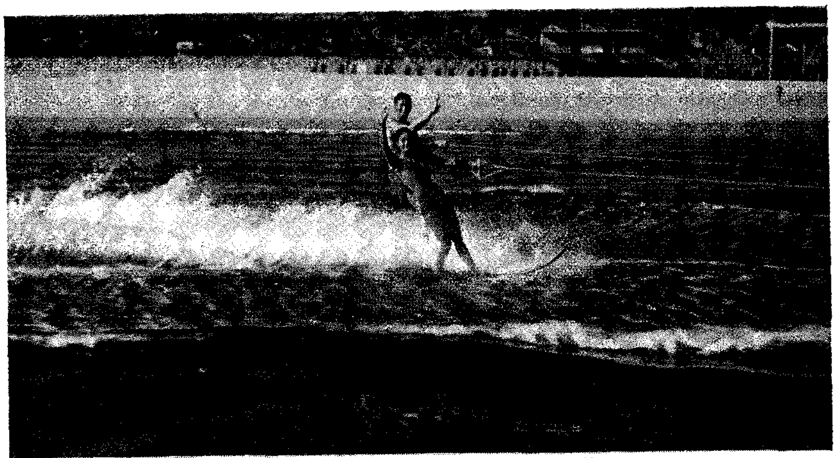

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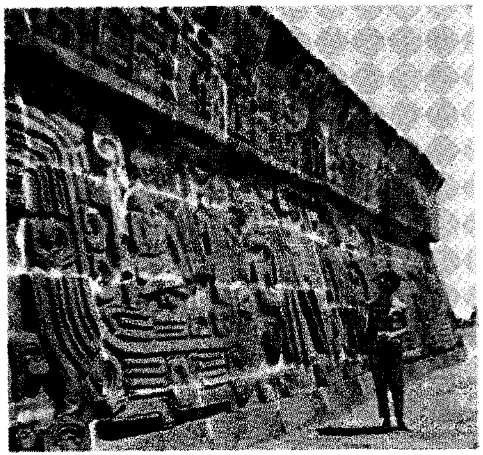

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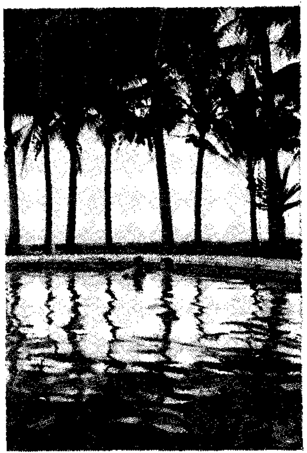

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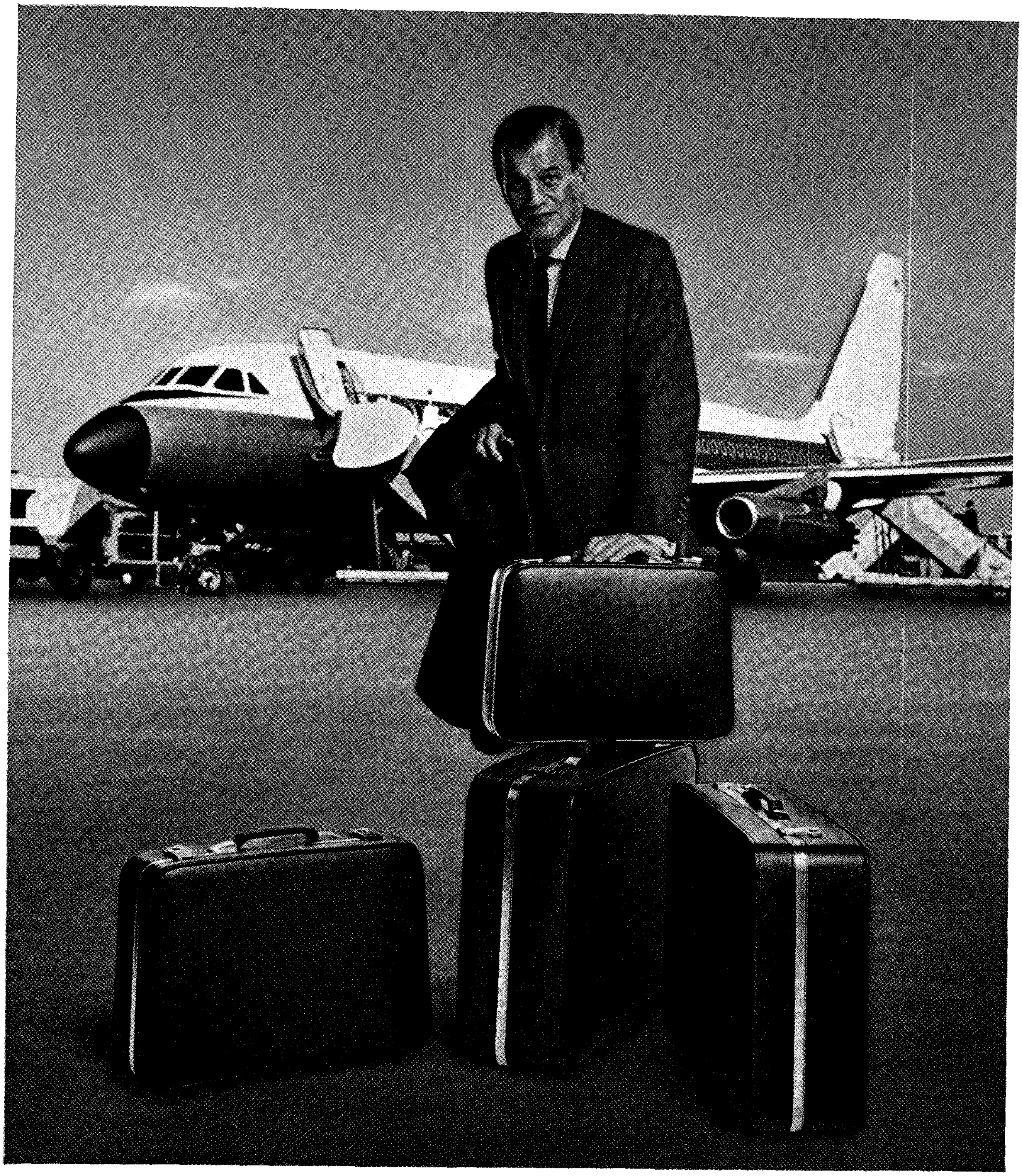

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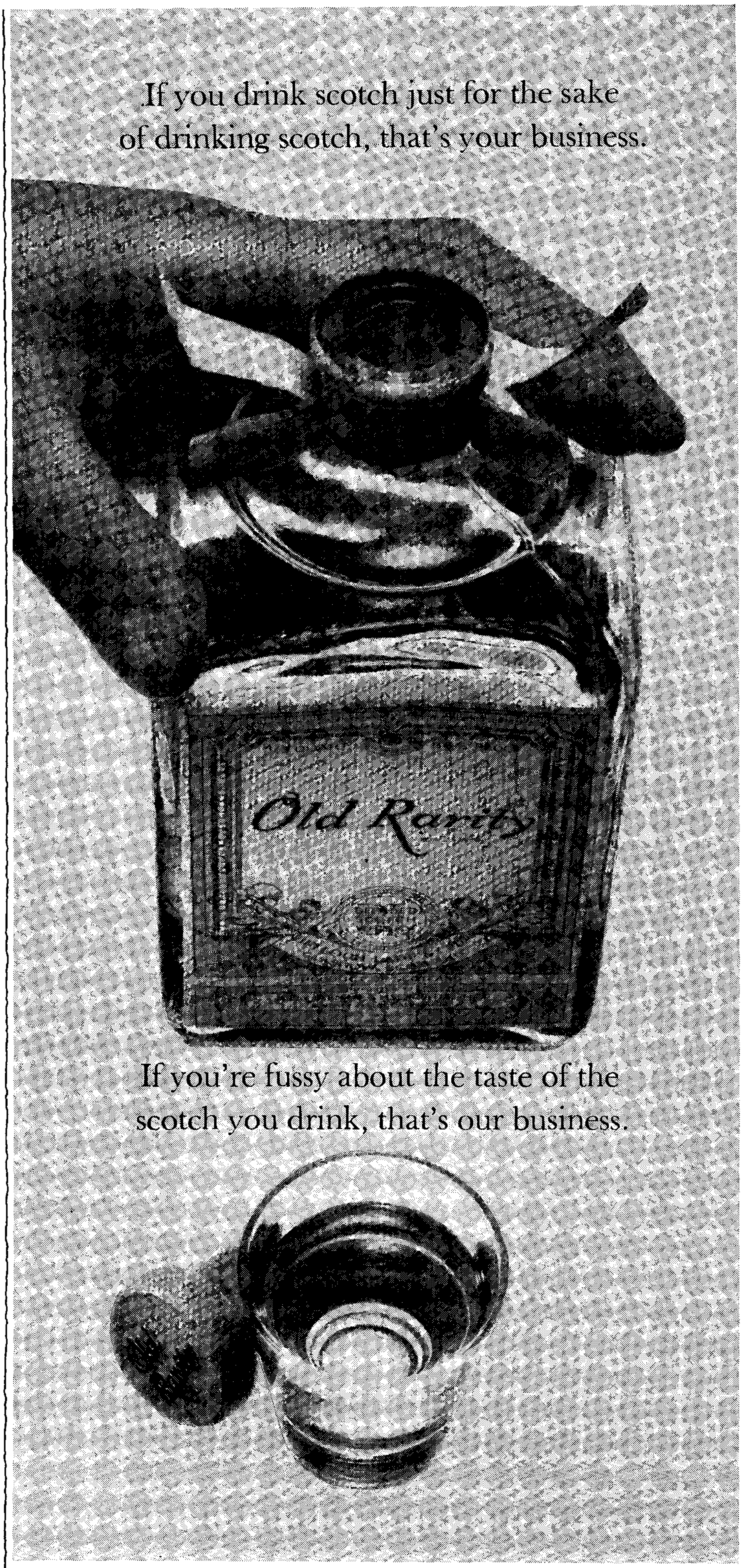
self from her Gentile relatives by a half-guilty feeling that she was more afflicted by sex than they were. So that, when she fell in love with Harry Clegg, she felt more blessed by sex than they were, by virtue of her Jewish blood. This basic error, with an elusive vapor of truth in it, persisted so far as she continued to associate, without ever questioning the proposition, her Jewishness with sex, and to feel that she partook of the sexual energy of the world in consequence. Miles had said, as he kissed her on the platform at St. Albans, "It's been lovely having you."

She smiled at this in the train. She was fond of Miles and his thin, but so innocent, imagination. He would use that correct phrase, "It's been lovely having you," to departing visitors on platforms, without variation, till he was too infirm to see people off at all. Kathy, at the door of the house, had said the same thing. Kathy always had a full day, full of social activities and routine. It took this sort of English couple, Barbara thought, to let a love affair ripen and come to flower under their roof without suspecting anything. They would have been horrified to know about the spare-bedroom episodes. Barbara, who on later reflection was herself mildly shocked, was at this moment amused. She was in love. A trite late flowering. A very late one. She didn't care. She would not have cared if Miles or Kathy had discovered her in the spare bed with Harry Clegg. What could they have said? "Oh! Sorry . . ." and withdrawn. And later: "Look here, Barbara . . ." And what would she have said? That would have depended on the inspiration of the hour. She was merely amused at the notion, when it occurred to her, that she had taken some sort of revenge on them in return for the evening when she had listened to Kathy and Miles, for a few moments, gaily mimicking Harry's Coventry vowels. They were as good as foreigners, herself and Harry Clegg. And they made love like foreigners, which was all right, too.

The train carried her away to London, and, all things considered, she decided she would never be able to convey to Miles the exceptional event, her love, that finally justified her abuse of his hospitality. Miles would have been afraid to listen, lest it upset the brotherly arrangement he had come to with his wife.

I know of thy doings, and find thee neither cold nor hot.

It was after her return, in the new term, to the school where she had been teaching for six years that her normal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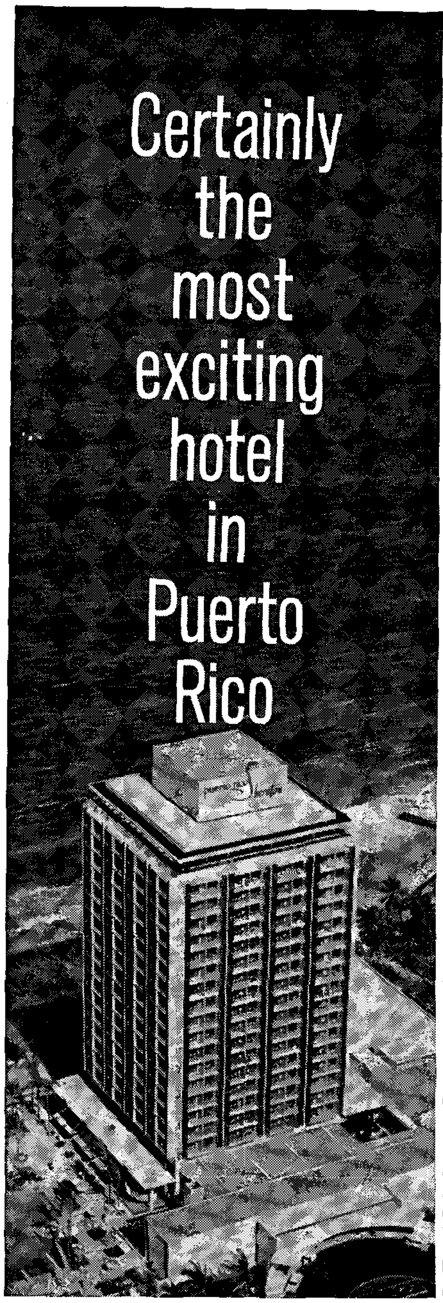

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process of reasoning set in, and as her love took greater hold of her, so did she take ahold of it. There was a deadlock. Their love letters became a vehicle for arguments that gruelled her in the new term and infuriated her with their revelation of something absolutely undisplaceable—her Catholic faith.

They wrote the love letters of academic intellectuals; that is to say, they were not much as love letters. Her references to their love were light and frivolous, as if it were something that didn't matter basically but was a mere luxury of civilization. She partly believed this. His were funnily crude. On the question of what was to be done about it, she was serious and practical, assembling and setting forth arguments in sober order. The nature of their love affair underwent a change in the course of this correspondence. Barbara's letters at times resembled essays in theology. She gripped her fountain pen with tight, tense fingers.

For in the first month of the new term, as she uneasily took up her old teaching life, she felt the relevance to the situation of her being a Catholic. As matters stood, she could not marry a divorced man and remain within the Church, unless his marriage was in fact invalidated by the Church. All this she wrote to Harry Clegg, with supporting theology, in the excessively rational terms employed by people with a secret panic or religious doubt. "The Church," she wrote, "is nothing if not logical. You, above all people, will understand, even if you cannot . . ."

He turned up at the school to see what the hell she was playing at. He, above all people, the third Saturday of term. She was standing at her sitting-room window, using it as a looking glass while she tied a scarf round her head. She was about to go down to the post office to send off a fat envelope, a letter to him, bulging with pregnant hopes and theological debate. She heard a scrape on the gravel as of a wild old motorcar, and saw, beyond her reflection, his quite tame Consul, a shining two-year-old, which he always drove so hard.

She ran down to meet him. They stood on the gravel path and kissed each other. She got into the car and made him drive out of school bounds, miles away, into a woodland clearing in the heart of Gloucestershire.

FROM her wall on Mount Tabor, she looked over to the Kingdom of Jordan, in the hazy, blue direction of the Dead Sea, where Harry, in his

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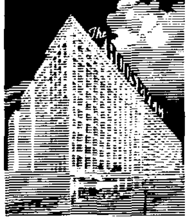

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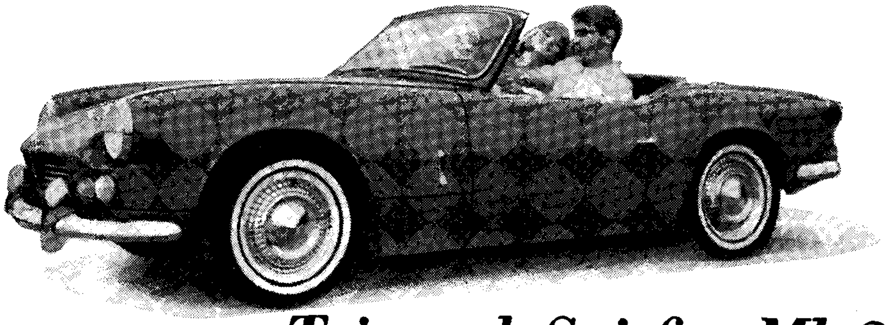

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shabby old clothes, was probably peering at, and pronouncing a fake, a square inch of papyrus placed on a table by pincers. "They've already started to write new Dead Sea scrolls," he had told her, in a recent letter to England. Here, of course, the only letters she got from him were notes smuggled by friends. But since that Saturday afternoon, they had stopped arguing in their letters. It was he who had recognized the fact that the arguments, however unacceptable, stood for an immovable conviction, something similar to his dedication to his field of scholarship. He would not, for the love of Barbara or anyone else, attribute a date which he believed to be false to a manuscript or object of antiquity; not to fit any theory dear to his own heart, he wouldn't. He recognized the same seam of hard rock in Barbara. He submitted to her idea of having the validity of his marriage examined by the ecclesiastical lawyers of Rome. There was a chance that the marriage could be invalidated—although, it seemed to him, on ludicrous grounds—by the fact that he had not, so far as he knew, been baptized. But he was obliged to prove this negative fact, and it was not so easy as it sounded. And even then it was considered slim evidence toward an annulment.

Meanwhile, after searching her motives like a murder squad, Barbara had been reconciled to the Church, in a frigid sort of way, as one might acknowledge, unsmiling, the victor in battle in whose presence one is signing a peace treaty. She was obliged to repent. What of—the love affair? No—adultery, to be precise. Yes, but, to be precise, it was impossible to distinguish the formal expression of her love from the emotion. Go and repent, said the priest, worn out with this involved honesty. It was a love affair, Barbara explained. Yes, well, don't pretend it was the Beatific Vision. Barbara went so far as to repent that she could not repent of the forbidden lovemaking, and, as is the plain expectation of all Christians, she got the benefit of the doubt on the understanding that she put an end to the sex part of it.

And now, by summertime, she was standing on Mount Tabor and looking out toward the Dead Sea, where Harry Clegg was working. That morning, a letter from him had been thrust under her door, having been smuggled through the Gate in the American Embassy bag from Amman:

> Latest bulletin from the Holy Romans—they'll take at least another month to decide. But for goodness sake, come over. You can't spend your whole summer holidays over there without seeing what's going on here, let alone seeing me. I shall not attempt any of that rotten nasty sex stuff, in fact I wouldn't touch you with a barge pole, if I had one. Hurry up, Barbara, there's some interesting stuff to see here.

She looked toward the Dead Sea and thought of his thick-featured, dark face utterly intent on the work in front of it, and forgot, in her tenderness, that she was a spinster of no fixed identity. She was aware only of the vulnerability peculiar to his detachment, and of a desire to protect him in the practical aspects of his life where he was too absorbed to protect himself. She suddenly felt to be insignificant the business of being a Gentile and a Jewess, both and neither, and that of being a wolf in spinster's clothing. She was thinking of the red-brick genius whose accent her cousin Miles had mimicked with such perfect exaggeration—Harry Clegg, the sweet scholar from an address, now extinguished by the war, in Coventry. He would have been, to her grandmother at Bells Sands, "a rather common little man" for her to take up with; to her grandfather at Golders Green, a non-Jewish disappointment for her to take up with. To the Jews a stumbling block, a folly to the Greeks. But it did not matter. Even the fact that the academic world recognized his true value and standing was irrelevant. The point was, he was entirely lovable to her, this lover from last summer's Roman remains.

"Go and repent."

Goe and catche a falling starre,
Get with child a mandrake roote . . .

It is impossible to repent of love. The sin of love does not exist. Over at the Dead Sea, she thought, just over there, he is ferreting about in the sand, or maybe he has discovered an inkwell used by the Essene scribes, or something.

To the east, from the top of Tabor, was the valley of Jordan and the very blue waters of Galilee, with the mountains of Syria, a different blue, on their far side. On the west, far across Palestine, the Carmel range rose from the Mediterranean. There seemed no mental difficulty about the miracles, here on the spot. They seemed to be very historic and factual, considered from this standpoint. This feeling might be due to the mountaintop sensation. But was it any less valid than the sea-level sensation? Scientifically speaking?

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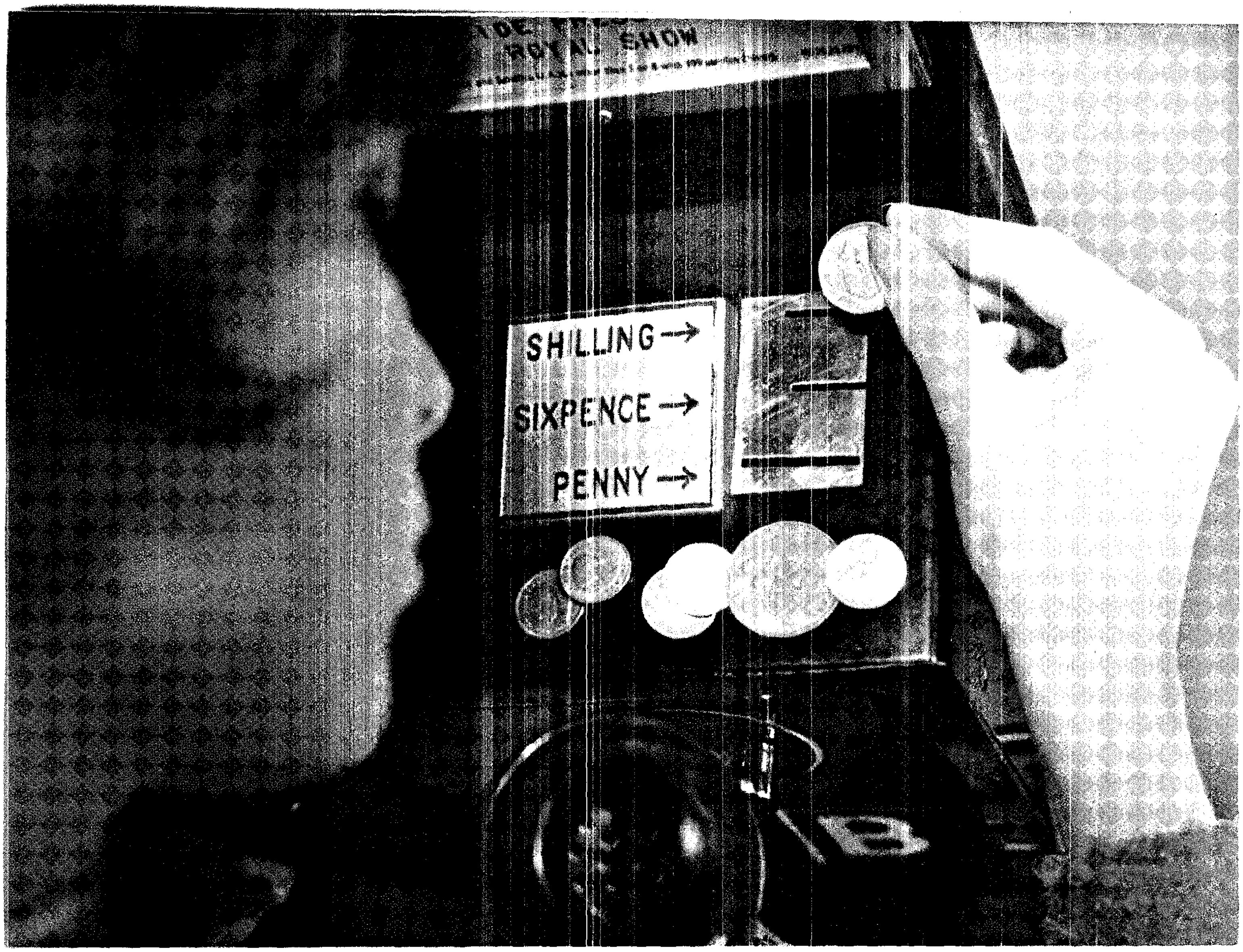

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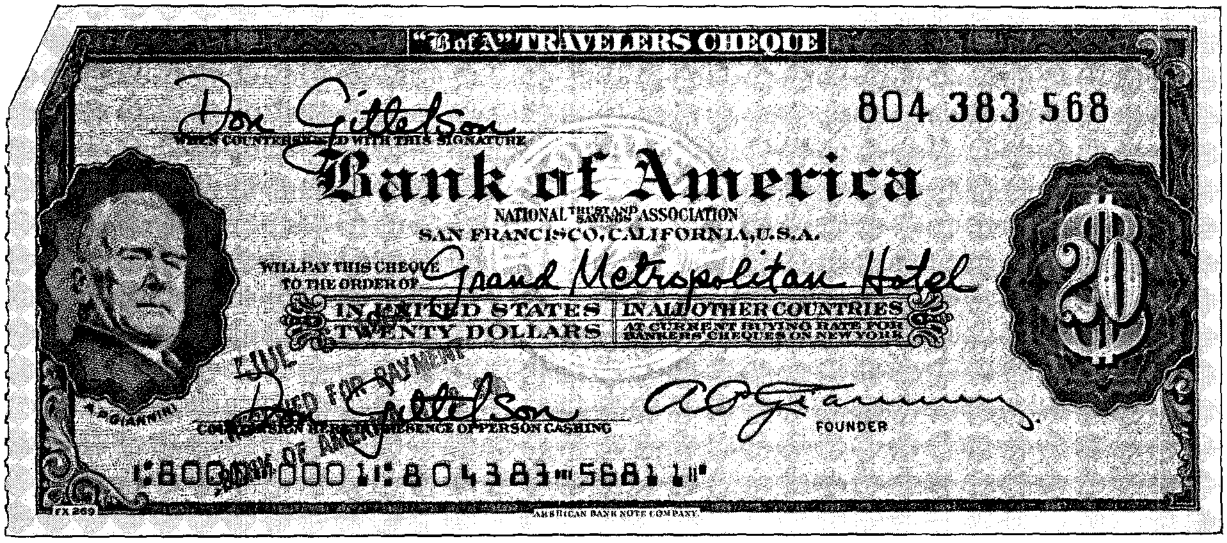

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BANK OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION • MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION arrived at the Basilica. Barbara returned to her tree-shadowed wall. They were led by a Catholic priest. One of the Franciscan custodians of the shrine came out to meet them. The priest-guide assembled his flock outside the church and explained to them that this was the place where Christ was transfigured.

Only probably, said Barbara's mind; there's a rival claim for Mount Hermon, over there in the distance.

"In the presence of his disciples, Peter, James, and John," said the priest.

His garments white and dazzling.

Wherever it took place, she thought, I believe it did take place, all right. Transfigured, and in a radiant time of metamorphosis, was seen, white and dazzling, to converse with Moses and Elias.

"Do you remember what He was conversing about?" said the priest to his twenty-odd faithful.

The death He was to die.

"His forthcoming death in Jerusalem," said the priest. "It's described in Mark and Luke."

He read the chapters, while the Franciscan monk waited with folded hands to escort them into the shrine:

> "... There came a cloud and overshadowed them. And they were afraid when they entered into the cloud.
>
> And a voice came out of the cloud, saying, 'This is my beloved Son. Hear him.' "

"This is also the place," said the priest, closing his book, "where Deborah of the Old Testament collected an army against Sisera. You get it in the Book of Judges, and her song of triumph, remember. Mount Tabor is the place mentioned. A good spot strategically, as you can see. They all camped up here. It's only eighteen hundred and forty-three feet. Looks higher from below."

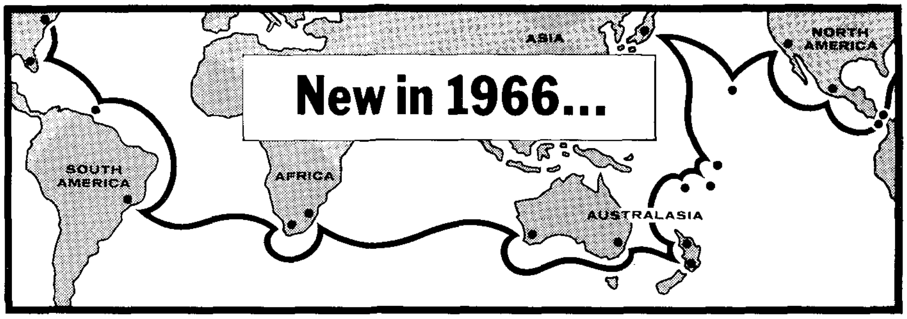
The crowd disappeared into the church. Barbara walked out of hiding and breathed the miraculous air. It was after receiving Harry's letter that she had hired the car that morning. . . .

But why don't I go down to Jerusalem, Barbara thought, and pass through the Mandelbaum Gate? Why is it that I'm not on my way now, from Jerusalem, across the plains of Sodom and Gomorrah, to the Dead Sea? Why don't I go over and see him?

Because I'm a pilgrim to the Holy Land and one shouldn't abuse hospitality.

Because I've got to have time to think.

Because I don't really want to sleep



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with him in the present state of affairs.

But why don't I go?

Because it's dangerous there for someone of Jewish blood. But no one could possibly find out.

Barbara had a separate passport, issued by the Foreign Office in London, for the purpose of entering Jordan from Israel. She had the required certificate of baptism signed by a priest:

> I declare that Miss Barbara Vaughan is a member of the Roman Catholic Church and has been known to me for some years.

No one could possibly guess that I'm a half Jew.

Then why?

Because I'm a spinster that's taken a religious turn. A Gentile-Jewess, neither one thing nor another, caught up in a crackpot mystique. "I declare that Miss Barbara Vaughan is a member of the Roman Catholic Church and has been known to me for some years." Life is passing.

Then why do I not go down to the Dead Sea?

Because the time hasn't yet come for me to go down to the Dead Sea. When the time comes, I'll go down to the Dead Sea.

I go on, she thought, with questions and answers in the old Hebraic mode, chanting away to myself.

Then she recalled, without reason, that Freddy Hamilton, an obliging sort of fellow, had said to her only last week, "You really must go over to Jordan and meet those friends of mine. They love having visitors, and there's a delightful English atmosphere."

She smiled cheerfully and got back into her hired car. For she had answered him, "I'm actually on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land."

"Well, then," he had said, "naturally you'll be going into Jordan. Most of the Christian shrines are there—in Jerusalem, in Bethlehem, and so forth. *My friends know everything about the place, of course.*"

"I'd love to go," she said. Which was true.

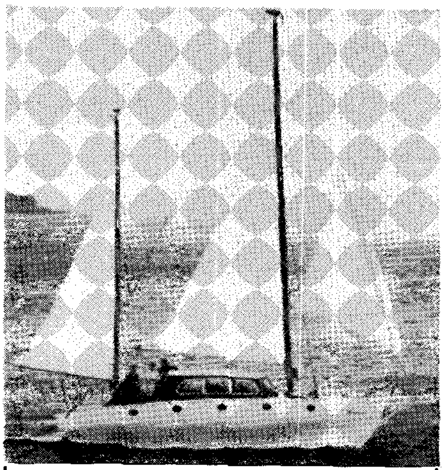
Bound by love into one volume.

And to love the prospect was, after all, the best possible reason for doing *anything.* —MURIEL SPARK

•

> Quincy Mayor Wes Olson won a second term Tuesday, as voters rejected the challenge of Waler Terwelp, by 1,958 votes, Walter Terwelp, by 1,958 votes, veteran Democratic Alderman Walter Terwelp, by 1,958 votes.
>
> —*Quincy (Ill.) Herald-Whig.*

No gloating, please.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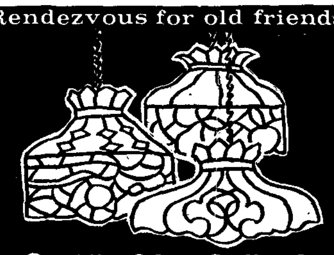

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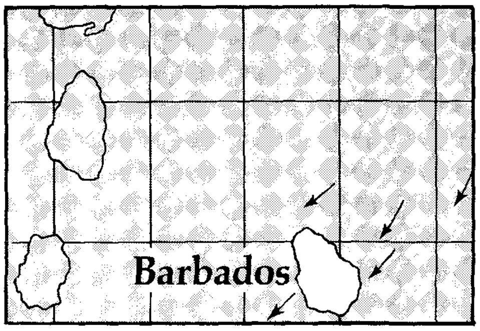

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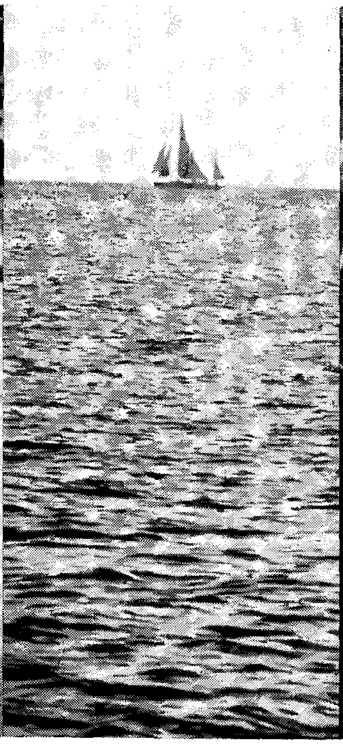

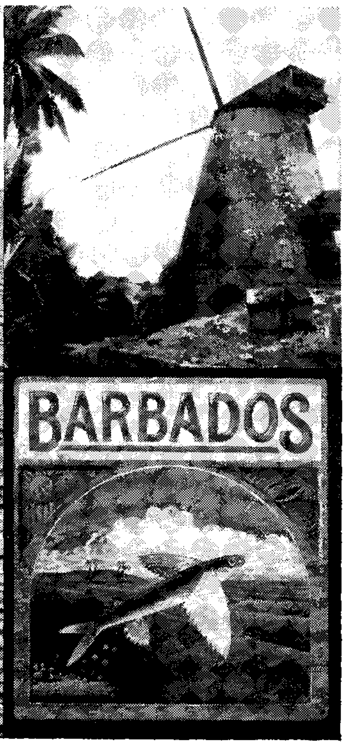

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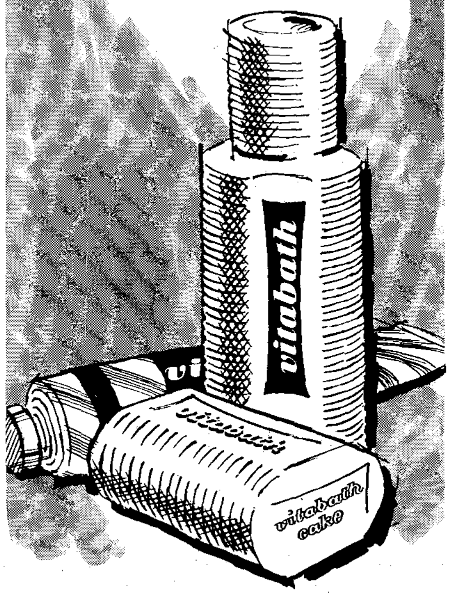

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Variations on a Theme by Jellicoe

"THE KNACK" is a comic fantasy about sex that, somewhere in the middle and without ever dropping its comic spirit, becomes a poem—in pictures, words, and music—of youth, innocence, ardor, love, London, and Rita Tushingham. It is an adaptation (for lack of a stronger word) of Ann Jellicoe's play about three young men who share a house in London and about a girl who is up from the country and on her way to the Y.W.C.A. The young men are a schoolteacher named Colin (Michael Crawford), who longs to be able to seduce a girl but doesn't have—or feels he doesn't have—the knack of it; a heartless rake named Tolen (Ray Brooks), whose prowess along these lines is phenomenal; and a disengaged, needling jester and perfect dear named Tom (Donal Donnelly), who keeps a satiric or protective eye on all of them. The adaptation is total; Miss Jellicoe's play has become Richard Lester's movie. Mr. Lester is the American director who was responsible for that miracle of carefree delight "A Hard Day's Night." "The Knack" is not the pure gem that "A Hard Day's Night" was. At times, particularly in the beginning, it is too elaborate and self-conscious, either swamping its jokes in effects and photographic capers or overstressing them. The metamorphosis from comic fantasy to poetry is hinted at in our first sight of Rita Tushingham, wide-eyed as she disembarks from a bus, but it actually takes place a bit later in a junkyard, where she and Mr. Crawford and Mr. Donnelly pick out a rococo old epic of a bed (Colin feels that perhaps the monkish narrowness of his bed has been his trouble all along) and together take it back to the house through the streets and waterways of the city. They wheel it along roads and through alleys; suddenly it appears on the upper deck of a double-decker auto-transport truck and, just as suddenly, on a barge slowly moving along the Thames; it is tied to the back of a car and is drenched, along with its trio of escorts, in a one-minute car wash; and now and then its springs are put to use as a trampoline. "Spring," singular and plural, and in all its meanings and connotations, could be considered the key word for the whole movie.

There are other lyric passages, and funny ones, too. Somehow, and no doubt with considerable help from his attractive cast, Mr. Lester has been able to fit sweetness and feeling into the picture without ever breaking its springs. Many of the jokes and ideas are original. From time to time, the wet-blanket voices of an unseen man and woman comment in a flat, matter-of-fact way on the pranks and the high spirits of the young folks, and there are other voices besides. Incidental people pop in and out. There is a strange bleached effect of photography as blondes in identical white sweaters wait in line on the stairs outside Tolen's room. Tom compulsively paints all walls white—he hates brown, which is what all walls were until he happened along—and a good deal of the action takes place against backgrounds of dazzling whiteness. The setting—London, juicy and leafy in spring—is beautiful.

Something odd happens when a play is wholly turned into a movie. What is implied or approximated on the stage—the walls, the rooms, the streets, the weather outside—becomes explicit. The camera, no matter how much it frisks and fools, is factual. And what is expressed in the theatre by the actors, directly or indirectly, must, in this other medium, be picked up from among solid, concrete things and from among all sorts of technical shenanigans. The point about "The Knack," and the source of its pleasure, even though it is flawed, is that love comes through as good as ever, and so does joy, and so does character.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

First: Suppose it's raining and you want to collect rainwater, so you go out with a ketchup bottle; you're not going to collect much. It's obvious you'd have more luck with a wide-mouthed jug or even a basin. Therefore, in the constant rain of ideas, impressions, sights, sounds, personalities and happenings that you are being bombarded with (and you *are,* simply because you are alive and in a complex world), you cannot profitably wander about with your mind and senses constricted to the dimensions of a narrow bottleneck, or, as some people do, with an umbrella up. You must train yourself to be aware, conscious, observant, and at the same time wide open, almost indolently receptive. You must be a bowl or a sponge.—*The Writer.*

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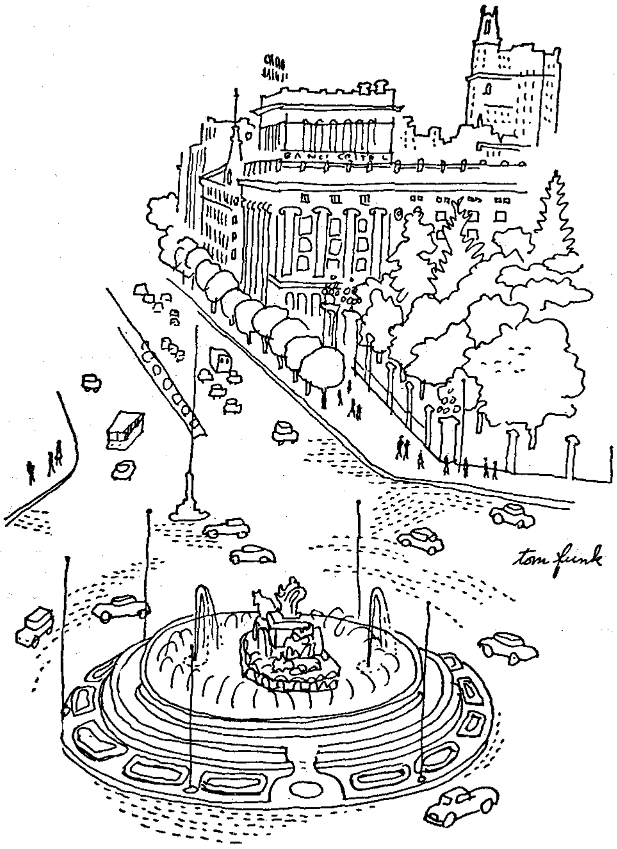
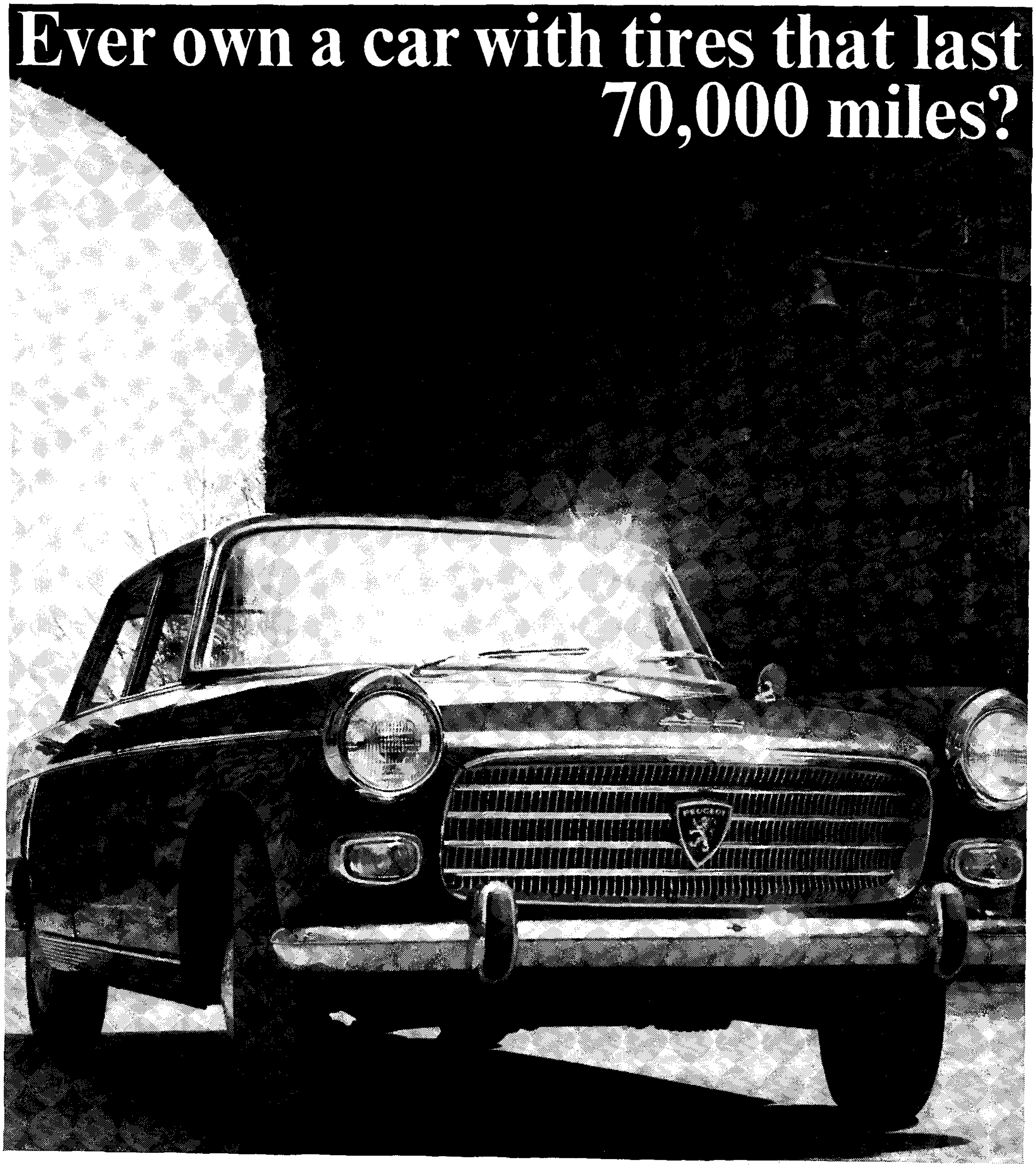
LETTER FROM SPAIN

JUNE 26

ONE dusty afternoon recently, as I was making my laborious way from Barcelona through the Pyrenees into France by a series of lurching, museum-worthy trains, I found myself in a place called Tardienta—a small, gray station platform heavy with the hot afternoon and piled with crated chickens, pigeons, and amorphous bundles—with some two hours to wait for a train that only my faith in Spain told me would arrive. The station had a café of sorts, and I went in out of the blinding sun, exchanged politenesses with the company, and sat down to while away whatever time I had to; anyone who ever considers settling in Spain ought to take lessons in sheer waiting, for it is an art that Spaniards have not only mastered but triumphed over. My companions, apart from one forlorn-looking foreigner, were principally a group of railwaymen; earlier I had seen them carrying steel railway ties that would have given pause to professional strong men, and now they were tearing into their bread and wine, playing dominoes, and laughing and insulting one another. We were all sharing wine and the shards of a conversation when the landlord suddenly drew a tattered curtain across the window and turned on an enormous television set in the corner, which until then I had not noticed. The dominoes continued at first, and only a few of the men gave any attention to the program; one by one, however, they slewed their chairs around and began to watch it, punctuating it occasionally with remarks that would most certainly suffer in translation. (Television is something I can do without at the best of times; Spanish television, however, positively gropes for the subnormal.) A few news items flickered away, and then a well-coiffed woman announcer began to tell us a few elementary facts about human anatomy, diet, and the like, which brought on a peculiarly ominous silence in the café. On the screen, a lithe young girl in a leotard appeared, bent over backward, and performed a few double-jointed stretches. The face of the matron returned. "Only half a dozen times, once a day," she assured us, wagging a finger, "and your bodies will stay strong, healthy, and vigorous." Something had to give, and it was the railwayman beside me, who stood up suddenly, knocking over his chair. I wondered if he was going to pick up the set with one hand; he could have done so with ease. But all he did was to push past me to the door, a bottle of wine clamped in his huge fist. The expression on his face would have served, I felt, as a lesson to what we call civilization.



SPAIN is still the most enigmatic chunk of Europe left, particularly since the rest of the Western European countries have been putting themselves in such spanking good shape that one has to look at the billboards nowadays to remind oneself which country one is in. But Spain is no longer the wasteland it was in 1947, when its frontier reopened after eleven years of isolation from the outside world; it has become the happiest European hunting ground for unprecedented numbers of tourists, hot on the trail of the sun and chasing the elusive mystique that has always surrounded everything Spanish. Under this weighty pursuit, as might be expected, the mystique has receded a bit, and along the beaten tourist track all that remains of it is a cardboard, painted version. Tourist statistics stagger up and up. The Ministry of Information and Tourism cockily expects some sixteen million strangers this summer, which works out to about .5084 of a tourist to every Spaniard—an invasion on a scale that might sink weaker countries. Spanish statistics are famously idiosyncratic, but this one I choose to believe in, give or take a million. The effects of tourism on Spain have been monumental. Not only has it given the country a fat reserve of foreign currency to beef up the Spanish economy but it has also attracted foreign companies, which, seeing the possibilities of a place where labor is still cheap and plentiful, have chosen Spain as a place to invest in and set up factories and subsidiaries—so much so that the economic soothsayers predict a real business boom in the fairly close future. This, on the surface, appears a good omen, although it will be laboriously long before its effects seep down to the dry, cracked backlands of the Peninsula. Not long ago, I drove through the dusty wastes of Almería, in the southeast. For miles on end, there was nothing in sight but the parched, inert landscape, apparently uninhabited except that every now and again I would come on a blinding white wall on which had been scrawled in black paint "*Franco Franco Franco! Más árboles! Más agua!*"—a cry that might have come from the earth itself. Along the coasts, however, all of which have now been exotically named—Costa Brava, Costa del Sol, Costa Blanca, names of which Spaniards have their own raucously rude versions—and in the Balearic and Canary Islands, the air is heady with the smell of suntan oil; the kiosks are bursting with bullfight posters, plastic wine bottles, and the leading European daily papers; and one has to strain hard to hear Spanish spoken at all. "We are becoming a nation of waiters," one of my friends in Majorca told me. "We used to want to travel, but now, with the whole world passing under our noses, why should we bother? What surprised us at first was that foreigners would ever *want* to come to our miserable country, but, you know, they have taught us a lot. For one thing, they've taught us how backward we are, since we find that French bricklayers and English bank clerks can afford to *fly*



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here with their families for ten days, or even drive in their *own* cars. But perhaps the most important thing they have taught us is that, politics and economics aside, we are lucky. We are lazy in a *positive* way. Time never worries us. We have discovered that we don't need as much as the tourists, that we are happier with less. Even so, they shame us often, talking of elections and salaries. They envy us our sun and our sunniness, but we don't really envy them. That is our shame."

In one sense, tourism *is* Spain, for the process of industrialization and modernization totters along so slowly that the country could hardly dare to lean on it. Still, the economy, if not exactly in rude health, is at least out of bed and walking about, and the agricultural workers in the more backward provinces have been steadily migrating to Madrid, Barcelona, and the coast (if not out of Spain altogether), where they are able to find work, principally in construction. The excruciating problem for Spanish workers in these past, thin years was not so much unemployment as semi-employment; there was just not enough work to allow them to earn a living wage. The construction that came in the wake of tourism has changed that, although hotelkeepers and property speculators live in the shadow of *la saturación*, a word they are scarcely able to bring themselves to utter. Saturation remains a spectre so far, however, and the simple fact of being able to earn more money has muffled much of the people's resentment, which in 1962 seemed ready to flare out openly. The government tries to avoid trouble by making occasional concessions, by raising the minimum wage in dribs and drabs, and by keeping the stores filled with sheer *stuff*—electronic carrots that it dangles in front of the noses of the swelling middle class. (I venture to say that there are more transistor radios per ear in the Peninsula than in the noisiest capitals of Christendom; the butcher I patronize keeps one playing at full volume beside a pile of his flyspecked sausages.) But under it all, Spaniards and those who know Spain are uncomfortably aware that change is not far away—not just the change that comes from creeping prosperity but change in the whole fabric of the country. It dawns on them more clearly all the time that Spain is an anachronism alongside the other Western European countries, that it does not have the beginnings of representative government, that although a certain European sophistication shows in the larger

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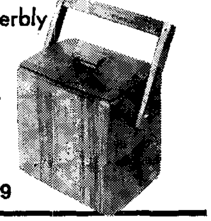

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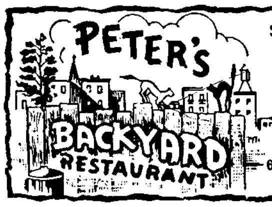

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cities, the *pueblo*—and for Spaniards the word *pueblo* implies not simply the small, islandlike villages that rise every now and again out of the dust but a whole state of mind, a shrugging Catholic fatalism, a stoical endurance—will have to undergo a complete transformation before it can ever have anything like a decisive voice of its own. The terrifying shadow of the Civil War has diminished. An entire new generation unhaunted by the memory of it has grown up. To these young people, the present regime is an old gentleman who has not much longer to live, and they are anxiously aware that the situation they will have on their hands is one for which nobody has prepared them, and which cannot be expected to straggle along like an undernourished mule, paid for by the foreigners who come to goggle and bask. The mystique is still there, and it is a curious one, combining a belief in tradition, in a glorious past, and in a natural aristocracy with what V. S. Pritchett once called "the gift for discovering every day how much less of everything, material, intellectual, and spiritual, one can live on." It is easy enough, I know too well, to be awed by that sleepy zest for life boned down to its starkest, simplest essence—a seat in the sun, a pillow of appreciative silence. But the new generation is thoroughly sick of that—sick of the summer drowse, sick of the shrug and the shrinking of the mind—and eager to be European. What they are asking is not "But when?," as the generation before them did; what they are asking now is "But how? But how?"

In the texture of its ordinary life, Spain remains a monument to paradox; to live here is like being onstage in a giant drama of oppositions—a mixture of the comic and the miserable, the joyful and the disastrous, the earthy and the ludicrous. As one picks one's way through the rubble of daily life in the Peninsula, one is stopped in the act of pinning down a fact or an attitude by finding in the same instant its opposite, its contradiction. Misery, yes, but often accompanied by a belly laugh; poverty, yes, but hand in hand with such generosity and nobility that one constantly has to revise one's view of the human condition. In early 1964, Spain sent ten thousand pairs of handcuffs to Cuba in exchange for cigars; in May of this year it lost to the Republic of Ireland at soccer—an event that was taken by the people as a national disgrace. Spanish painters enjoy vast international reputations; Spanish writers

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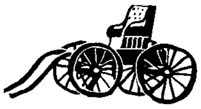
founder in the doldrums of despair, too full of words to write. The island of Majorca boasts over two thousand hotels; in Old Castile there are villages without even a well—water comes in on muleback. True, one could find such contradictions anywhere if one looked for them. In Spain, however, they are the stuff of life, and hardly a day passes without their cropping up in some form or other. "Why do you stay?" says one voice. "How could you leave?" says the other. Spain itself is the only possible answer.

THE year 1964 is one that will probably appear in heavy type in future Spanish history books, for then, in the month of April, a flurry of signs suddenly sprouted from every available wall and billboard bearing the simple legend "*25 Años de Paz*." The ubiquitous announcement that Spaniards had enjoyed twenty-five years of peace at first caused a gigantic double take among them, but once they got to thinking about it, they realized that it was at least technically true, for the Spanish Civil War did grind to an exhausted halt on April 2, 1939, and in April, 1964, Generalísimo Franco celebrated his silver wedding anniversary with his country, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health. While at the time there was plenty of ironic private comment on this piece of governmental self-advertisement, the country, with its indefatigable predisposition toward celebration, decided to make the best of it, and a crop of exhibitions, displays, and sporting events filled the calendar in honor of the passing of these twenty-five uneasy years. In the Basque country and in Catalonia, the regime, with characteristic blandness, rendered the same slogan in Basque ("*25 Urte Bakian*") and Catalan ("*25 Anys de Pau*")—two languages that it had taken great pains to suppress during the years in question. The Catalans read their slogan as "*25 Anys de Por*"—a switch from "peace" to "fear" made by the smallest variation in the pitch of the vowel. The Castilians simply talked of "*25 Años de Paciencia*," with the appropriate syllabic pause. The national reaction, however, was more rueful than angry. The twenty-five years were at least over, and even Franco's most obdurate opponents had to admit that they were something of an achievement for the little Generalísimo, who, with the exception of his Portuguese neighbor Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, has proved to be the most durable of modern dictators. "You have to hand it to the little toad," they muttered, with a kind of venomous affection.

Franco, now weathering his seventy-third year, will surely become the idol of embryo historians and thesis writers, for he certainly is worth volumes of study as a touchstone for all who exercise power. It is not that he is a mastermind, or a crafty Galician, or a shrewd peasant, or an able military strategist; rather, he is someone who long ago grasped a fundamental truth for a head of state—namely, that if he never commits himself to parties or policies, either in public or in private, he will then have everyone around him reading his mind, and reading it more wishfully than accurately. A judicious silence has kept Franco where he is, and those who have always claimed to be able to read his mind are only now realizing that he may never have known it himself, or have bothered much about knowing it. Every so often, he drops a stray remark, and his interpreters carry it away like an unexploded bomb, only for it eventually to fizz out in exhausted speculation. Last year, he took to reminding his people that the country was still a constitutional monarchy, over which he ruled not just as Caudillo but also as regent. This casual hint sent monarchists of every persuasion into near-hysterics as they imagined themselves to be suddenly on the verge of a purple heyday. It is quite true that by a Law of Succession passed on July 26, 1947, Spain declared itself a monarchy with Franco as regent, and created a Regency Council to help the Chief of State settle all problems arising over his successor, deeming that whoever followed in Franco's footsteps should be "a person of royal blood who fulfilled certain conditions, swore to observe the fundamental laws of the regime, and gained the approval of a two-thirds majority of the Spanish Cortes." In 1946, however, Spain had been cold-shouldered by the United Nations and by the Western powers in general, and was obliged to do everything possible to look constitutionally respectable. Ever since King Alfonso XIII feebly moved out to make way for the Spanish Republic, a royal succession had seemed a kind of Technicolor dream, with no remote chance of ever being realized, but last year, with Franco looking alarmingly mortal, kings were all at once in again, and pretenders began to strut like peacocks, however hollow their pretensions.



Legally (if strict legality applies at

such a lofty level), the outstanding pretender to the ghostly throne of Spain is Don Juan, the third son of Alfonso XIII, who had the dying voice of his father. At present, however, Don Juan lives amiably in Portugal, that accommodating pasture for so many exiled kings, dictators, and pretenders, and has so far kept fairly aloof in his occasional dealings with Franco. Over the past few years, his son Don Juan Carlos—who married, suitably enough, Princess Sophia of Greece and who was carefully groomed in Spain under Franco-appointed tutors—has been more in the spotlight than his father, particularly since Franco gave him a small palace on the outskirts of Madrid as a wedding present and made several conspicuous public appearances in his company. Before Juan Carlos could assume the throne, though, a few technical snags would have to be got over—his father, Don Juan, would have to renounce his claim in favor of his son, which he would probably do only after some hard bargaining; Don Juan Carlos, who is now only twenty-seven, would have to wait until he reached the statutory age of thirty laid down by the Law of Succession; and, probably most important, he would have to show himself to the Spanish people as someone with both ideas and intelligence, for he is generally regarded as a cross between a joke and an advertisement for the life of royal leisure.

The picture was further confused last year by the sudden emergence of another pretender, whose name and title sent journalists scurrying to the history books—Prince Hugo of Bourbon-Parma, who mysteriously acquired the extra name of Carlos as a prefix, to justify his claim to be the champion of the Spanish Carlists. (The Carlists, numbering about sixty thousand, are a hangover from the squabbling wars of succession that plagued Spain throughout the nineteenth century. When Ferdinand VII of Spain died, in 1833, he left only a daughter, Isabella, to succeed him. This led his brother Don Carlos to protest to the point of arms, invoking the Salic Law, which denied the right of daughters to inherit. The Carlists stood out for absolute and despotic monarchy, and Isabella, to defeat them in battle, had to yield up much of her power in the Constitution of 1837. Carlism nowadays is local to the Province of Navarre, and is supported by dissident Basques and Catalans out of their peculiar sense of primitive aristocracy.)

What suddenly propelled Carlos Hugo into the ring was his lightning

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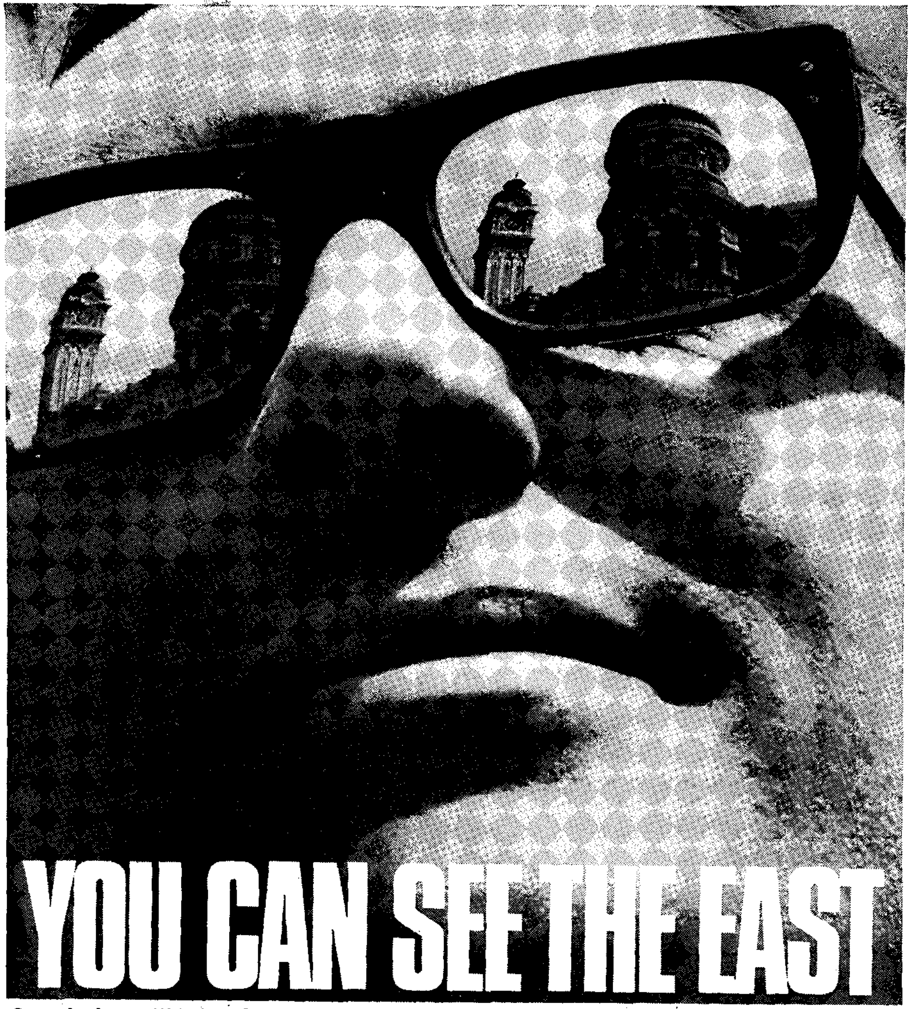
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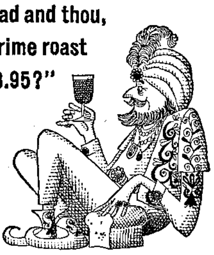

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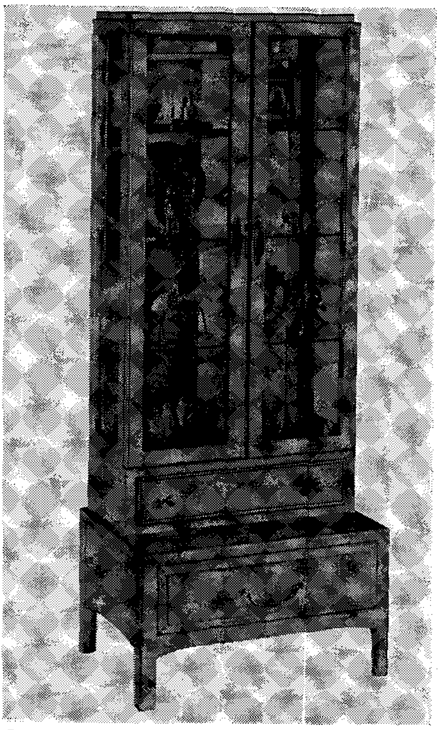
marriage to Princess Irene of the Netherlands. The family of Bourbon-Parma is thoroughly French, and young Carlos Hugo has only recently petitioned for Spanish nationality. I remember last year in France coming across articles in the sensationalist press asking "Which of these girls will be Queen of Spain?" under side-by-side photographs of Sophia and Irene. It is a question calculated to absorb readers of women's magazines but one that is just about as remote as who will be the first Miss Moon. There is no doubt but that either of the young women would be likely to decorate the hypothetical throne of Spain more substantially than her pale young consort, but to present the two of them as race horses in some ghostly royal stakes is to give way to daydreams.

In a technocratic Europe, restoring monarchs to imaginary thrones is a bit passé. Restoration in itself means nothing—a king could be either a help or a nuisance, depending on what he does or what he is allowed to do. It is true that Spain is a constitutional anachronism, and it is just possible that a king might tide it over into a new era of political responsibility. There is also no doubt but that the profile of either pretender would lend considerably more style to Spanish stamps and coins than the froggy visage of the present Chief of State, but as to the likelihood of the succession's taking place, it still rests in the implacable mandate of Franco, and of late he seems to have forgotten all about it. Indeed, toward the end of last summer the Madrid daily *Ya* went as far as to beg the Chief of State in an editorial for *some* indication of his own ideas about the succession—a gesture that was symptomatic of the real puzzlement of the Spanish people. Just as I was leaving Spain in May of this year, the newsmagazine *SP* appeared on the bookstalls with the blazing legend on its cover "DESPUÉS DE FRANCO, QUÉ?" ("After Franco, what?") *Qué* indeed. Technically, Franco settled the problem of his immediate succession in 1962, when he appointed General Augustín Muñoz Grandes as his deputy; were Franco to die overnight, the supreme say-so would rest firmly in the hands of the Army, with Muñoz Grandes assuming, at least temporarily, the dictatorship. Conceivably, he would yield up his supreme power to a military junta, for he, although four years younger than Franco, is in poor health, but whether he or they would attempt to bring about the royal succession is as hazardous a guess as it ever was.

There seem to be three main possi-



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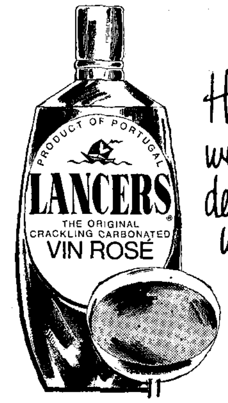
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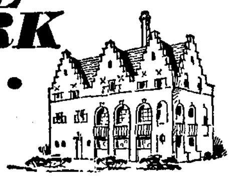

bilities. Franco can make some positive declaration to insure the royal succession, in which case he will probably hold a national referendum on the question, as he did in 1947. Or he may die without having made any explicit plans, leaving the Army to go ahead independently with the restoration. Most likely, however, the restoration will quite simply never happen, which is the opinion of the harder-headed Spaniards I know. "We're in a difficult enough position now, faced with the next twenty-five years," they say. "We have literally to invent a way of governing ourselves. Why complicate things by dragging in a king?"

THE restoration of the monarchy might be a useful stopgap—a breathing space in which Spain could begin to reorganize its lopsided social structure—and a king would certainly put up a better front than another hard-faced uniformed dictator. The government is fussily preoccupied these days with the face it presents to the rest of the world, and to Europe in particular, for it still dreams of being included in the well-heeled embrace of the Common Market. In fact, the only real setback that Franco suffered in his silver-jubilee year was to have his application for associate membership in the Common Market, pending since February of 1962, unceremoniously turned down by the Council of Ministers in Brussels just as the "25 Years of Peace" were being trumpeted from the billboards. Associate membership would have been something of a coup for the little leader, but the united opposition of Italy and the Benelux countries quashed his application. Nevertheless, Spain's foreign trade is so much on the up that the country's application was worthy of consideration from an economic point of view—a testimonial at the least to the extent of its current prosperity. Franco's Minister of Information and Tourism, Manuel Fraga Iribarne, has kept up an apparently endless round of speechmaking, exuding assurance as if he had no doubt that Spain needed only a few minor adjustments to turn it into a near paradise.

Although Fraga Iribarne has been studiously wooing Spanish liberals and intellectuals, he is widely distrusted by them. He has unquestionably made a few adjustments in the heavyhandedness of press censorship, but he has certainly never come near to granting the freedom of expression that he suggests is just round the corner. His touted new Press Law, which finally saw the light late in 1964, concealed

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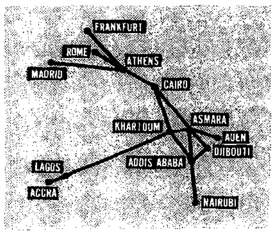

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under its extravagant phrasing a few minor changes in the mechanism of the censorship but none in the spirit of it, for it transferred the responsibility for published material to the editors of Spanish publications but left them subject to subsequent censorship—a risk that not many of them feel prepared to run. It is true that it is now possible to see uncut foreign films with relatively uninhibited themes in the larger cities of Spain (even though they are still, of course, subject to the Church's grading, which almost automatically prohibits good Catholics from attending any of them), but Fraga Iribarne made this choice in the interests of the impression he must make on tourists, rather than out of any real concern for the enlightenment of his own people.

The happy flush that radiated from Madrid during 1964 has faded conspicuously this year in a series of fairly turbulent public manifestations. The Spanish industrial workers, sparked as they have always been by the blunt position taken by the miners in Asturias—veterans now of three years of belligerent strikes—have grown steadily more dissatisfied with the Sindicatos, the cumbersome trade councils in which their own interests are less than adequately represented. Labor trouble is a continuing headache to Franco, and on top of it the universities—most notably the University of Madrid—began during February to hold illegal open meetings of students who, backed by the more liberal-minded of their professors, protested against the laws forbidding them freedom of assembly and allowing them to belong only to the state-controlled students' union. They held a series of meetings, as a result of which three professors were formally suspended (an action that provoked more student meetings), and ultimately they staged a full-fledged strike. In the past, the government put down similar manifestations with conspicuous brutality. This time, however, it made surprising concessions, granting the students the right to form more or less independent organizations of their own, and it has shown something of the same conciliatory spirit in dealing with outbreaks of labor unrest. All this has engendered a sudden surge of hope—or at least a subsiding of fear, for it is only a year or so since police brutality was the rule rather than the exception. (It has not, however, disappeared.)

Altogether, the atmosphere in the country during the spring of this year has been a reversal of the official benevolence and well-being of 1964, and the Generalísimo has been showing

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signs of alarm—not personal signs, since he constantly appears in the illustrated papers hunting, Sunday-painting, playing with his grandchildren, and looking for all the world like anybody's favorite great-uncle. But publicly his alarm has shown itself most conspicuously in an extraordinary series of editorials in the newspaper *Arriba*, the official organ of the Falangist Party, of which Franco is titular head. The editorials, printed over a period of four days, suddenly and unbelievably suggested to their readers that Spain had fallen into political atrophy and that the political life of the country might be restored to health by the formation of—of all things—a legal opposition, which, given the right to suggest and criticize, would keep the government in a state of responsible alertness and help clarify the principles that Franco's "institutional stability" was based on. The paper also remarked that it considered it essential for responsible government Ministers to appear from time to time before the public to explain and clarify their policies, adding that they should not hesitate to admit their mistakes. The last editorial contained the extraordinary sentence "Liberty must be granted before its absence provokes resentment and causes subversion"—a sentence that twenty years ago might have been taken more seriously and have had more meaning than now. ("If we do not make differences of opinion legal, then instead of a legalized opposition we will have an active subversion," one Falangist leader was reported as saying in March. The Spaniards were too stunned at hearing such talk from a Falangist even to laugh, which is something for Spaniards.) There has always existed an opposition to Franco, although an illegal one, and of late the more intelligent leaders of the small and disparate opposition parties have looked as though they might be able to overcome their differences and band together under a Christian Democratic label, which would bring them considerable sympathy from the rest of Europe. Hence, the *Arriba* editorials, coming at this time, more or less take the wind out of the sails of the evolving opposition, and since they obviously could never have been published without a nod from Franco, the whole and surprising campaign looks to Spaniards (who have now had twenty-six years' practice in cynicism) like another cleverly timed gambit by the Generalísimo, calculated to make the opposition's aims appear identical with those of the government, and

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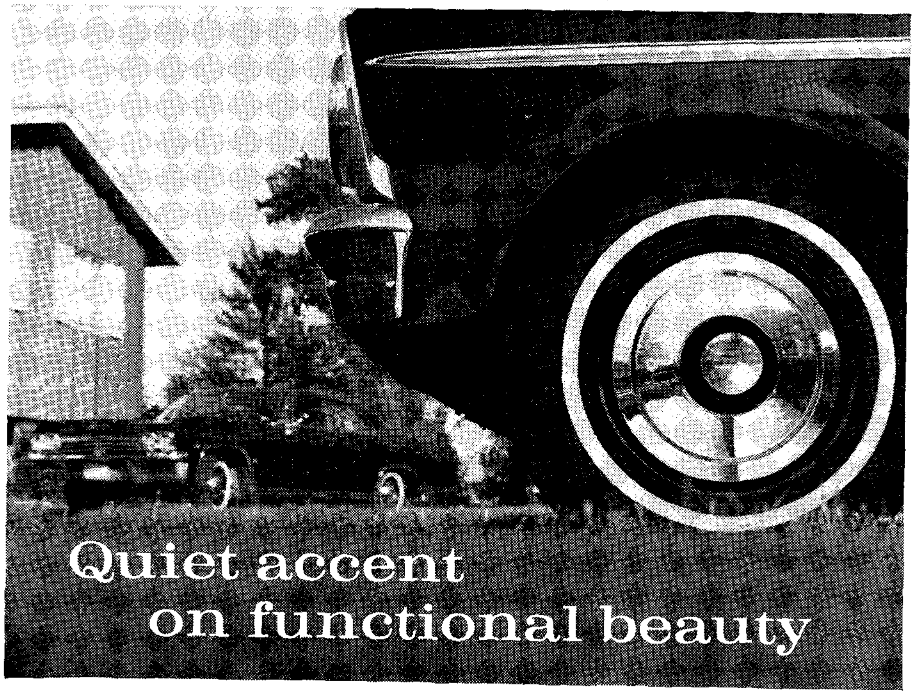

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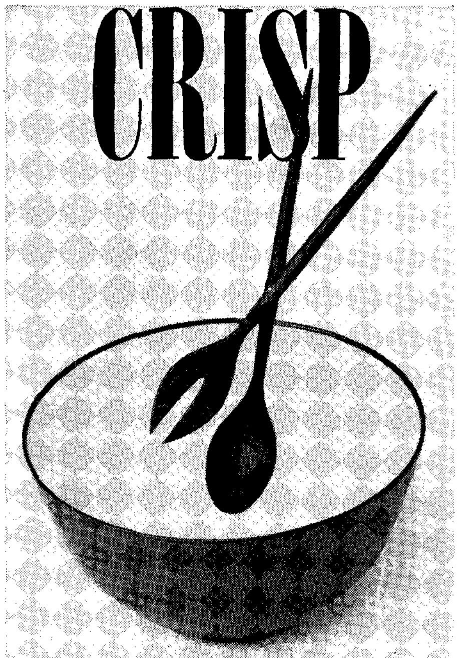

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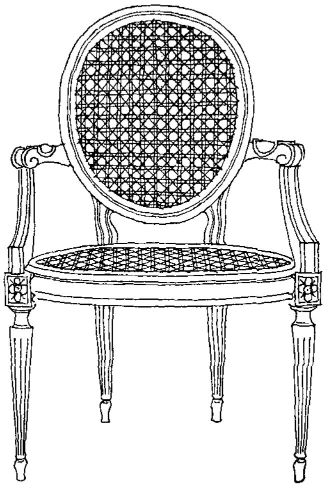

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Le Manoir

even to make opposition unnecessary.

The ripples set in motion by the *Arriba* pronouncements are still spreading bewilderment, and have certainly succeeded in deflecting the unrest of early spring, which had reached a point of extreme discomfort for the regime. Characteristically, the pronouncements have been followed by the well-known "*silencio oficial*" that settles so often in the Spanish atmosphere, muffling protest and immobilizing activity of any kind. I had a talk a few weeks ago with an old friend of mine, a veteran opponent of the regime who has been in and out of prison, in and out of exile, to whom I have always listened but for whom I have always felt profoundly sorry. "You know, I really feel as if my time had passed," he said. "I really feel a kind of odd affinity with Franco. I'm tired. I'm too old. We lost the Civil War—that's what we could never admit, and that's what Franco has been trying to teach us, brutally, since it ended. But now we're both on the losing side, he and I. We're old. We can do no more for Spain. We need leaders, not myths; we need a present, not a past. And I think Franco sees this, too, although it doesn't appear to bother him. We've talked ourselves to death and done nothing. I don't want to oppose anymore—it has become a useless, futile gesture. I want something to *happen*. I don't even want to belong to a legal opposition. We Spaniards have nothing really to oppose except our own disastrous confusion. Take the *Arriba* editorials—they're all part of a futile game we have been playing for too long. Do they mean anything, you ask. *Hombre*, you know us better than that. You know what they are—another *camelo!*" ("*Camelo*" would be translatable in this context as something of a cross between a flirtation and a red herring. It is certainly the one word in Spanish that characterizes the astuteness of the regime in presenting a perpetually bland exterior to its people.)

Nevertheless, for publications that bear a blessing from above to begin bandying about words like "democracy" as something feasible in the Spanish context shows at least that the idea of an alternative to himself has occurred to Franco; apart from that, it gives the illusion of liberalization in the country. There is some, to be sure. It has dawned on the government that when some of the more than six hundred thousand Spaniards who have emigrated to countries like Switzerland, Great Britain, West Germany, and France return to their *pueblos* bursting with

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tales of the wonders of Western Europe ("Water coming out of things called taps, cold *and* hot"), there is going to be a good deal of awe. In these last two years, too, the Church has begun to give a good deal more attention to its social responsibilities than it ever did before, speaking out and taking a more responsible, less fatalistic stand. (The Abbot of Montserrat, the monastery close to Barcelona, chose to exile himself to Italy after a series of brushes with the civil authorities.) But Spain's liberalization is illusion rather than reality, promise rather than performance; Spaniards are tasting a semi-freedom in which they are less likely than before to suffer *personal* persecution but in which they are as far as ever from a revision of the whole clumsy structure of their society. And although the word "democracy" has become fashionable, even in government circles, there is still the feeling—certainly shared by me—that the Spanish character is not one that either wants to or can take the kind of responsibility implicit in a democratic system, as all Spanish history (and, most tragically, the history of the last forty years) clearly shows. For Franco to refer to Spain as "an emergent democracy" at this stage is fairly laughable, for it just about completes his hand; if one delves into his speeches—privately printed and circulated among civil authorities in a weighty volume with the title "Franco Ha Dicho" ("Franco Has Said"), which is intricately indexed to enable them easily to quote the Leader on any subject whatever—one discovers that to him Spain has been everything, short of Communist, in turn, and only a year ago was a constitutional monarchy. The fact of the matter is that it has always remained, indefinably, Spain.

IT is perhaps this predicament, this self-uncertainty, that has provoked an attitude I keep coming across more and more in Spain, particularly in the cities (one might as well say, quite simply, Madrid and Barcelona, for they are the only two cities with any profusion of thinking people, even though they think in such different ways—Madrid coolly, cynically, at an aloof remove from the underlying reality, and Barcelona bluntly, even brutally, committed to action, to creating rather than criticizing itself). The attitude is one of impatience—impatience as much with the attitude of opposition as with the régime, and impatience above all with theory, with talk, with weary hypothesis. To the people who feel this way,

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opposition has become negative rather than positive; they choose to regard their country not as a political problem but as a tangible situation that they will quite shortly inherit, since, by the laws of life, the country is bound to outlive Franco and to require some fairly steady hands and clear heads. Their minds are less on gesture and protest than on facts and actualities; they have largely forsworn the endless, repetitive chess game of political speculation. As a group, they would be impossible to define (for they are not a group, and quite possibly do not know of one another's existence), but they consist mainly of specialists—sociologists, economists, architects, doctors, civil servants who work in the Ministries, minor officials—all of whom have to deal with workaday matters, with technicalities, with the management and mismanagement of public funds, with plans for agrarian reform and new industrialization. They are bound together by the same attitude that lay behind the courageous protest of the students against being told what to do and what to think—the only attitude that can take Spain out of its present tangle. I come across this attitude in quite disparate friends, some of whom I have known for many years, all of whom are tired of the weight of the past and the lack of a future, and many of whom would be prepared to use the present mechanism of Spain's "institutionalism" to get the country functioning efficiently, to take it out of the shadow of its totalitarian past, and, above all, to break down, once and for all, its historical and actual isolation from the rest of Europe. "It's not a case of choosing any longer," one of my friends, an architect, said to me in Madrid. "Now we *are* Europeans. We go to congresses in London and Paris, we rub shoulders with our counterparts in these countries, we see eye to eye with them, we talk to them without feeling any different, we invite them down to stay with us—and then we have to explain away this ridiculous situation here, which we have been stuck with for so long, doing nothing more about it than signing the odd letter of protest, perhaps even spending the odd spell in prison. But now it doesn't seem grim anymore, it's grotesque! It's ludicrous! I want to build buildings I can be proud of, buildings that are a hundred times as efficient as those I have to knock out for the Ministry of Housing, but how can I explain to a French colleague that I have to do what I'm told or resign? I want to tell, not be told. I know what's wrong with Spain—at least,

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I know what's wrong with *my* Spain, for I see it every day. I just want to get on with what should be done, and as far as politics go, I'd be quite happy to have anybody or anything in power as long as he would say to me 'All right, get on with it!'—even if it has to be a general."

Such talk is not isolated—I hear it more and more, and, coming from Spaniards, it makes uncommon sense. It does not, unfortunately, remove either Franco or the uncertainty over the succession—an uncertainty that contains the possibility of violence and the inevitability of confusion. Bright economic prospects are not sufficient to hold a country together, although in Spain's case they are certainly going to help. While I was revisiting Madrid recently, I went to call on an old gentleman of ninety-five, the grandfather of a friend of mine, with whom, in the past, I occasionally played chess. He was sitting, as dapper as ever—white-headed, in a black suit, white shirt, and black tie—in his study, and after we had been talking for a time, he waved his hand impatiently. "I suppose it would sound silly to you if I started to tell you—as I used to—about the turn of the century, when we were quite sure that we were the greatest people in the world, that we had the God-given secret of how to live, that our poetry and our painting and our conversation and our culture made us positively glow with pride." He paused, and shook his head, then went on, "Now, when I hear all of you wrangling away, tormenting this tangled present, dissecting little Paco—did you know, by the way, that just before the *movimiento* that led to the Civil War flared up, Franco was learning English with a view to going to Scotland in order to learn how to play golf? I have that on good authority, for one of his lieutenants, now dead, was an old schoolmate of mine. Let me see, where was I? Oh, yes, I was saying that when I hear you all at it, when I read the speeches, when I think a bit about what Spain has to go through now—but it will come through, mind you, it will!—I feel one thing quite clearly, and I don't mind telling it to you. I wouldn't have been anything other than a Spaniard, I wouldn't have lived anywhere but in Madrid, I wouldn't have chosen to run away from all the tragedies we've had, although, in a way, I died when the Republic did. But when I think of Spain now—and I'm not saying the world, I'm saying Spain—I'll tell you what I feel quite simply. I'm glad I'm old." —ALASTAIR REID

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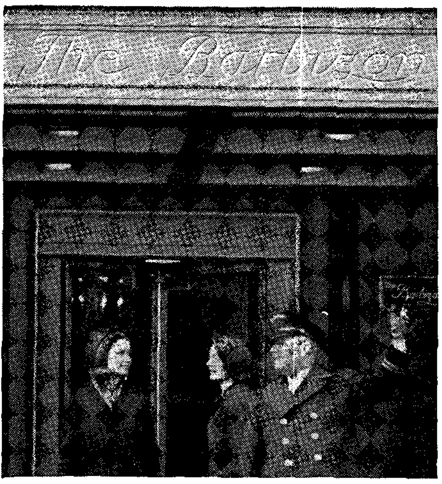
DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

NORTH BROOKLIN, MAINE,
JUNE 23, 1965

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

YOUR recent editorial on Bournemouth's plastic seaweed and Ireland's real seaweed, called carrageen, and your writer's disparaging remarks on blancmange in general took me back to my childhood in a Boston suburb and a dessert frequently served in our household, which we called "Irish-moss blancmange." I detested it. In fact, it was the only sweet in the wide repertory of our talented and tyrannical cook, Mary Hillen, that I couldn't stomach. Turned out of its mold, firm yet shivery, it was a disagreeable pale muddy gray in color, and whether served with cream or custard sauce it was equally unpleasant. It made me think of peat moss and bogs, and I felt it an indignity to be required to eat anything as nasty as moss, but eat it I did, like any child of my time—a time when children ate what was set before them. Brooding on these horrid memories, I went to my dictionary, as your editorialist had gone to his, but instead of looking up "carrageen" I looked up "Irish moss." Sure enough, Irish moss *is* carrageen, a seaweed, and not a moss at all. If I had known that as a child, I might have tolerated the Irish blancmange a trifle better, for in summer on the Cape I enjoyed biting into what we New Englanders then called seaweed. (I know now that it is more properly named rockweed.) I enjoyed the salty taste and the sharp little "Plop!" when one nipped one of the podlike swellings on the branches of the weed.

To return to the "dreamy Irish"—as your editorialist calls them—and their carrageen. Perhaps they aren't so dreamy. They don't, as you say, sell the stuff to *cooks;* they sell it to wholesalers and grocery stores. Ours came from S. S. Pierce, and I wouldn't be at all surprised to learn that Bostonians at this very moment are eating S. S. P. Irish-moss blancmange for dinner. It didn't use to be so bad in June and early July, served with a crushed-fresh-strawberry sauce, for any ingenious child could eat the berries and mess up the blancmange enough to make it look as if it had been at least partly consumed. I thought it a waste of the berries, though, when they could



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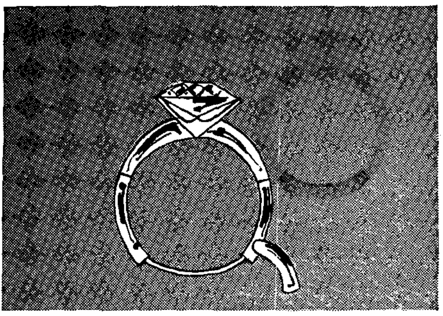

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just as well have been made into one of Mary's superb strawberry shortcakes. She didn't believe in tearoomy individual shortcakes made of split baking-powder biscuits with strawberries inserted. Her shortcake was a huge, round, crusty *shortbread*, hot out of the oven, split and buttered and filled to bursting with juicy berries, which oozed onto the platter, the whole luscious structure topped with two inches of unpasteurized whipped cream. It is hard to find its like today.

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As a father to his son, as a friend to his friend,
Be pleased to show mercy, O God.
—*The Bhagavad-Gita.*

I was alone once, waiting
For you, what you might be.
I heard your grass birds fluting
Down a long road to me.
Wholly for you, for you,
I was lonely, lonely.

For how was I to know
Your voice, or understand
The Irish cockatoo?
Never on sea or land
Had I heard a voice that was
Greener than grass.

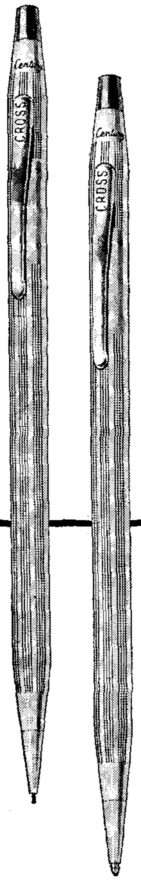
Oh, the voice lovelier was
Than a crow's dreaming face,
His secret face that smiles
Alive in a dead place.
Oh, I was lonely, lonely;
What were the not to me?

The not were nothing, then.
Now, let the not become
Nothing, and so remain,
Till the bright grass birds come
Home to the singing tree.
Then let them be.

Let them be living, then,
They have been dead so long.
Love, I am sick of pain
And sick with my longing,
My Irish cockatoo,
To listen to you,

Now you are all alive
And not a dream at all;
Now there are more than five
Voices I listen to
Call, call, call, call, call, call,
My Irish cockatoo.

—JAMES WRIGHT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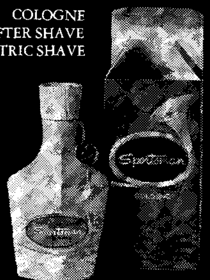
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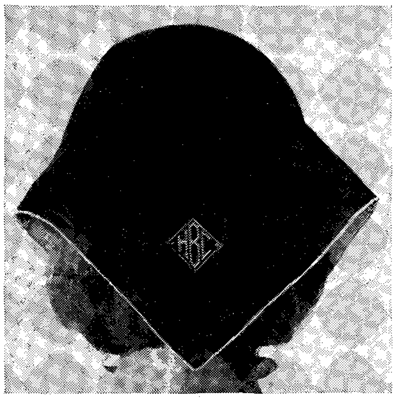

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LETTER FROM PARIS

JUNE 28

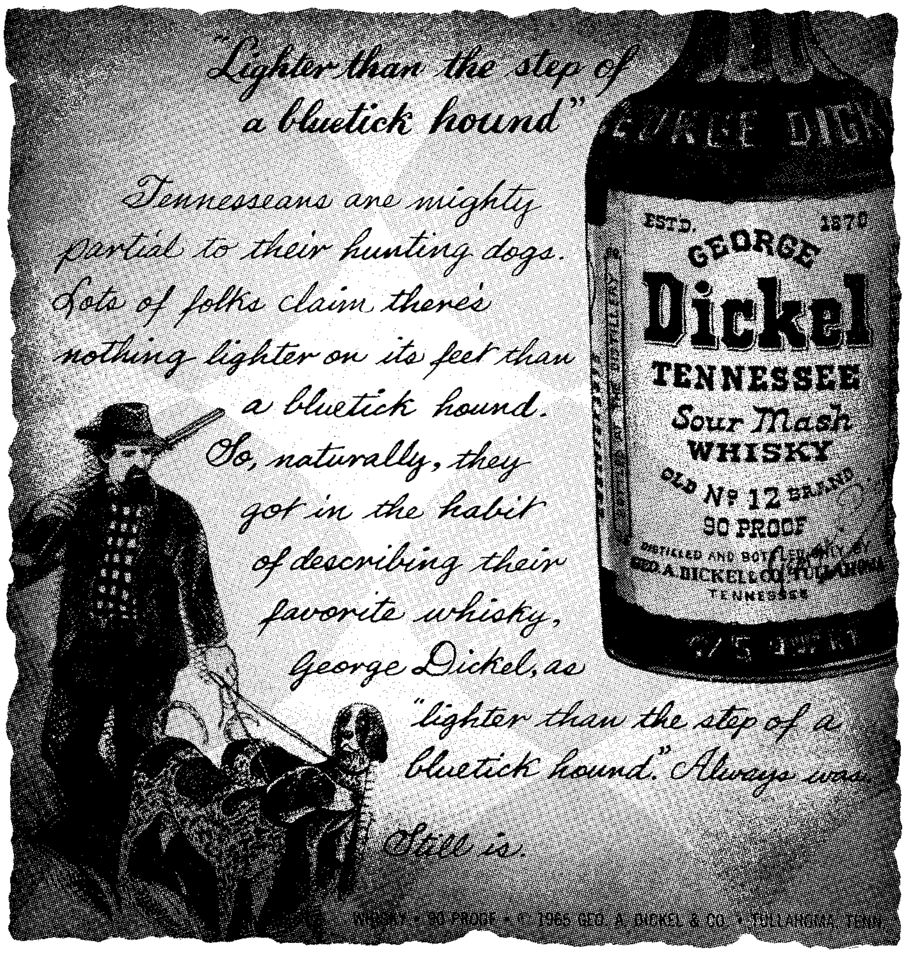
IN the five days between Wednesday, June 30th, and Sunday, July 4th, two million Parisians, adult and juvenile, are expected to leave the city, in the first exodus of the new national staggered-summer-vacation plan, the aim being to break French workers' and employees' habit of all wanting to enjoy their month's paid holiday the same month—preferably August. In this they were aided in the past by many French factories' and shops' habit of closing from the end of July to the beginning of September. This year, thousands of factories and shops are closing for July. Slightly more than a million of the departing vacationers are leaving in their own cars—a tremendous proof of the buyer's market and the affluence that the Fifth Republic has been enjoying, until lately. This year, the French automobile industry—literally the wheels on which prosperous France runs—is suffering from what is tactfully called *un malaise persistant*, or slump, brought on in part by foreseeable consumer saturation and in part by the alarming and still mounting prices of food and general French living. New-car licenses, which naturally reflect new-car sales, have declined nearly twelve per cent from this time last year. On the production side, only Citroën has announced a feeble rise—of one per cent. Renault production is down fourteen per cent; Peugeot, which had labor troubles in the spring, has slipped nineteen; and the once popular Simca, now owned by Chrysler as a result of one of those so-called United States investment colonizations of France, which President de Gaulle so bitterly resents, has dropped twenty-five per cent, which he may resent even more. These facts and figures are taken from a recent issue of the Communist daily *Humanité*, the Paris workman's newspaper, which is always in the know about capitalist France's factory news, especially if it is gloomy.

For the eight hundred and fifty thousand vacationists who are leaving Paris by rail, the admirably managed state-owned French railways are supplying fourteen hundred and fifteen main-line trains, nearly three hundred of them extras put on for the peak day of July 1st, which will be bedlam, as usual, in the six major Paris stations. The worst will be the Gare de Lyon, where trains leave for the Midi, earlier afflicted by a devastating rain shortage, which the waterlogged Parisians, after three months of umbrellas, are doubtless praying can be relied on again. Because of the disgraceful shortage of Paris taxis and the unpredictable traffic jams on the Paris streets, travellers have been advised to check their luggage two days in advance and, in order to make sure they don't miss their trains, to go to the station by Métro, which even well-off Parisians are being forced to use more and more as the only rapid, uninterrupted transportation for getting approximately where they want to go.

WITH two million Parisians out of town and on holiday, Paris itself will take on its own special, entrancing, rather somnolent vacation visage, looking years younger—looking perhaps almost 1900—with half-emptied streets to stroll on beneath its opaline day sky, which, after sunset, clears and hardens into a kind of crystal twilight. These charms will be difficult to appreciate this summer, with the city torn up in mid-town as it has not been since Baron Haussmann ripped it apart in its previous great modernization, during the Second Empire. On the Cours la Reine, trees are down, and bulldozers, cranes, and giant dirt diggers are busy extending the Right Bank riverside express route from the new underpass at the Place de l'Alma down toward the Concorde, which it will duck under; then, after running along at river level again and passing beneath three bridges, it will emerge at house level once more at the Rue du Louvre. The work must be finished by the end of 1976, and to pay for it and all kinds of other new urbanisms the City of Paris has just launched a bond issue of four hundred million francs, paying interest of five and three-quarters per cent, which is very good indeed. Furthermore, there is a hurly-burly going on on the rim of Paris as the thirty-six-kilometre peripheral boulevard that will link up all the old Paris toll gates—Sèvres, Italie, Maillot, Saint-Cloud, and so on—is built. All the above works are, of course, in honor of the automobile.

This last week, we learned from Premier Pompidou what has to be constructed within a distance of about sixty kilometres outside Paris in time for the new century, according to a project officially called Paris en l'An 2000—Paris in the Year 2000. Eight new satellite towns are to be built around eight charming old ones in the still lovely agricultural Seine Valley, in order that Paris may expand to a population of fourteen million thirty-five years from now. To the west and south of Paris, there will be five new towns, starting on the west with the medieval town of Mantes-la-Jolie (it contains a huge, handsome Gothic church built in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries) and ending on the south with Tigery-Lieusaint, surrounded by moated fortress farms in the richest arable land in the district. The three satellites on the east and north of Paris will start with Bry-Noisy-le-Grand and end to the north at Pontoise, an ancient, picturesque little regatta town on the River Oise. (Cézanne used to go there to paint with his friends.) The satellites will be not just dormitory towns but autonomous small cities containing imposing new intellectual cores, for which Paris has need but no room. These will include two university centers, a center for advanced nuclear study and another for the study of the theories of propulsion, as well as relocations of other important schools, such as the Institut National Agronomique, the École Polytechnique, the Collège des Techniques Avancées, and an extension of the Faculté des Sciences, at Orsay. There will also be a Cité de la Télévision; a Parc de Culture, named for Minister of Culture André Malraux and furnished with museums and art libraries; a new airport, which will supplant Le Bourget; dozens of planned green spaces—and to the south, like the inevitable fly in the ointment, what is called "a vast industrial zone."

Paris en l'An 2000 was worked out by the planning authorities of the District de la Région de Paris, but until now the plans were kept secret from the public, mainly to try to head off real-estate speculation, and also consternation, in the Seine Valley. As for the new population, it is now limited on paper, and in theory, to only sixty or eighty human beings per hectare (two and a half acres). However, there will also be two hundred and sixty kilometres of express tracks to tie the body of Paris to what are now wheat and cauliflower fields, pear orchards, and woodlands like the ancient Forêt de Sénart, famous for its stag hunts, which will all disappear, along with the sparse farming population—far less than sixty men and a few boys to a two-and-a-half-acre plot. There will also be new traffic arteries connecting every place with every other place at a hundred and fifty kilometres an hour across that rich Île-de-France landscape, which today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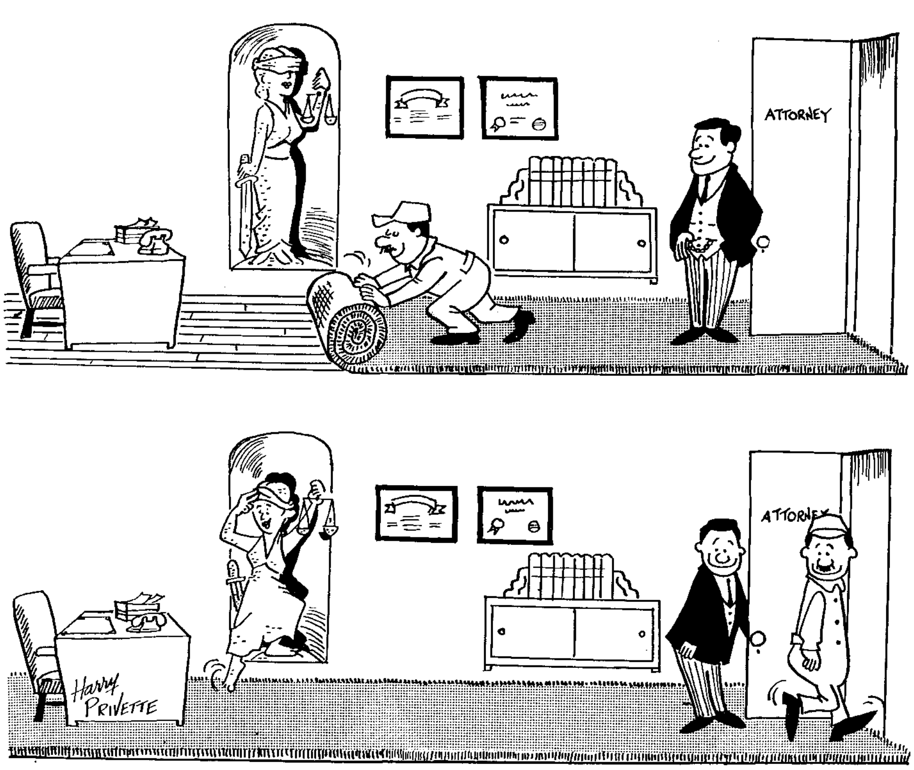
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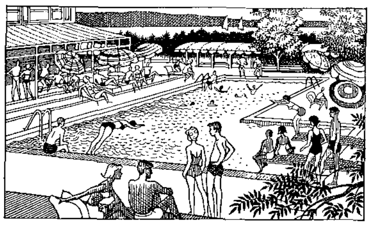

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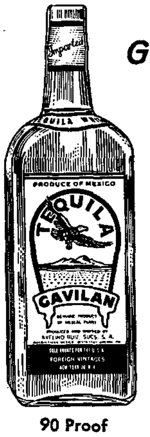

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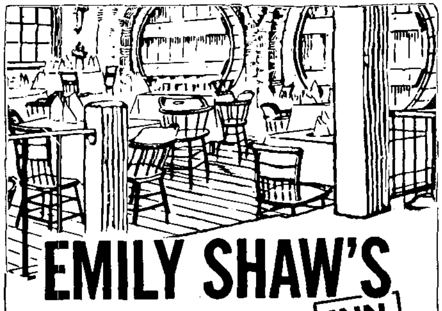

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is still semi-rural and peopled by farmers with duckponds. As a project for the future, Paris en l'An 2000 seems to be the most ambitious, elaborate example of modern capital-city suburban planning and countryside invasion yet devised by metropolitan men.

THE June international entertainments, which were not always any great shakes, reached their close with some of the more unusual contributions coming at the tail of the season. One was the Dublin Theatre's "Stephen D.," adapted from James Joyce's "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," which presented Stephen in three different forms—as a child, as a youth, and as the troubled young adult, the last played *largo* by the handsome Norman Rodway, with the dark poetry and the beautiful emerald-green accent of his island. James Baldwin's "Amen Corner" was done at the Sarah Bernhardt with less vigor than it reportedly had in the New York production. As segregation drama, it lacked the physical elements of violence and strife that the French audiences expected and probably would have been more moved by. It has, however, just scored a big success in Zurich, so Baldwin's voice has not been lifted in vain in Europe. As for the long-awaited New York City Ballet, it is finally about to give five performances of nine of Balanchine's creations at the Opéra, where it opens with "Bugaku," to music by Toshiro Mayuzumi.

The invitation issued to the International Council of New York's Museum of Modern Art to choose seventy-seven pieces of twentieth-century American sculpture (including sculpture from private collections), to be transported here—free, it turned out, through the kindness of the United States Lines, duly thanked in the catalogue—and shown in the gardens and chapel of the Musée Rodin, was a friendly honor and a weighty proof of the French interest in what our sculptors have been pondering about and creating. The show also posed a problem precisely by being exhibited in the Rodin establishment, including its rose garden, in full bloom and under the stern surveillance of Rodin's "Thinker," crouched in contemplation on his high pedestal. As the preface to the French catalogue frankly says, "No personality dominates sculpture today as Rodin did in his time." Nor is it difficult for his "Penseur," however out of step or style he may now seem to the Pop Art scholars, to dominate certain of the American avant-garde items on display. They are

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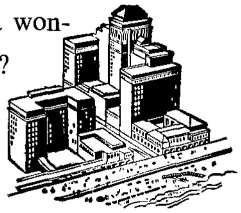

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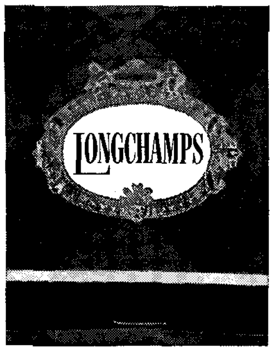

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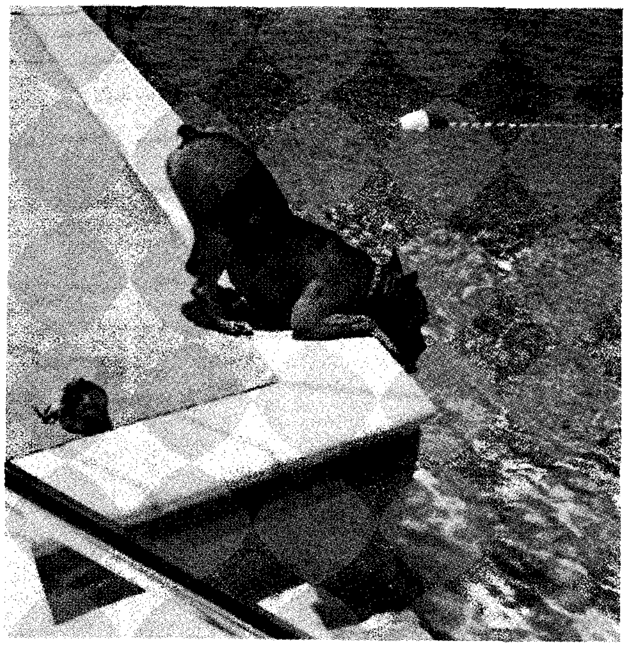

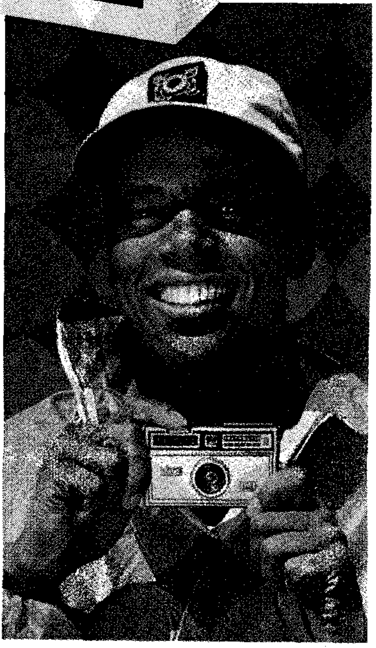

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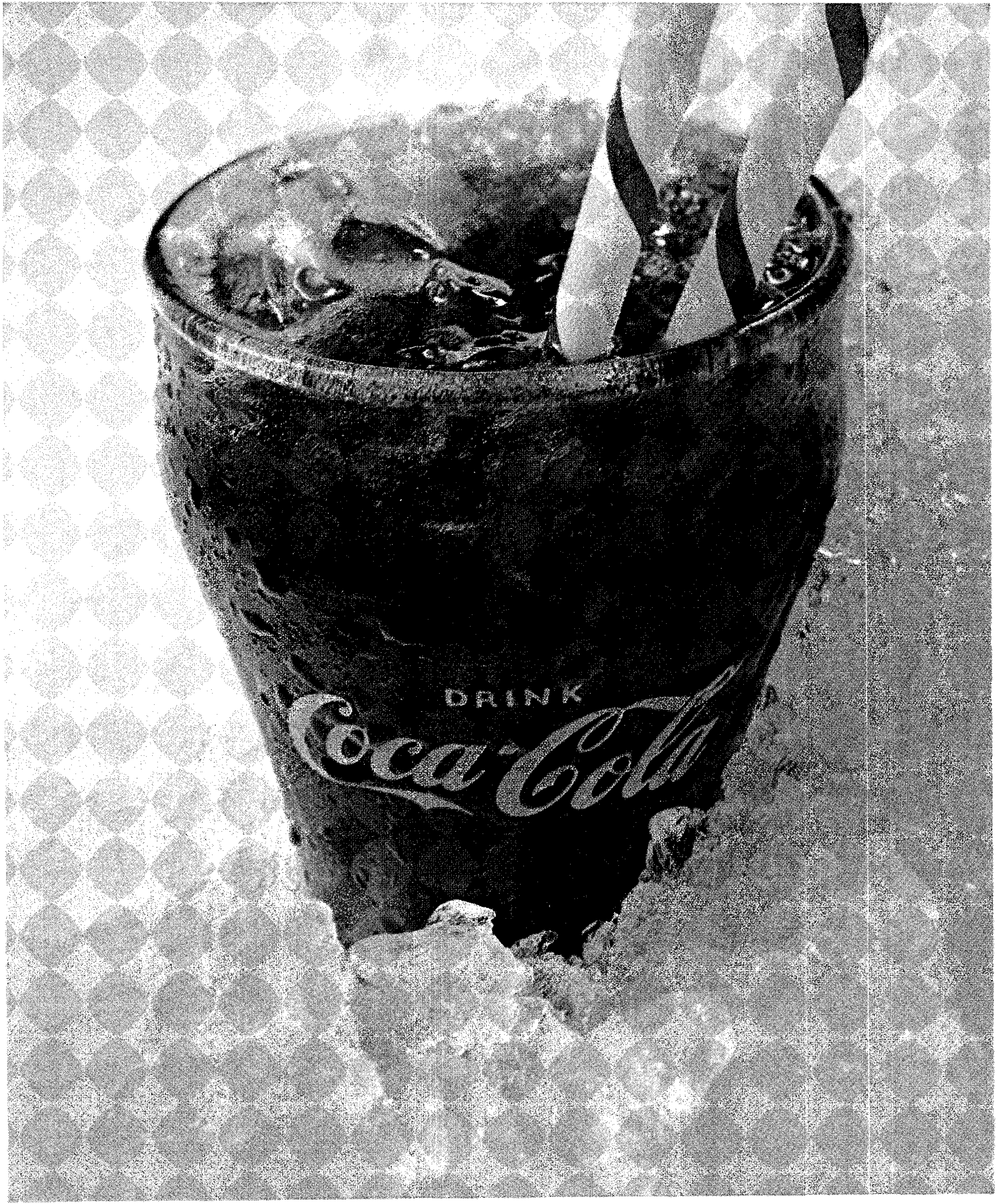

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equally overpowered, as a matter of fact, by the splendid female nudes by Gaston Lachaise, Elie Nadelman, and William Zorach that are also a part of the exhibition. Among the stimulating outdoor creative forms, we most admired Caroline Lee's metal "Dancing Bird," which it perfectly evokes, and, out on the Rodin lawn, George Rickey's giant pair of dividers, eighteen feet high and electrically operated, which slowly opened and closed and leaned from side to side with soothing lethargy.

As *Le Monde* observed, it was an irony of history that Gaston Defferre's proposed Fédération Démocrate Socialiste, aimed against General de Gaulle's "monarchic organization of power," should have died (without ever having really lived, except in pragmatic theory and heated arguments at the recent Clichy Socialist Party conference) on exactly June 18th, the twenty-fifth anniversary of de Gaulle's broadcast to France that eventually led him to the incomparable Presidential heights he created and dwells on today. One week after Defferre's federation perished from lack of comprehension by his left-of-center colleagues, he honorably withdrew as the only Presidential candidate against de Gaulle to be taken seriously here, if merely as a gauge. Beginning with his stepping forward late in 1963, he had from the first frankly conceded that he could not hope to defeat the General this December. But how much he could make de Gaulle lose in the election was a vital political query that French citizens and politicians wanted an answer to and now will never get from him. Nor is any other candidate likely to supply such illuminating year-end information. Defferre's plan was to run against de Gaulle and against the Communists at the same time—France's two opposite extremes. Recently reëlected Mayor of Marseille, a tough port city, and thus no lilylike amateur, Defferre made a declaration of withdrawal that was of a statesmanlike sobriety, of elevated sentiments, and of an honorability rarely known in political circles here, especially from a defeated man of high hopes. "The real duty of a reform candidate for the Presidency of the Republic is not only to be elected but to seize the opportunity offered in an election by universal suffrage to try to endow France with new political structures, so as to avoid having in the future no choice but instability or personal power, as has been the case in the last century," he

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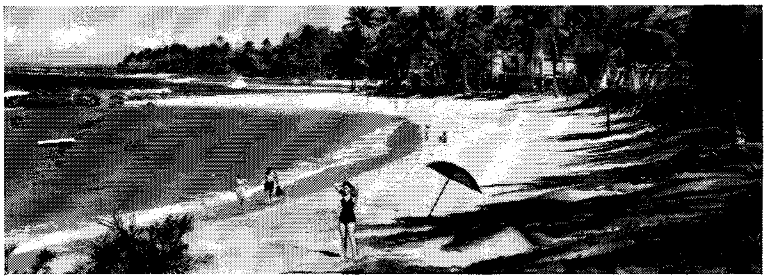

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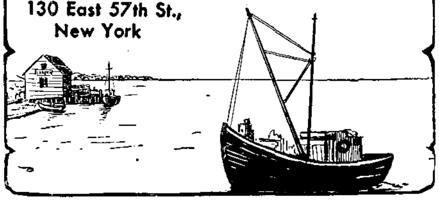

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said. "My federation project having failed, I must with honesty accept the consequence and retire my candidacy. The first duty of a political man is to proceed in such a way that his acts and his words are alike. I have taken this decision of withdrawal in all conscience." It is easy to see why Defferre has been a rare bird in French politics, with an enormous recent national following. It is now thought that if he could have presented his federation idea directly to the French people, they would have accepted willingly.

Defferre's federation aim was intelligent, even wise, and certainly brand-new—or so hosts of the young French thought. In the France they have inherited, each political party is corseted in its own rigid, bigoted doctrinal ideology. Defferre wanted the three opposition left-of-center parties—the pro-Marxist Socialists, the Demo-Christian Catholic M.R.P.s, and the old bourgeois anti-Church Radicals—to fuse the ideas they shared, rather than focus on the particularities of their sectarian notions, which made them rivals for power and, in a fight, even enemies. This has been the case ever since the Third Republic of 1870 was founded, and was what finally brought de Gaulle to power with the Fifth Republic, because he stuffed party politics under the Élysée carpet—even the politics of his own U.N.R. Party. The fact that the three opposition parties failed to realize that fusion would create a young and strong new French group, preferring instead to try to keep intact their faded, quarrelsome old portraits, showed that de Gaulle had been right in looking farther forward than they during his limited elderly years—that he had seen that the only prospect of saving his country lay in politically neutralizing it. Dangerous though this course was, it was less dangerous to the nation's stability than the parties had been.

If de Gaulle really runs in December (his health is the question), the three French parties that have just failed to beget something politically new will still be faced with the necessity of achieving some kind of tolerance and democratization to fill the post-de Gaulle period, which most political experts here worry about constantly. The failure of these three parties to implement Defferre's federation seems to many French like a peculiar kind of important negative date in contemporary French history—a date on which *something did not happen*, a date memorable because the important thing was not accomplished. —GENÊT

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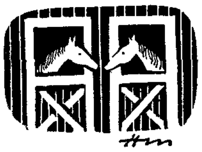

ALTHOUGH the two-year-olds we have seen so far this season seem to be hardly a vintage crop, some of them have put on a good show. For instance, at Aqueduct last week, Hospitality and Buckpasser finished in a dead heat for the National Stallion Stakes—the first such finish in the chronicles of the race, which goes back to 1898. Hospitality (a son of Hail to Reason, who was the juvenile star of 1960, he runs in the colors of Mrs. Hirsch Jacobs and is trained by her husband, the former pigeon fancier) led from the start, and, turning for home, was three lengths to the good, but Ogden Phipps's Buckpasser, who began slowly, came through with an astonishing burst of speed in the stretch and caught him in the last few strides. Buckpasser, the favorite in the betting, was saddled by Bill Winfrey, who sent out last year's winner, Bold Lad. Kentucky Kin was third, five lengths behind. Six colts went to the post for this division of the fixture, but only five finished out the five and a half furlongs; Royal Harbinger refused to leave the starting gate. The dead heat reminded old Colonel Martingale of one he saw in a match race many years ago. He can't recollect the names of the runners, but he remembers the reply of a spectator who was asked if he thought it was a good race. "Hell, no," he said. "Neither one could beat the other."

For the record: In the division of the National Stallion for fillies the week before, Calumet Farm's Another Love led all the way to win comfortably from My Boss Lady, Swinging Mood, and four others. Not so many seasons ago, Calumet was the perennial head of the list, its prize money on six occasions topping the million mark. Then the pendulum swung the other way, and its horses seemed unable to do anything right; in 1964 their earnings amounted to only $299,975. Not until Tradewood won the Kent at Delaware Park early last month did Calumet have a stakes race to its credit this year. A week later, the stable's Reverse took the Michigan Derby at Hazel Park in Detroit. Maybe luck has turned.

KELSO, Horse of the Year for the past five seasons, returned to the races at Monmouth Park one day last week and finished third, beaten less than a length by Cachito, a jumper from the Argentine, and Communique, a flat-racer with moderate form, in an overnight event at six furlongs. As it happens, Kelso had not won at the Jersey track since 1960, having ended up second in the Monmouth Handicap last year and in 1962. This time, he really was unlucky, for he stumbled leaving the starting gate, nearly unseating Boland, who rode him. Though he was last of the eight runners on the turn for home, he came barrelling down the stretch with all his old dash. It wasn't a bad beginning to his campaign for the top honors of 1965. Best of luck to him.

IT is the pleasant custom of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Taylor to invite more than a hundred racing folk to their National Stud Farm near Toronto the day after the Queen's Plate. It's always an afternoon to be remembered, for the National Stud Farm can hold its own in charm as well as efficiency with the best show places in Kentucky, and after luncheon under the trees the horses you'd like to see again are led out. This year, the visit was an especially happy one for me, because I saw Northern Dancer, who I'm sure needs no introduction. I can tell you, however, that he's as frisky as he was when he was winning all those races last season, and though he's still only fifteen hands two inches high, he weighs eleven hundred pounds—altogether a handsome and imposing individual. Next in the parade of stallions were Nearctic, Northern Dancer's sire; Victoria Park, a top racer in my book; New Providence, who won the Plate the day Queen Elizabeth II came to Woodbine, in 1959; and half a dozen others. They were followed by a procession of brood mares and new, leggy foals, which was headed by Natalma, with a filly at her side who is a full sister to Northern Dancer and to Arctic Dancer, the hundred-thousand-dollar yearling of 1964. Farther down the line was Canadiana, one of my very favorite racers. Although she's fifteen, she isn't a bit more sway-backed than she was when she won the Plate in 1953.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Many a person has had his interest in the sea and its marvels sharpened by reading the late Rachel Carson's classic, "The Sea Around U.S."—*The Times.*

It was a jingo book, unfortunately.

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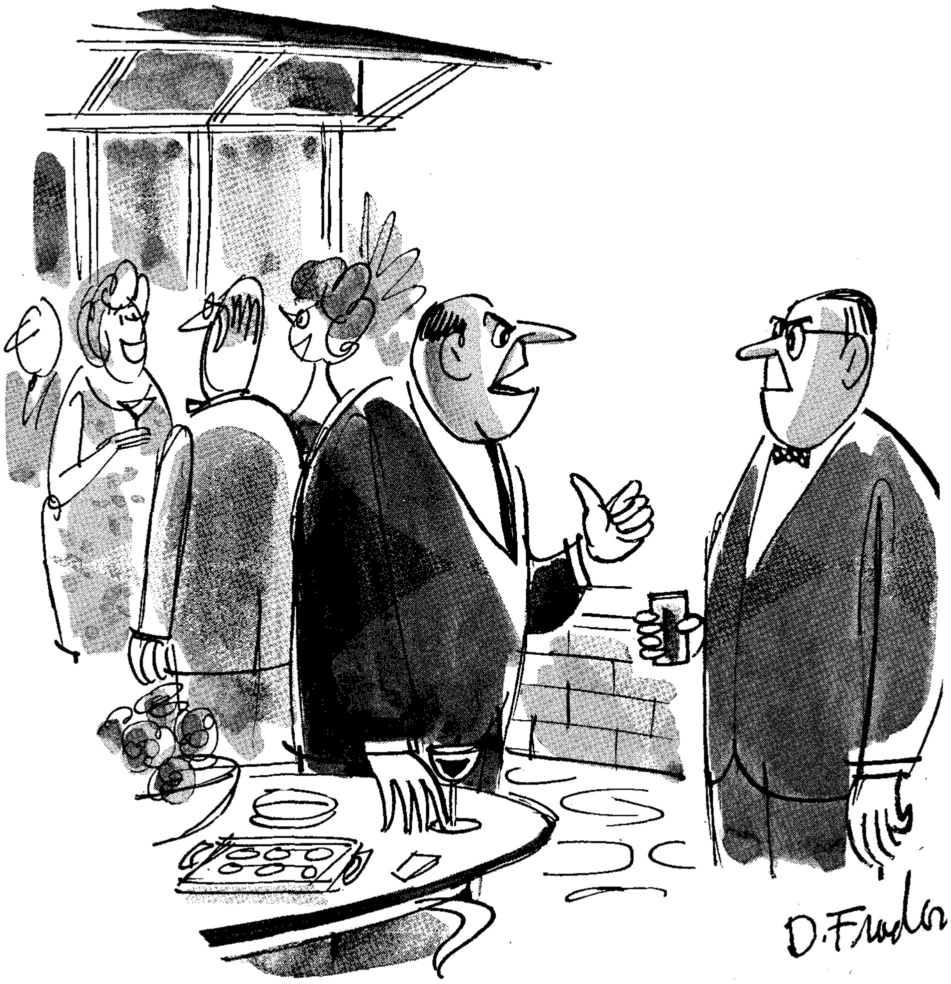
BOOKS

A Certain Toughness of Character

ONCE it was Leslie Howard and Agatha Christie. Now it's the Beatles and Ian Fleming. Yet century in, century out, the best high-class entertainment that Great Britain produces is the Royal Family, past and present, including members like King Arthur, who may not have existed, and Bonnie Prince Charlie, who never ruled, and even figures like Nell Gwyn, who were not bona-fide members but had guest privileges. Elizabeth, Countess of Longford, and the subject of her biography "Queen Victoria: Born to Succeed" (Harper & Row) jointly uphold this royal tradition. The book, a work of art and scholarship, is splendid fun. Lady Longford uses source material with discrimination, she has a sense of narrative, a sense of perspective, and a sense of humor, and she crowns all these virtues with intelligent comprehensiveness. An immense amount is known about Queen Victoria, who was a public figure from her birth in 1819, when she stood a very likely fifth in line to the British throne, down to her death in 1901. (She acceded in 1837.) Lady Longford tells just enough but not too much; she omits attractive irrelevancies but includes what the reader needs in order to imagine a grand, remote, complicated personage. For example, Lady Longford invariably remembers to describe the Queen's presence at various ages. Victoria's smile, her pleasant voice, and her precise enunciation were lifelong characteristics, as were her hot temper and her passion for cold rooms; her remarkable physical grace and her stylish horsemanship gradually disappeared, along with her predilection for Whigs. One learns, too, how cautiously one must apply to Victoria the adjective "Victorian." If the word means "hypocritical," Victoria wasn't a Victorian; she was far too self-confident to find it necessary to play a part. The British Constitution sometimes kept her from enforcing her views but never from expressing them. In nonpolitical matters she did as she pleased—took whiskey in her tea, smoked cigarettes, announced her dislike of bishops and her conviction that babies were hideous.

Speaking of babies, Victoria conforms to the common notion of Victorianism in one respect: she was, as far as Lady Longford can discover, unenthusiastic about sex. In the Queen's experience, sex led to babies, and seven of her nine children were born before anesthesia was available. She carried all her children through a variety of ceremonial duties and political crises. During her first pregnancy, in 1840, "Palmerston's Eastern policy"—of which Victoria and her husband disapproved—"kept the Queen's mind off the baby." During her last pregnancy, in 1857, she worried through the general election that was fought over Palmerston's Chinese policy, which she and her husband were supporting. Lady Longford, who is herself the mother of eight, never forgets that while the Queen was taking care of the country, she was also bearing, raising, and settling children; she was a career woman with a family. The author also makes plain the special demand that Victoria succeed as, among other things, a parent; to be considered successful, a sovereign must leave a competent heir. Like most historians, she thinks that the Queen took this *responsibility* too seriously, but she allots some of the blame for Edward VII's dismal youth to Prince Albert, who took everything too seriously, and to Baron Stockmar, Prince Albert's mentor, who not only took everything too seriously but usually got it wrong.

Victoria maintained a good, long distance between herself and her subjects. Lady Longford thinks she overdid it. The Queen was surrounded by countless maids, footmen, ladies-in-waiting, secretaries, and Ministers, some of whom she liked very much but not one of whom was on a give-and-take footing with her. Lady Longford pities rather than derides Victoria's deliberate isolation of herself, for, especially after her husband died and her children married, she lived in what must be the worst combination of circumstances—loneliness without privacy. There was an advantage to the public, however: the Queen was able to take a less prejudiced view of her subjects than



"Not only is President Johnson better informed than you but I'm better informed than you, too."

her subjects took of one another. Victoria's racial and religious tolerance, Lady Longford notes, was uncommonly advanced for her time. As with race, so with class; the Queen looked down and shed her protection or reprobation impartially upon nobles and millhands. When she remarked, "I always say no one can be a Prince, but anyone can be a duke," she summed up the only class distinction that mattered to her. Despite her remoteness from her subjects, titled and untitled, the Queen was remarkably well attuned to them. Lady Longford shows that what Victoria thought (or, more often, felt) usually turned out to be the national consensus. The Queen was not unaware of this faculty of hers; sometimes she could hardly have missed noticing it, as when the nation shared her rage because Gladstone failed to rescue Gordon from the Mahdi. Still, few people—and Queen Victoria was not one of them—are surprised at being agreed with.

If that next-to-last sentence seems to betray a prejudice against Gladstone, the prejudice is mine, not Lady Longford's. She is as nearly without bias as a human being writing about other human beings can be. She describes people; she doesn't judge them. From first to last—from Princess Victoria's struggles with her mother's bumptious major-domo to the old Queen's battles with her inescapable Grand Old Man—the author never misreports an issue in order to polish or tarnish anyone's reputation. Her main concern is how any particular person affected the Queen, and yet when she discusses any figure, she invariably deepens one's understanding of him. Her treatment of Prince Albert is one instance. He was a Good German—learned, diligent, idealistic, tactless, and ineffectual. Except for a brief period (Louisa May Alcott did satisfy her readers by marrying Jo March to Professor Bhaer), the type has not had a great attraction for the English-language public. Albert was not popular in England during his life, and though just before he died in December, 1861, he toned down a stiff Foreign Office note to the American government, thereby keeping the Union and Great Britain from a calamitous (for the Union) falling out, Americans do not think of him from one year to the next. Lady Longford does not set out to change our attitude toward the Prince. Instead, she shows him as a young man with a passion for uplift who gave the Queen almost all she needed in the way of love (husbandly, but also paternal, as well as a

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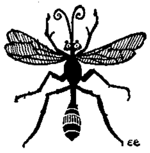
sort of secretarial devotion) and gave her, besides, what his nature required him to give everybody: intellectual stimulation and moral guidance. The Queen revelled in a unique feature of her marriage: it was a relationship in which she was allowed to be dependent. She wanted Albert to shine in public, but she also resented the time he had to spend away from her in order to shine. Poor Albert! It is not so certain that Victoria needed him as desperately as they both believed she did. After he died, she mourned him for more than a decade, but when she returned to public life, in the eighteen-seventies, "much of the Prince Consort's laborious legacy had been forgotten," Lady Longford says, adding that the Queen "now carried on his cultural crusades with frank boredom" and "recognized in herself a certain toughness of character and capacity to handle human situations which her beloved one had lacked." She goes on, "There was her conviction . . . that he could never have faced up to the realities of the new Prussia. As the years passed, she added to the list of 'inevitable' changes which she had accepted philosophically but which the prince would have opposed, thereby only injuring himself. . . ."



This passage foreshadows Lady Longford's last summing up of Victoria's personality, an attempt to explicate the Queen's greatness. She became a symbol of conservatism, but she moved with the times. She was a mass of contradictions, but she gave the impression of a sure unity. She was a plump little woman who wore a bonnet instead of a crown to her golden-jubilee celebrations, but she nonetheless embodied the sacred mystery of kingship. Victoria is not entirely understandable; she differs too greatly from us. She seems to have been different in quality from most of the human race. The distinction that she made between herself and people who were not hereditary rulers became a real one, though perhaps only because she believed it. Lady Longford does not know to what extent, if at all, the Queen thought of herself as a ruler by divine right rather than by the consent of the people. On this subject, like others, the Queen contradicted herself. But she certainly felt, in some moods and to some degree, personally responsible for what happened to her country, and she just as certainly thought she had more legitimate power than Lady Longford thinks she had. Lady Longford and the twentieth-century opiners she cites underestimate, if they don't deny, Victoria's political achievement: she was one of the world's most successful constitutional monarchs. Lady Longford realizes, of course, that that nebulous reality, the British Constitution, has changed considerably between 1837 and 1965, but she often scolds Victoria for not having been sufficiently prescient to foresee and appreciate such developments as the modern British party system. (I am not nearly as certain as Lady Longford is that the transfer of power from the sovereign to party caucuses has afforded Englishmen vast new opportunities for political self-expression; great Ministers were no rarer between 1688 and 1901 than they have been since.) We all tend to take past favors and historical luck too much for granted. A king as active and conscientious as Victoria was, and undistracted by motherhood, might have helped create a different constitution—perhaps one without a monarch—by attempting to rule much more aggressively. In any case, Victoria's contribution to constitutional history, great though it was, is not what makes her an entertaining, wholly absorbing figure. She has a compelling place in our literary imaginations, because the strengths of her personality—even the power of her weaknesses—display exactly that grand scale, copious and energetic, which we admire in nineteenth-century artistic creations. Lady Longford has got it perfectly in her wonderful book.

"DEAREST CHILD: LETTERS BETWEEN QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL, 1858-61" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) is a selection from the unpublished correspondence of the Queen and her oldest daughter, Princess Victoria, edited by the English historian Roger Fulford. Mother and daughter began writing to each other when the Princess married Prince Frederick William of Prussia (the nephew and, after his father, the heir of the childless King of Prussia) and went to live in Germany. The two Victorias wrote at an enormous rate. Mr. Fulford says that during these not quite four years the Queen wrote her daughter nearly three hundred thousand words, but in spite of this huge quantity, the quality is high. Both ladies wrote remarkably well, and Mr. Fulford seems to have picked just the letters we would most like to read. The Queen's reflect her keen feelings and enthusiasms. The Princess, who often wrote home about scenes, people, and ceremonies unfamiliar or unknown to her mother, shows herself a first-rate describer.

Princess Victoria's fate was the saddest failure of the Queen's parent-and-sovereign career. The Princess and her husband loved each other—Victoria's children were, by and large, quite dutiful about falling in love with suitable people—but that was only one reason they married. Another was Prince Albert's sense of mission; he wanted his beloved, educated daughter, of whom he was very proud, to teach Prussia (and all Germany) proper constitutionalism and decent domesticity. Princess Victoria, not surprisingly, failed to anglicize Prussia. Her influence was opposed and her existence made miserable first by Bismarck and later by her son, Kaiser Wilhelm II. Most of the Princess's troubles began after this selection closes, but one can see them brewing. Queen Victoria generally allowed Albert to write the political-advice letters, but when she took pen in hand, she could not help reminding her daughter of her Englishness, which the Queen—and, unfortunately, the Princess—equated with superiority. The Princess remained very much tied to her national apron strings. Delighted by two of her German ladies, she writes, "They are both so enthusiastically English in all their thoughts and sentiments they talk and write English to each other."

If the Queen had written only to adjure her daughter to show the wrong flag, these letters, lively as they are, would not be of much interest. But she had other things to say. She needed a confidante, and she shared with her daughter all her opinions, experiences, and worries. One worry the Princess was able to alleviate. She took on the family job of comparison-shopping the stock of marriageable Continental royalty, and in just these four years (when she was also busy bearing two children and performing innumerable princessly duties) she turned up Alexandra of Denmark for her brother the Prince of Wales and, for her sister Alice, the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt. The marriages, as the Princess hoped, were successes. Her field reports of marital possibilities, promising or not, are as good as a good novelist's; better than that, they are incredibly good social history. Mr. Fulford's fine notes reassure us about some of the candidates who did not qualify—Elizabeth of Wied, for instance, became a Queen of Rumania—but one wonders if anybody married poor Anna of Hesse, who "has a very deep voice, and rather a gruff, abrupt way of

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Blaise Pascal, the seventeenth-century scientist, mathematician, and philosopher, wrote that "the heart has its reasons that the reason knows not." And so it has.

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speaking, frowning when she speaks, partly to conceal her shyness, and partly to conceal her eyes which are perpetually twitching. . . ."

As the two women chat through the *Almanach de Gotha*, obstetric gossip, nursery news, and other domestic trivia, an enormous amount of European history turns up as part of their personal lives. It appears from these letters that neither the Queen nor the Princess was particularly alarmed about Baby Wilhelm's defective arm; they accepted their doctors' reassurances (the Queen, naturally, sent English doctors to her grandson) that it would cure itself. Oh dear, one thinks—the Kaiser's withered arm, so fateful for his personality (and his personality so fateful for the world), so casually dismissed!

The ladies did not try to cheer each other up about the baby or about anything else. They scared each other frequently—over their husbands' health, their own, and the policies of their countries' governments. When the Queen's mother died early in 1861, the Queen saw to it that her daughter was as wretched as she could make her: "One of the great sorrows is that she never saw your children. . . . Oh! if only you had come last winter!" The fact is, the women wrote with no thought of sparing each other's feelings; they wrote to express their own. They told each other what they could not tell anyone else. These letters are century-old historical documents, but their frankness and intensity provide all the guilty, intrusive delight one expects from that forbidden pastime, reading other people's mail. —NAOMI BLIVEN

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Describing the report as "irresponsible," a State Department spokesman, Robert J. McCloskey, described the report as "irresponsible."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

He's in a rut.

•

9:00—(13) Lincoln Center Presents (1 hour). The Kroll Quartet plays Brahms' Clarinet Quintet, Op. 115.
—*The Post.*

One man in the penalty box for roughing.

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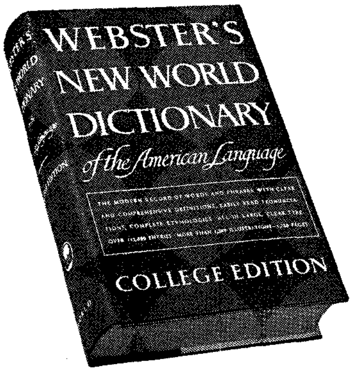

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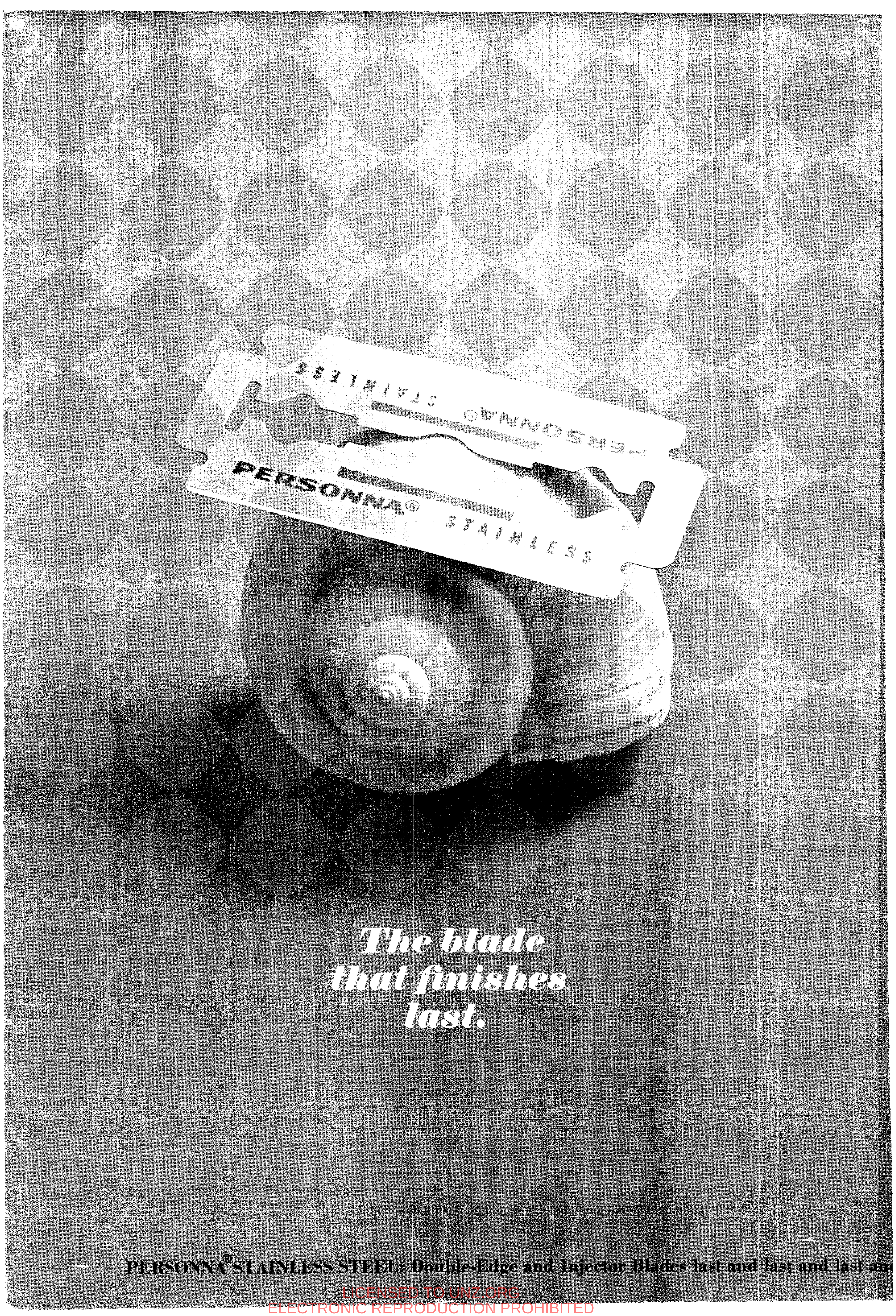
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